BRITANNIA and EVE

JANUARY
1934

1/-

MAY EDGINTON
FERDINAND TUOHY
HARWOOD STEELE
LOUIS KAYE
OWEN ARCHER
F. MATANIA, R.I.

A NEW SERIES
BY
HANNEN SWAFFER
BEGINS IN THIS ISSUE

COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTION

TO-DAY and until 31st inst.

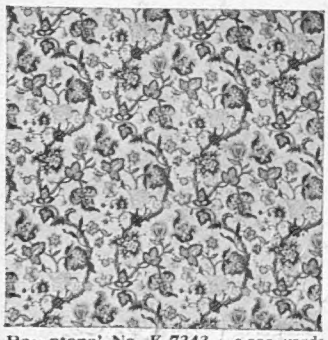
HAMPTONS GREAT Furnishing SALE

Secures to every customer values in tasteful Home furnishings which are never equalled elsewhere. *For example:*

BRITISH MADE CRETONNES AND PRINTED LINENS *at* CLEARANCE REDUCTIONS

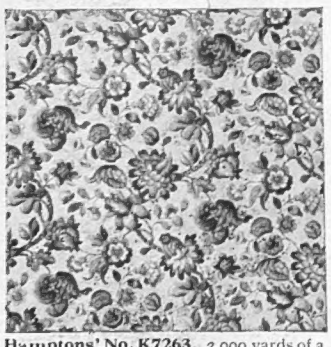
Hamptons' No. K.3228. 3,000 yards of heavy quality Printed LINEN. Design adapted from an old embroidery. In four different chintz schemes, all on a natural ground. Exclusive design. *Ideal fabric for old world furnishings.* 31 in. wide. Reduced from per yard, 3/6 to .. **2/6**

Hamptons' No. K.7365. 2,000 yards of a finely wo ven Printed LINEN. A reproduction from an old embroidery. In an Orange colour scheme on two different grounds: Cream and Green, and in Blue and Wine scheme on a natural ground. *An exceptional offer.* 31 in. wide. Reduced from, per yard, 2/11½ to .. **2/3**



Hamptons' No. K.7343. 2,000 yards of a good quality Linenised COTTON. In three colour schemes: Blue, Orange and Chintz, all on a natural ground. *A very useful all-over Jacobean design.* 31 in. wide. Reduced from per yard. 2/11½ to .. **2/3**

Hamptons' No. K.3146. 1,800 yards of a heavy quality Printed LINEN. A beautiful Wisteria design in an Orange colour scheme on a deep Beige ground. *Ideal for Loose Covers.* 31 in. wide. Reduced from, per yard. 3/9 to **2/6**



Hamptons' No. K7263. 2,000 yards of a heavy quality Printed LINEN. A beautiful and well-drawn Jacobean design. In three colour schemes: Orange, Blue and Chintz, all on a Tussore ground. An exclusive design. 31 in. wide. Reduced from, per yard 3/3 to **2/3**

Hamptons' No. K.7289. 1,600 yards of a linen finished Printed COTTON. In old world chintz colours on three different grounds: Cream, Stone and Soft Yellow. 31 in. wide. Reduced from per yard, 2/11½ to **1/9½**

REMNANTS—Thursdays 4th, 11th, 18th & 25th inst., at Reductions of 50% to 75%.

For illustrations of innumerable examples of other unequalled Bargains in Home Furnishings of every description, see

HAMPTONS' POST FREE SALE CATALOGUE

Telephones: WHITEHALL 1020. Hamptons Pay Carriage on Sale Goods

PALL MALL EAST, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, S.W.1

P. STEINMANN & Co.

Since 1865 in Piccadilly. M. L. EAST

JANUARY SALE PROCEEDING

Big Reductions in all Departments to Ensure Clearance.

Everything in the Entire Stock is offered at a big discount. The Sale you know is genuine.

Hundreds Remnants Lingerie Laces, both real and machine made. **Remnants exquisite Lingerie Silks** (these silks are absolutely the finest value obtainable). Odd lots Handkerchiefs, Hand Embroidered, from 6 for **3/6.** Real Lace trimmed, from **2/9** each.

Nightgown Tops in machine laces from **4/-.** In real laces from **17/6.** Exclusive unusual shapes. Neckwear at clearance prices. All newest shapes.

Lengths Embroidered Muslin, Organdi or Net, sufficient for Infants' Frocks, from **5/6** per length. Embroidery Remnants for Lingerie trimming.

Hand-made crêpe-de-Chine Nightgowns, reduced from **58/6** to **35/-,** Baby Clothes at the most **tempting prices ever offered,** and you **know** it is a **genuine Sale. Frocks** from **13/6.**

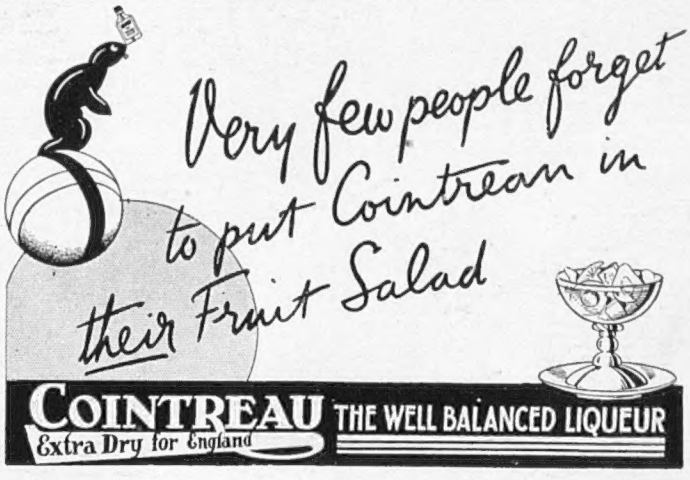
Parcel of Remnants and selection of goods sent to choose from during Sale.

Please state your requirements clearly. Catalogue sent.

For nearly 70 years the most fascinating Shop in Town. Sale Catalogue sent.

185-6, Piccadilly (Between Piccadilly Circus and Bond St.), **London, W.1**

(First floor) 68 years in Piccadilly **No Shop Window** (Next to Fortnum and Mason)



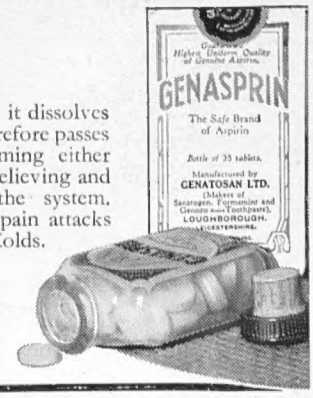
Genasprin

acts QUICKER *because it is* PURER

Because Genasprin is absolutely pure aspirin it dissolves immediately it is dropped into water. It therefore passes quickly through the stomach without harming either heart or digestion, and distributes its pain-relieving and germ-destroying properties throughout the system. Genasprin gives instantaneous relief when pain attacks—it is invaluable for helping to ward off Colds.

Genasprin is obtainable from all Chemists —price 2/- per bottle of 35 Tablets.

Genasprin brings quick and certain relief in Headaches, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Rheumatism, Feverishness, Toothache, Influenza, Nervousness, Women's Pains.



the woman who dresses at corot deserves admiration . . . *and gets it*

"deceivers ever"
stiffened net makes this picturesque evening gown with its wide shoulders. complete with slip to match. **cash 5 gns.** **15/- monthly**

"so sweet of you"
a dinner or cinema gown in crepe matelasse has a lace yoke and intriguing cartridge pleating. **cash 5½ gns.** **16/6 monthly**

"put out the lights"
sequins trim the white crepe three-quarter jacket that tops a black crepe evening gown. **cash 6½ gns.** **19/6 monthly**

"darling forgive me"
a lining of lame makes the self bow a point of interest on a frock of supple velvet. **cash 5½ gns.** **16/6 monthly**

"her pet frock"
another version of the new line is shewn in a princess frock of satin that also uses pleated trimming most effectively. **cash 5 gns.** **15/- monthly**

"patsy makes good"
an art morocain frock adopts a deep puritan collar of white crepe phantom. **cash 4½ gns.** **13/6 monthly**

"just what i want"
a fine lainage house or shopping frock with high neckline emphasised by a crepe collar. **cash 3 gns.** **9/- monthly**

to know that one is perfectly dressed is the surest way of attracting admiration from man and woman alike. that is why the best dressed man has his clothes made in savile row. **that is why the wise woman comes to corot—to bond street.**

her clothes are invariably "quite right"; distinguished in the manner that best becomes the englishwoman, and with that hint of "difference" that is so much more effective, so much more in good taste, than casual, haphazard dressing. **here, fashion is tempered with discrimination to achieve the perfect result,** at prices we can all afford, and on an instalment system that takes strain off the bank balance. **call at the showrooms** one day and see the latest collection, **or post the coupon below** for the fashion guide and all details.

corot

(dept. b.73)
33 old bond street
london, w.1 **regent 0234**

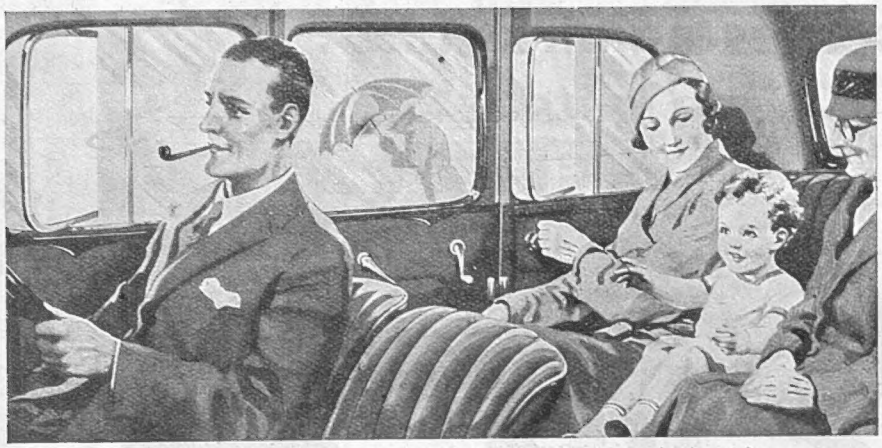
post this coupon to corot to-day

free **corot ltd., 33 old bond street, london, w.1**
please send without obligation, latest corot fashion guide and full details.

name .....

address .....

b.73



Fresh air without draughts, when it's wet and windy outside—that is the charm of Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation. There is individual adjustment for every passenger.

Motoring Without DRAUGHTS

What Owners think of the special system of Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation

VAUXHALL No-Draught Ventilation has paved the way to healthier motoring. As much or as little fresh air as you want without any draughts—that, in a nutshell, is the story of No-Draught Ventilation.

From all parts of the country Vauxhall owners are writing in praise of this special system. Here are a few extracts from some of the hundreds of enthusiastic letters.

A Doctor Owner writes, "I find the 'No-Draught Ventilation' very satisfactory. Personally, I like all the draught I can get, but my wife does not, and it has been impossible, in other cars we have had, to arrange matters so that we each had the amount of air we required. In the Vauxhall Light Six, by a suitable adjustment of the windows we find we can sit in comfort, each of us getting sufficient for our needs."

Another Doctor has this to say, "I can produce inside the car an atmosphere varying from absolute stuffiness (all cloud) to thoroughly fresh air, even with four smoking inside. It is a pleasure to see your passenger's tobacco smoke going right out of his own window, especially when you don't like the tobacco he enjoys. My wife likes it because it does not upset the setting of her hair and dispenses with head gear."

From a Newton Abbot owner comes this commendation, "On the hottest and most sultry days we could turn on a breeze at will, and of any power necessary, from a gentle zephyr to a regular hurricane. If a 'no breeze required' day came along, the ventilation of the car was A1, and it was effected by just a turn or two of the little window handles. No-Draught Ventilation is a great step forward."

Another advantage is suggested by this Newport motorist, "As one who has frequently suffered from colds contracted from motoring, it gives me great pleasure to recommend the No-Draught Ventilation scheme installed in the Vauxhall Light Six. I personally think that it is the outstanding improvement of the saloon car since its introduction."

If you would like further particulars, write for the No-Draught Ventilation book to Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., Edgware Road, The Hyde, London, N.W.9. It will be sent post free. No salesman will call on you unless specially requested. Please mention this magazine when writing.

Debut of A New Vauxhall

A new Vauxhall was announced at Olympia. It is the 20 h.p. Big Six, the successor to the Vauxhall Cadet.

The Big Six is a larger, more powerful and more luxurious car than its famous predecessor. A wheelbase of 111 inches with a forward mounted engine give exceptionally roomy coachwork. Five big men can sit comfortably in the Big Six. The tax is £20.

There is, of course, Vauxhall Super Synchro-Mesh easy change gear-box with four forward speeds and silent third gear. Vauxhall were the British pioneers of Synchro-Mesh. The Vauxhall Super Synchro-Mesh system gives a faultless change no matter how quickly the gear lever is moved.

Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation is fitted to the Saloon. Other new features are completely automatic chassis lubrication, pedomatic starting, and down-swept tail with concealed luggage compartment.

The Big Six Saloon (illustrated below) has really modern lines—the price is £325. There is a wide range of other models with special coachwork.

There is also a luxurious seven-seater limousine on the Vauxhall Big Six Long Chassis (130 inch wheelbase). This has a 27 h.p. engine and with coachwork by Grosvenor costs £550.

Deliveries of the new Big Six will commence early in 1934.

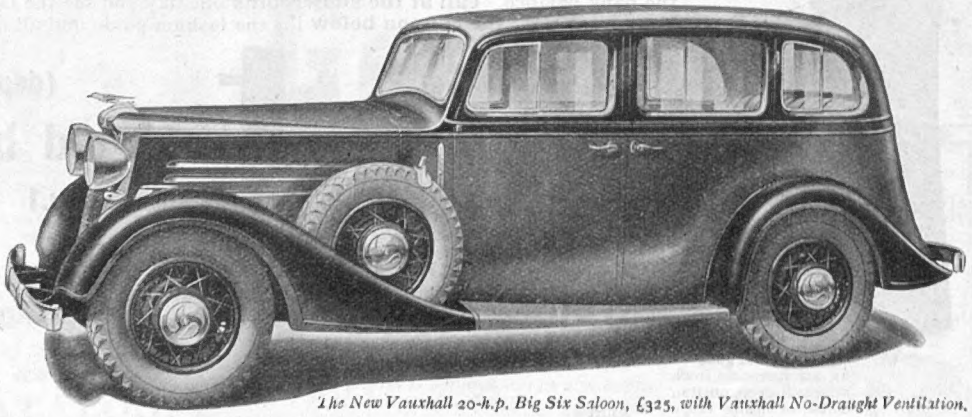
Outstanding Success of Vauxhall Light Six

Few cars have had such an enthusiastic welcome as the Vauxhall Light Six. In less than four months some 5,000 Light Sixes have been sold.

There are two horse powers. The 12 h.p. model for those who want Vauxhall performance at lowest operating costs. The 14 h.p. model for an extra reserve of power and turn of speed. Both models have Vauxhall Super Synchro-Mesh easy change gear-box.

The Standard Saloon (12 h.p.) costs £195. The "De Luxe" Saloon (12 h.p. or 14 h.p.), with Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation, sliding roof and other refinements, costs £215.

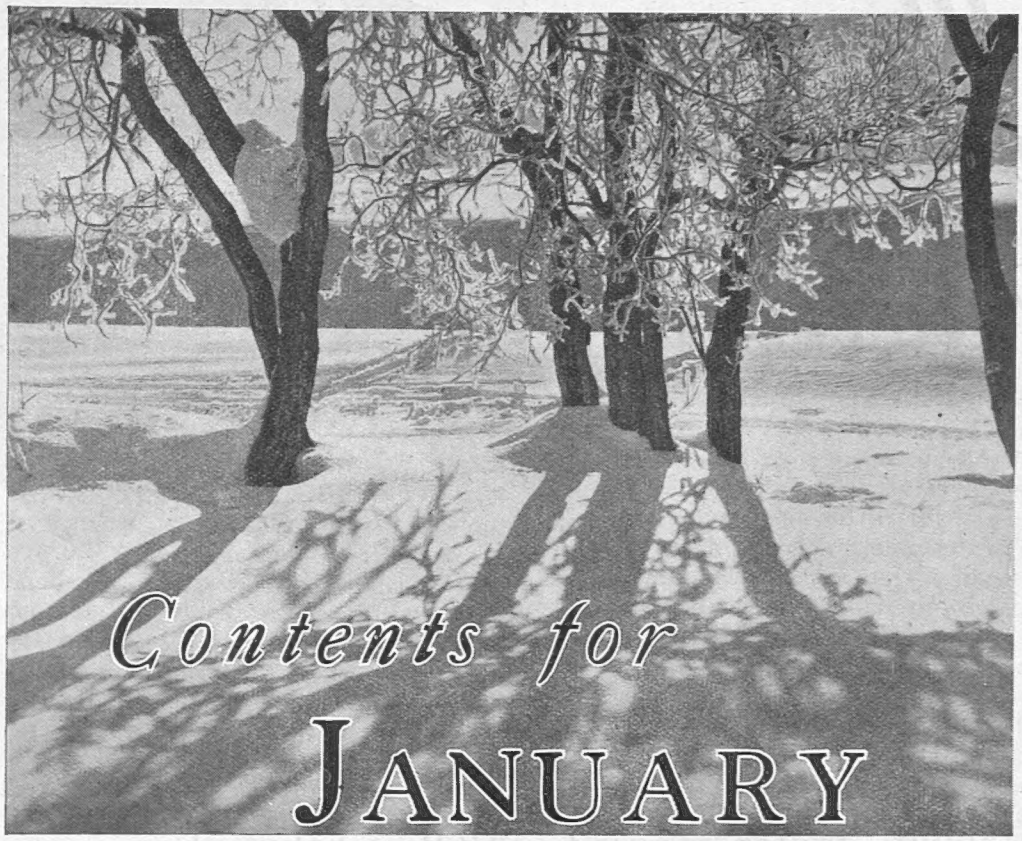
A new Fixed Head Coupé is now available, price £230.



The New Vauxhall 20-h.p. Big Six Saloon, £325, with Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation.

BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 8, No. 1. JANUARY, 1934



Cover Design
by Heade

Articles

Hollywood Has Them All! :
by *Margaret Chute*
14–17 and 90

Solarium :
by *May Edginton*
Illustrated by *Batt*
22, 23 and 82

Defeating a Tropical Hurricane :
by *Harwood Steele*
28, 29 and 72

Theme Song for Europe—"I Am a Spy . . .":
by *Ferdinand Tuohy*
34, 35 and 75

Thirty Years of Flying :
by *Claude Grahame-White*
40, 41 and 102

Old Tales Retold—I Came, I Saw, I Conquered . . . :
Written and Illustrated by *F. Matania, R.I.* . . 44–49

Home Section

Do You Dislike . . . ? :
by *Winifred Lewis* . . 50, 51

Health and Beauty :
The All Too Common Cold. 52

The Renewal of Youth :
by "*Chrysis*" . . . 53

The Truth About Furniture :
by *Winifred Lewis* . . 54, 55

How to Keep Your Breakfast Hot 56

Keeping Jack Frost at Bay . 57

"Apple Porch." The Charming House of Eva Moore . 58, 59

Transforming An Old London House 62, 63

Stories

Travellers' Tales :
No. 1. The Newspaper Man
by *Hannen Swaffer*
Illustrated by *Arthur Watts*
6, 7 and 105

On Trial :
by *Owen Archer*
Illustrated by *Jack M. Faulks* . . 8–13 and 108

The Tenth Tulwar :
by *Richard Oliver*
Illustrated by *Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.* . 18–21 and 84

Rhapsody in D Major :
by *George Froxfield*
Illustrated by Photography by *Peter North* 24–27 and 92

Moving Water :
by *H. T. W. Bousfield*
Illustrated by *Osmond*
30–33 and 86

Lost Landmarks :
by *Louis Kaye*
Illustrated by *Geo. D. Alexander* . 36–39 and 98

Home Section

B Stands for Bathroom . 64

The Busybody's Notebook . 65

Cakes and Pastry for Afternoon Parties :
by *A. H. Adair* . 66

Evening Party Sweets :
by *A. H. Adair* . 67

What I Have Bought this Month . 70

And Now to Bed :
by *Len Chaloner* . 71

Fashions

Some Advance Fashions for the New Year . 60

Crease-Resisting Rayon and Cotton Materials . . 61

Our Paper Pattern Service for the Home Dressmaker . 68, 69

Photogravure Section

21–24, 45–48 and 57–64

General

Fifty Years Ago . . . 5

Books :
Reviewed by *Arnold Palmer*
42–43 and 75

Motoring Section :
Conducted by *The Earl of Cardigan*
A New Morris Cowley. . 77

The Sports Sunbeam . . 79

A Fast Touring Car of Exceptional Quality . . 81

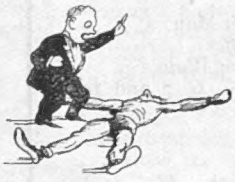
The Children's Salon . 106, 107

Our Literary Competition Circle 96

Ranee's Character Delineations from Handwriting . . 82

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 110. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

"I'm a plain Pugilist—

What I says, goes; it has to . . . Like to hear what I think about motor-spirits? "BP" Ethyl has got Punch. It's British, see? The Ethyl fluid they add to it knocks out  "pinking" . . . And now, gentlemen, if it's all the same to you, we'll consider the petrol question settled!"

Ask for

"BP" ETHYL

(Not just "Ethyl")

Fifty Years Ago

Dramatic Flash-backs on the Screen of History

No. 1: A Russian Murder but for which . . .?

A DEATH portrait of Alexander II, Czar of All the Russias (From the Illustrated London News)

ON the eve of New Year's Day, 1884, Colonel Soudeikin, Chief of the Russian Police, was found murdered in the streets of St. Petersburg. The crime was a political one and followed another Russian tragedy played some two years and nine months previously, when Alexander II, Czar of All the Russias, returning from a military parade to the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, was terribly wounded by bombs thrown by Nihilists, and died shortly afterwards.

This political murder was as senseless as any which has ever been perpetrated, for Alexander II was a paternal despot devoted to his people, who was allowing them, slowly but surely, the liberty for which they craved.

Small wonder, then, when his son ascended the throne that his views on government differed violently from those of his father whose attempts to ameliorate the lot of his subjects had been rewarded with assassination.

Steps were at once taken to break the hidden power of Nihilism. Guilty or innocent, thousands who were suspected of being in sympathy with revolution were imprisoned, banished to Siberia or executed.

Russia felt the weight of the iron hand. The light of liberty which had begun to burn, though dimly, was extinguished; reaction became the Imperial policy and no servant of Alexander III was more active in political heresy hunting than Colonel Soudeikin.

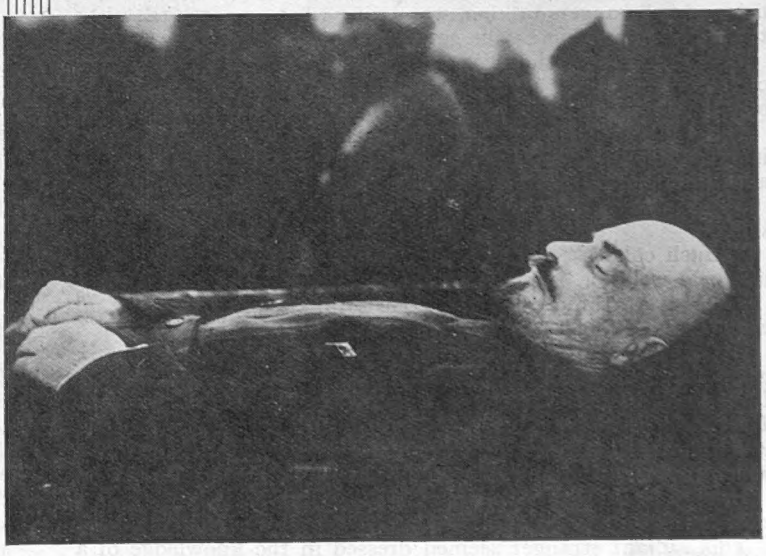
It was he more than any other official who possessed the Czar's confidence and who was determined, with the unlimited power at his command, to make the vast country of Russia, with its eighty million inhabitants, subservient to the will of the "Little Father."

And, on the surface, Nihilism was quelled. With a knowledge of human nature on which he prided himself and in the belief that a reformed poacher makes the best gamekeeper, Soudeikin chose as his master-spy a man called Degayeff, who was a pardoned Nihilist and had been for years the confidant of his chief and privy to all his secrets.

Faith in his subordinate was as firmly fixed in Soudeikin's mind as devotion to his Imperial master, and when he received an urgent summons from Degayeff to come without delay to a certain meeting place he left his office at once, believing that some more than usually important arrest was imminent.

He found Degayeff at the appointed and lonely spot, but no arrest was effected. The servant whom Soudeikin met threw off the mask he had worn for years and then and there murdered the master who had trusted him implicitly.

But the murderer's work was not yet finished. There was much to do before the body was discovered. With iron nerve Degayeff returned to the office of his chief and methodically and unhurriedly destroyed every paper, accumulated for years, compromising Nihilism, before seeking a prepared hiding place which was never discovered by the authorities. Had Soudeikin not been betrayed fifty years ago; had he secured for his confidant and spy one who was loyal to his master, it is possible that Nihilism might have been stamped out and Russia's fate be a different one to-day. A flash-back on the screen of history might not have revealed a dirty and ill-lit cellar and a Czar of Russia, his Consort and their children, murdered by descendants of Nihilists in the name of "Communism" and "World Revolution," and lying upon an earthen floor soaked in Royal blood.



A DEATH portrait of Lenin, the first Commissar of Soviet Russia

HE began to talk and included us all in the conversation

TRAVELLERS' TALES

No. 1. The Newspaper Man

HE brought into the carriage a sudden friendliness. I had never seen it in England before.

On the American continent men will begin, within a few minutes, to discuss business—yes, almost before the train is well on its way. In France and in Italy I have listened to strangers talking, wondering what on earth they had to talk about. The Latins get almost vehement.

But, in England, they sit each pretending he is all alone in the carriage and then, at the most, being coldly polite over the opening and shutting of a window.

But this passenger was different. He began to talk. And he included us all, too, in the conversation. Even I unbent, and I am stiff enough to strangers.

Yes, it was colder, we agreed, warmed into assent by his cordial smile.

"Much colder." "Still, it is getting near Christmas." "I like cold weather."

These were three comments, one from each of us, all banal enough, but enough to make a beginning.

Before ten minutes had passed, the middle-aged woman in one corner was listening with her eyes as well as with her ears. I put up a barrage of isolation, but that soon fired far over him. The red-faced man who had ignored us all the way from Euston was in hearty verbal agreement with volumes of words, most of which must, really, have surprised him.

How do you describe people? Rarely, though, do their clothes matter when you notice that they wear Experience.

This radiant stranger seemed dressed in the knowledge of a dozen lives.

It doesn't really concern you, but his name was Vernon Fawcett, as he told us soon. Yes, and he was thirty and a newspaper man. Not a journalist, I noted, and not a reporter. "A newspaper man." He used the description as though it were definite, all-inclusive, final.

That was said, too, as though it excused his torrent of words. It was an avalanche. . . . It poured out in a steady monologue, now a sweeping downpour of narrative, now a more gentle rivulet, one that seemed to be connecting two great lakes of knowledge.

I do not know why, suddenly, I became interested in Prince James. I am not concerned in the affairs of royalty. But Fawcett, not introducing the subject for any particular reason, told us why, after all, Prince James hadn't gone to India. I didn't know he was going, nor, so far as that goes, did anybody else. But Fawcett told it with such an air of imparting something of world-wide importance that we all put on a look of surprise that suggested our concern over some State secret, suddenly revealed.

Mona Lugan wasn't in the new show at the Splendour because the producer said she was too old. Hanson, the jockey, had

been sweating himself into a decline. The French Cabinet was secretly preparing for an air-raid from Berlin.

We could not argue, any of us. We put little bits into the talk, just to make it a dialogue.

I am not sure that I believed any of it, at first. How did one know so much—trivial matters, matters of importance, all mixed up?

"Don't mind if I go on talking," Fawcett said, once. "I'm a newspaper man. I dictate two or three columns a day. I can't stop talking, sometimes."

Two or three times he used that phrase, "A newspaper man." It seemed to explain so much to him, and, therefore, to us. It was not excuse. Nor was it said boastfully. It was just a fact.

And, as he said once, in his long monologue, "Although few people know it nowadays, there's a lot of difference between a fact and a fake."

Beginning a New O. Henry-esque Series

By Hannen Swaffer

This led into the story which I will now re-tell. I can't recall his vivid style of narrative. I wish I had written it all down in shorthand. Every here and there came a biting little phrase. Now and then a twist of humour made the talker's eyes light up in self-enjoyment. The bare facts must suffice me, now.

HE had been sent to New York, it seemed. The Big Boss wanted to get rid of him. His favourite way was to send the unwanteds abroad. When they got back their job was gone.

Fawcett had known when he was told "Go to New York and look around" that his own end had come. He had seen too many others go that way not to know his own fate.

What did that matter? He was "a newspaper man" and it happened like that. Besides, there were other papers, and he wanted a holiday.

But one thing that worried him was that he was told not to leave New York—and he wanted to go to Melville, Indiana. He didn't quite know why; but years ago there had been a big murder trial there, and the place had stuck in his mind. So when he got to New York he yearned for some excuse to get to Melville, Indiana, in spite of orders.

I know New York well, but I did not think so as I listened to Fawcett's little bits about that modern Babylon. He took us in the Tombs, and we walked down Wall Street feeling like millionaires as he told of bankers' offices he had visited. As for the Four Hundred, he sounded like the Revelations of St. John before he had done.

Then, one day . . . .

Yes, he was in the office of the *Evening Clarion*, talking to the City Editor, who was his friend—"a newspaper man." The latest edition had just come up. He turned the pages over idly, just from force of habit.

Then, to the City Editor, he said, "I'm going to Melville, Indiana."

"Why on earth . . . ?" began the other man.

"Look at this!" he exclaimed.

Indeed, Fawcett, having got so far, took from the recesses of a note-case a small newspaper cutting which read:—

> "Melville, Ind. Great indignation has been caused among the mothers of the city by the discovery that, in the nursing homes here, the supervision is so lax that there are fears new-born babies have been mixed up."

We all read it. The middle-aged woman looked very interested. I thought she was about to interject something. But the "newspaper man" was well off again, by then.

He was saying how the City Editor had remarked that it didn't seem very important and how when he replied, "That's a great story," he came back with the words, "That's only a fake."

Then Fawcett first used to us the words, "Make a fake a fact." He spoke that as though it were an idea of which he was very proud.

What he had said to the City Editor was, "What do you mean by a fake?" and then, when the City Editor had replied, "Don't be a fool!" he had countered with "'Fake' is a word we don't know in England."

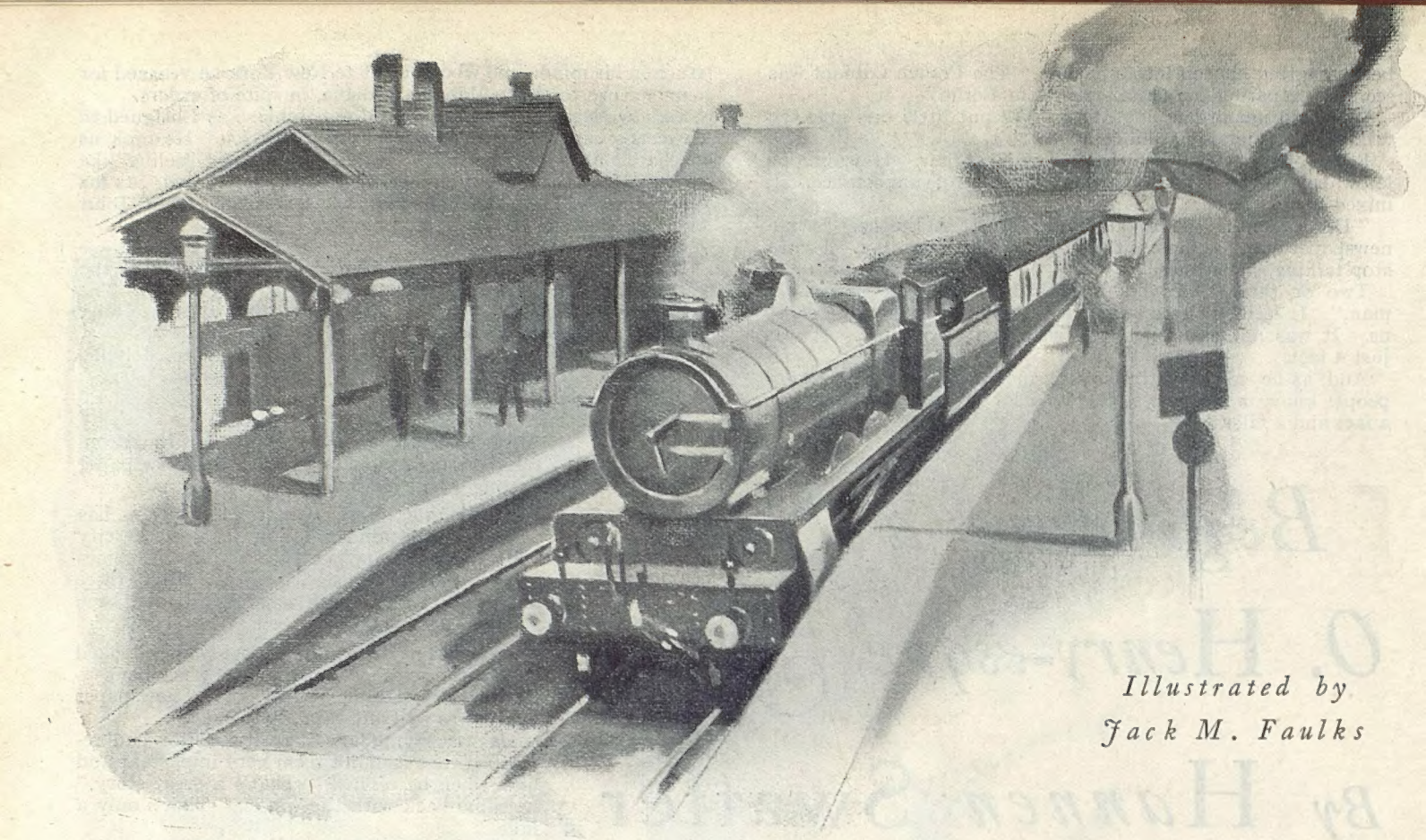
When the City Editor had gone on to explain that by "fake" he meant "lie," Fawcett persisted—and he laughed ironically as he told us this bit—"It cannot be a lie if it is in a newspaper."

Still, Fawcett got to Melville, Indiana. He took with him the name of the local correspondent of the *Evening Clarion*, who had sent in the item of news. And he called on him.

"Tell me some more

(*Continued on page* 105)

WHEN the City Editor had replied "Don't be a fool!" he had countered with "'Fake' is a word we don't know in England"



Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks

On Trial

The Story of a Conspiracy which proved a Romantic as well as a Strategic Success

By Owen Archer

THE express was drawing out of Paddington when a tanned, lean-faced young man in a shabby suit of excellent cut came sauntering along the corridor, opened the door of a compartment where a girl sat alone, a small-featured girl whose hair was frankly red and eyes as frankly blue, and settled himself in the corner opposite her.

"I beg your pardon," said he presently. "D'you mind smoke?"

"I'm sorry," said she, glancing up from her magazine, "but I'm afraid I do."

"What a glorious coincidence!" he ejaculated. "I do too. As allies we ought to be able to extinguish any nicotine fiend. Glorious snap in the air, isn't there?"

"It is rather cold," she agreed, and lifted her magazine, her lips moving as she read.

"Arctic," said he, with an exaggerated shiver. "But you mustn't let me disturb you."

"I won't," said she, and held the magazine higher between them.

"Thanks," was his comment. "Then I'll ramble on till you give the word. You see, it's really a treat to hear my own voice."

She bit her lip without glancing up.

"You're very compassionate!" he exclaimed, smiling. "You were about to disagree, but you bit it back. You see, England and I have been strangers for eight years, and for the last nine weeks I've lived in an attic room in Battersea. There are myriads of people in Battersea, and every single one of them seems to have been telling a lonely man just how very lonesome he is."

He paused. She made no sign of having heard one word.

"Travelling in a train in Japan," he went on, "the granddaughter of a Shogun allowed me to talk to her from Osaka to Kyoto. Between Ichang and Hang-Kow, steaming down the Yang-Tse, the wife of a Sheng Chang—the governor of a province—let me bore her daily. In Borneo, Java, India, all over the East, in fact, I've met with similar feminine consideration."

"Then out of my store of compassion," she observed, faintly smiling, "I think I ought to tell you that you'll find the sex in England—more austere."

"A pity," he said, gravely nodding. "But I suppose a very lucky man sometimes hits on the exception that proves the rule."

"Somehow," said she, "you don't look like that very lucky man."

"Too melancholy? Too shabby? But you yourself wouldn't look like a radiant English rose if you'd been planted out in the wilds fifty miles from Nowgong at the age of eighteen."

"Where's Nowgong? Where the peccant wives of Sheng Changs come from?"

"No. In Assam. When I was eighteen I was sentenced to transportation there by a grim guardian and a jury of horrified relations."

"What *had* you been up to to deserve that?"

"One day I'll make a clean breast of it," he said. "But I feel we ought to know each other better before I make a Mother Confessor of you."

As the express gathered way through Ealing and roared through Slough and Reading, she not only let Denny talk but put amplifying questions to him. At Newbury, despite her reticence about herself, they were lunching together in the restaurant car like old friends.

As the train thundered towards Westbury he said :

" We must meet again."

" Must we ? "

He nodded.

" Will you make a date ? Will you meet me at Paddington by that bookstall ? "

" Where you first—eyed me this morning ? " she asked gravely.

" You noticed ? I apologise. But it was all your own fault. If you hadn't looked the embodiment of lovely England——"

" When d'you want me to meet you ? " she broke in.

" To-day year," said he.

" To-day year ! "

" It will take me a year's hard labour to—to furbish myself up and convince people that I'm neither rolling stone nor bad hat. I'll be—something—in a year's time. At the moment I'm nothing at all—less than the lucky little stoker that's blown in and lit on your upper lip."

At Trowbridge they stood beside the train.

" To-day year at noon then," he said.

She nodded.

" Don't forget it—or me. Mayn't I know your name ? "

" Can't you remember me without a name ? "

" Train-girl," said he solemnly, " with a thousand names I couldn't forget you. Hang ! We're off. Good-bye—at least, *au revoir*."

" Good-bye and good luck ! " said she.

He stepped back into the compartment, shut the door and, leaning out, said :

" My name's Dennis Everett—Denny to you. Please give me your hand—no, the left one, please."

He noticed no change in her expression, no startled surprise in her eyes, for he was drawing off her glove as the train began to move.

" To-day year, Train-girl ! " he said. " And for the love of Mike don't fetter this dear finger in the interim ! "

AT Newbury, despite her reticence about herself, they were lunching together in the restaurant car like old friends . . .

The express carried him on to Frome, and a taxi bore him to Selwood Chase, Sir Daniel Everett's place. Sir Daniel, the head of the family, had been considered "fast" in the pre-war epoch, but was now chairman of the local bench, hand-in-glove with the vicars of the three livings in his presentation, and an authority on turnips and tegs.

"So you're back!" ejaculated Sir Daniel, bustling into the library, where Denny had sat patiently and alone for half an hour. "Apologies for keeping you waiting. I'm a busy man, as you know. I was very glad to get your note. I'd no idea you were in England. A small peg in celebration, what?"

Over the brim of his cut-glass goblet Sir Daniel beamed on Denny and said:

"I remember you three-foot-nothing diving off the topmost board in the lake here when some fool dared you; I remember your chasing Satan in the paddock here and riding the vicious old brute bareback; I remember that catch of yours in the Moorminster and Winchbury match. I was furious when I heard that senile old fool of a guardian of yours, old what's-his-name, had shunted you off the map."

"He thought there'd be room enough in Assam for me to play the fool in," said Denny. "You heard why I went, sir?"

"No particulars," mumbled Sir Daniel awkwardly, and raised his goblet between his face and Denny's.

"I knew a fellow called Bradbury Hall. For short some people called him 'Bradawl' and others the 'Twister.' They had mixed up bradawls and gimlets, I suppose. He had card-parties at his flat. I was putting up there, when, after an evening's poker, there were—allegations. They were true. The Twister *had* cheated; I hadn't. But we were tarred with the same brush and the tar stuck to me most damnably. I couldn't prove that I was fool, not knave."

"No," agreed Sir Daniel glumly.

"I wrote to you two days ago as a last resort," Denny went on. "There's nothing in tea. I'm fed up with the East. I was ignorant enough to hope I could find a job in England. I'm wiser now—and poorer. I asked myself down to see you in the hope that you might know somebody who—— But you're shaking your head."

"For every future vacancy we've all got a waiting list of poor jobless devils. Of course I'd gladly give you precedence. Blood is thicker than water. But there it is. Still, I can offer you a temporary post and you might find it useful in the future to be able to give my name as a reference."

Sir Daniel went on to say that his secretary, Kenneth Doyle, was getting married and was to take a month's leave for his honeymoon. He offered Denny the stopgap post. If the idea appealed, Denny could understudy Doyle for the next ten days.

Delighted Denny was installed instanter, felt a horse between his knees again, cuddled the walnut stock of a gun, awoke to the lowing of distant cows, went to sleep to the screeching of owls, and learnt how Sir Daniel liked his correspondence dealt with.

And he pictured the post as a stepping-stone, day-dreamed of Sir Daniel handing him on to a rich friend, who would make another Kenneth Doyle of him, to be married to-morrow . . .

In a year's time a man of assured position might meet that reticent, illusive, delightful train-girl at the Paddington bookstall, carry her off to lunch somewhere and on to a theatre, dinner, dancing, supper; carry her, in fact, off her feet—to Eden.

Kenneth Doyle was a Benedick and Denny had carried on alone without any remarkable mistakes for ten days when Sir Daniel announced that he had to go to Paris on urgent business.

"Don't bother me on any account," he instructed Denny. "Deal with all my correspondence as best you can. Put

"IF we've both died by have an excellent chance

then," he said, "we'll of meeting—in Hades"

personal letters aside except those needing immediate reply, and just tell that species of scribe that I'll be back in a week. Send all legal things—income tax and so on—to Hutton; farm matters and the like to the bailiff; charitable appeals to the W.P.B."

Sir Daniel had been gone two days when Denny opened a letter signed Fiona Logan in which a peremptory demand was made that Sir Daniel should ring up Ark 9090 immediately or have only himself to blame.

Denny hesitated, then rang up, and when a feminine voice said "Hello?" announced that Sir Daniel's secretary spoke.

"Then you'd better get hold of him right away," said the woman at the other end of the line when Denny had informed her that Sir Daniel was abroad. "Tell him this: I don't want to make any trouble. Far from it. But I've something to sell and I thought p'raps he was in the market to buy. I've one dozen letters of his and if they aren't worth a thousand to him, well, they're worth more to other people. Get me?"

"I'm afraid so," said Denny. "And there's a very ugly name for you and what you're doing."

"Is that so?" she answered, and he heard her laugh. "Well, I call it rough justice. But don't let's waste time. Get on the 'phone to darling Dan and tell him to mail me a cheque. Directly I've got it I'll send him the letters by registered post. If I don't hear from him in twenty-four hours I'll take my wares elsewhere."

Denny pondered. Early next morning he rang up Ark 9090, heard the same slightly strident and transpontine voice reply, and said:

"I'm directed to see you and give you a cheque . . . Yes, a cheque for one thousand pounds . . . No, I'm not going to post it. What do you take me for? I'll hand it over in exchange for the letters or not at all. You're to meet me——"

"Meet you? But——"

She was obviously surprised and alarmed.

"Meet me," reiterated Denny. "To-morrow at noon at the Albert Memorial."

"But I can't——"

"If you've another appointment worth a thousand pounds, keep it."

"But——"

"There are no 'buts,'" he broke in. "Just take it or leave it."

A long silence ensued.

"Are you on?" asked Denny at length.

"O.K. But I won't transact private business in Kensington Gardens, thanks. Not me. If you want to trade you'll meet me at La Boustifaille in Attic Lane at seven-thirty. Come alone and ask for Miss Logan."

Denny arrived at the little rococo restaurant at seven o'clock and sat with a gin-and-bitters in a corner of the lounge. At seven-thirty exactly he was astounded to recognise his train-girl as she came in alone through the revolving door. Involuntarily he started up and his movement caught her eye. She stared and smiled, and then each went swiftly to the other.

"But this is utterly g l o r i o u s!" ejaculated Denny. "You're dining here?"

She nodded.

"Alone?"

"Well, I rather expected to be."

"So did I. But not now. You must dine with me. I've a little bit of business to transact first, but I shan't be more than five minutes. A cocktail?"

"Why not?"

Denny led her to the corner table, called a waiter, ordered drinks and told the man to let him know directly Miss Logan arrived, then turned impulsively and said:

"Our meeting in the train that day altogether changed my luck. I'm on the stepping-stones. I'm going up. You've been my joss—my mascot."

"Tell me, what's happened?"

Denny did.

"And now—yourself."

"Well, things have changed for me too," she told him. "But, Denny, it's—it's blarney, isn't it? You haven't—thought of me so much?"

"More. You'd never believe. I must have been hot wax and you a lovely seal. I've set. I'm stamped for ever. But what's up? You look——"

She had swallowed her cocktail at a gulp and now was standing up.

"Let's go up," she said.

"Up? What d'you mean?"

"I felt sure I recognised your voice directly you spoke on the telephone," she said. "That's why I altered mine. Then I remembered you'd told me your name was Everett—the same as Sir Daniel's."

Denny stared at her in such sudden and utter deflation that he could only gasp:

"HELLO!" murmured somebody close behind him. Denny turned, saw the Train-girl, smiled before he knew it, and breathlessly echoed: "Hello!"

"You're not Fiona Logan?"

She shook her head and went to a little glittering chrome-steel lift in the corner of the lounge. Silent at her elbow, Denny, his mind misty in amazement, was carried up to the third floor. A dusky head-waiter then conducted them down a corridor, opened a door and ushered them into a private room.

"Fiona—isn't," said she, once they were alone. "I lived with her, but I was abroad when she died. I only found the letters a few days ago."

"And you're demanding money for them?"

"I'm sure you've gathered that," she said.

Even the waves in her red hair looked hard.

"D'you realise what you're doing?" he demanded.

"I think so."

"It's blackmail. It's a crime that stinks. You could go to prison for a long term for this."

"Only if Sir Daniel's a bigger fool than I take him for. Why shouldn't

he pay up? The letters were Fiona's, not his. If he wants them back, he must buy them."

"Have you thought?" Denny asked, and wondered as he spoke why he was such a fool as to say such a thing. "D'you realise exactly what you're doing?"

"I've thought hard," she answered. "Twenty years ago Sir Daniel treated Fiona loathsomely. He deserves very much worse punishment than anything I can do to him. A thousand's nothing to him—no more than a sixpence would be to me. But we needn't argue. I haven't you to convince—only Sir Daniel. He's given you his instructions; please act on them."

"I can't believe you mean one word you say," said Denny.

"P'raps this will convince you," said she. "I've waited for my opportunity. I know the old whited sepulchre means to stand for Parliament at the rumoured bye-election. I know exactly what Wilts would think of this—escapade."

Denny, gravely eyeing her, said:

"You were very reticent on that journey. Now I see why. You had your reasons. You to be so—damnable!"

"A girl must live," said she.

"I don't see the necessity," he retorted.

"A man need never starve," she said quietly. "But when a girl goes down she goes right down."

"Don't trouble to tell me. Have you got those letters?"

"Have you the cheque?"

"Yes," he said, and tapped his breast-pocket. "Here."

"Let me see it."

He produced a bearer cheque for one thousand pounds signed "Daniel M. Everett," and held it out to her, saying, "I needn't tell you that if there's any hanky panky, payment of this cheque will be stopped."

"You needn't," said she, taking the cheque.

She glanced at it, folded it in four and slid it down her frock at the breast.

"And here are the letters," said she, opening her vanity-bag and taking out a little packet.

He opened the packet, counted the letters, saw "Selwood Chase" engraved at the top of some of the sheets and the address of Sir Daniel's Jermyn Street flat on the others, read "My own darling Fiona" at the beginning of each letter and "ever your devoted Dan" at the bottom, stuffed them into his breast-pocket and then turned to the door, saying:

"I needn't trouble you any longer."

"And our—our tryst a year hence?" she asked.

"If we've both died by then," he said, "we'll have an excellent chance of meeting—in Hades."

"I prefer Paddington. I shall be there. Don't forget, Denny."

He turned when he had opened the door and stared at her, and longed to demand an explanation; then knew he would hear lies and went out.

A taxi carried him, miserably disappointed, enraged and confused, to Paddington. To his surprise Sir Daniel had arrived unexpectedly home and was waiting up for him in the library at Selwood.

Greetings and the usual questions over, Denny said:

"Shall I give you an account of my stewardship to-morrow, sir?"

"Please," said Sir Daniel, "unless there's anything of such urgency that I need be kept out of bed to hear it."

"There's nothing at all like that," said Denny.

But next morning, having reported, Denny said:

"And there's one other thing, sir. There's nothing even disturbing about it. Will you examine this packet? In it are some letters of yours addressed to a Miss Fiona Logan."

Sir Daniel, his eyes fixed on Denny's, took the packet and demanded:

"How did you come by these?"

Denny explained.

"You gave the young woman a cheque for £1,000," ejaculated Sir Daniel, looking flabbergasted, "a cheque purporting to be signed by me?"

"Forged by me," said Denny, "with a cryptic 'p.p. D.E.' I double-crossed the wench—and the cheque. I wrote 'Not Negotiable' in red across its face and took the precaution of stopping payment of it at your bank before it left my hands. Blackmailers deserve no consideration."

Sir Daniel glanced at Denny, opened the packet of letters, read a couple of them, faintly smiling, then got out of his chair, went to the fire and methodically burnt them one by one.

"You aren't aware that I'm shortly to be nominated as prospective Parliamentary candidate for this division," he observed, "but, of course, you realise that I would have suffered considerable damage had these letters been made public."

"I realise nothing of the kind," said Denny. "I saw the beginning and ending of the letters, but I didn't read them."

"That was—nice of you, my boy."

"I'm beginning to think you must have thought me the Twister's accomplice!" said Denny, laughing. "Hang it, I'm not in the habit of reading other people's letters, you know!"

Sir Daniel poked the fire and the ashy skeletons of his letters, and smilingly said: "Double-crossed! It was—drastic, but most ingenious. You're a man of resource, Denny, I see. It seems to me you're rather a valuable fellow. It looks as though I'd be a fool not to find you a permanent job about me. Well, I'll do what I can."

WITHIN a week Sir Daniel reported that his secretary had written from Bordighera to say that his bride (a well-to-do widow) insisted upon his resigning his position.

"Could I do better than instal you, Denny?" asked Sir Daniel.

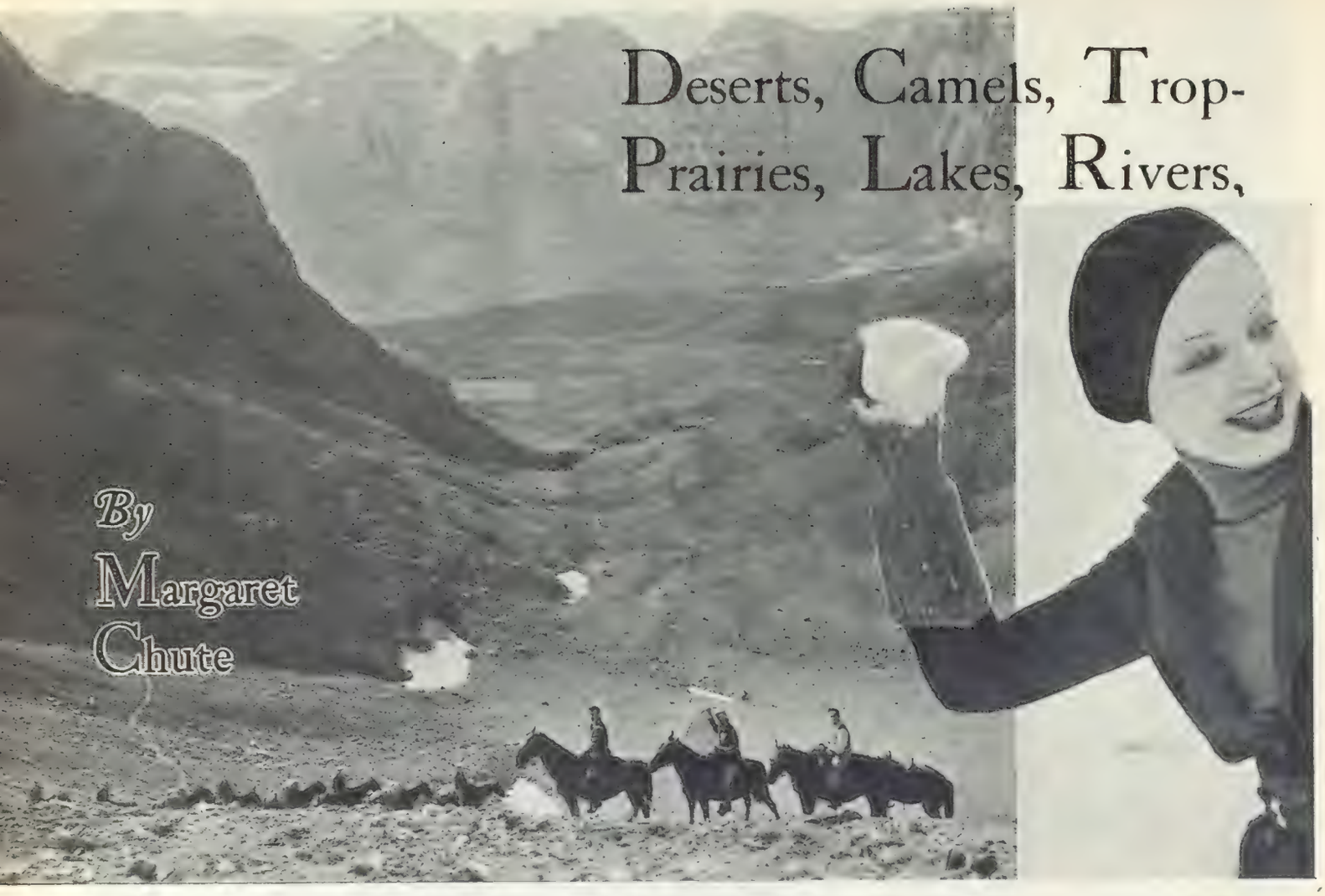
"I doubt it, sir," said Denny, grinning.

So Denny was installed in Kenneth Doyle's shoes, bedroom, and sunny office, and if at first his sins of omission and commission were many, (*Contd. on page* 108)

"SAY please, Denny darling, and put your arms round my neck and I'll see what can be done"

Deserts, Camels, Trop-Prairies, Lakes, Rivers,

By Margaret Chute



OVER ten thousand feet up in the Canadian Rockies, a day's journey from Hollywood, and where scenes for more than one film have been made

SARI MARITZA enjoys season at Big Pines, in

California's Film Capital can produce almost every

MR. MOVIE MAGNATE sits in his palatial private office, with some fine specimens of Hollywood's Best Palm Trees waving languid branches below his window, a Gas Station disguised as a Turkish Palace at the studio gates, and a couple of Hot-Dog Stands, dressed up to look like exactly what they are, a block or two farther down the street. Mr. Magnate is surrounded by a troupe of nicely assorted Supervisors, Producers, Associate Producers, Directors, Scenario Writers, Dialogue Writers, Song-Slingers, Location Managers, Secretaries, and Heads of the Publicity Department.

In brief, Mr. Movie Magnate is IN CONFERENCE.

After a buzz of voices there is a tingling silence. Cigar between clenched teeth, Mr. Magnate studies the stack of manuscripts, the mass of notes stretched under his nose. He reads; he gazes at the ceiling; he reads once more.

"Get me a couple of deserts!" he yells, shattering the silence. "The sandy kind, with lots of dunes, and the flat stony kind, with date orchards. . . . Get me two hundred and fifty camels. . . . I shall want some Ocean—the kind where it is rough—and a long stretch of rocky shore, with caves, where The Girl can undress, if necessary. . . . Give me a volcanic island, with wild animals and plenty of tropical trees.

"And let somebody show me a Chinese Street, with real good Chinese writing over the shops; nothing phoney, mind. The real stuff. . . . I need a Forest, with pine trees; and a good wide stretch of prairie, where the cattle can stampede, without anyone getting squeezed up. . . . And why didn't somebody remind me that I want three hundred acres of snow at least—with fir trees? There's the Lake, too; we must have a Lake. . . . And the Racecourse, with a fine Grand Stand where those Extras can show off the dresses they didn't pay for. . . . And don't forget the horses for the Rodeo and Cowboy scenes; at least a hundred of them. And the alligators, for the scene on the River. Well, don't sit there looking at me like a bunch of bozoes. On your toes, all of you! Give me

JOSHUA TREES in the Mojave Desert, a few hours from Hollywood, where many famous films have been made

ical Islands, Oceans, Forests, China-towns, Snow-capped Mountains—

Hollywood has them All!

the first snow of the Los Angeles County Park

HERE'S Hollywood. Claudette Colbert has a look at the famous Film City from the balcony of her house

type of Nature's Scenery at a Moment's Notice

ACTION. I must have ACTION. And make it snappy!"

Leaping to his feet, followed in close formation by a couple of Assistants, the Location Manager salutes, barks "O.K., Chief; here we go!" and does a quick exit, followed by the rest of the troupe. For Mr. Movie Magnate, like the gentleman in the poem, has, by the use of the few simple words given above, bade his messengers ride forth, East and West and South and North, to summon his array—for the making of his next Super-Special-Screen-Sensation.

It sounds a trifle wild and woolly and fantastic. But in hard reality it is nothing of the sort. All the things Mr. Magnate has demanded, in the most graphic language at his command, can be secured within twenty-four hours. And most of them will be less than twenty-four hours away from the Studio Gates. For Hollywood has EVERYTHING!

THE camera goes to sea. Taking some scenes for "Flesh of Eve," on Catalina Island. The palm trees were imported and planted on purpose for the film

ON the doorstep is the Pacific Ocean a magnificent stretch of coastline, sometimes flat and sandy, sometimes rugged and rocky; with huge sweeping bays and mysterious coves; with two fine harbours offering the loan of a collection of assorted shipping, any day in the year. No need to build ships. There they are, any kind, any size. When the Battle of Trafalgar found itself being put into celluloid form for "The Divine Lady," even the good old *Victory* was practically ready-made. For at Wilmington Harbour an old craft was discovered the exact length, height and breadth of our famous *Victory*—with the exception of four inches.

It was felt that four inches more or less did not matter so very much; so in a week a superstructure transformed this disused vessel into such a creditable imitation of the *Victory* that Lord Nelson himself would not have spotted the difference, unless he had seen the cameras! As far from the mainland as Calais is from Dover there is a fine island, Catalina by name, which has figured as every possible type of desert and volcanic island, in dozens of film epics.

Catalina can look civilised, or as wild as a mountain goat. It has many brands of flora and fauna, and its wide open

spaces lend themselves to the erection of camps in which film folk can live for weeks on end. Ronald Colman knows as much as there is to know about Catalina ; he camped there for about five weeks while " The Rescue " was being filmed, a section of Catalina having been chosen to represent Conrad's fictitious island of that story.

If a boat-race is to be screened, or scenes showing racing motor boats, there is a most admirable and convenient spot to hand, one hour or less by car from Hollywood. Location managers know that Balboa Bay provides long stretches of water suitable for motor-boat racing, with all the boats in the world waiting to be hired. It was there that Buster Keaton produced those ridiculously comic boat-race scenes in " College," and all the motor-boat sequences in the recent " Gambling Ship " were filmed at Balboa.

Film audiences have watched maidens by the score being flung by the angry sea upon the rocky coastline of some South Sea island. In such cases the rocky coastline is none other than the glorious bays and coves each side of Laguna.

Laguna is sixty miles from Hollywood ; it provides week-end beach-houses for many film stars, and rejoices in an energetic Artists' Colony, by whom nautical masterpieces have been produced. That part of the coast can be made to look exactly like Devonshire, if the need arises ; while considerably farther north, on the way up the coast to San Francisco, there is Pebble Beach, with masses of pine trees, close to the place called Del Monte. Pebble Beach has become Cornwall, more than once, and needs no disguising or transforming.

CATALINA ISLAND was the location used for the filming of Nancy Carroll's first starring picture " Flesh of Eve." Bathing trunks were the order of the day

TRIUNFO, twenty-eight miles north of Hollywood, where scenes from " The Dawn Patrol " were filmed, offers splendid opportunities for stunt flying. It has an immense flying field

Near the same spot there is a seventeen-mile race road, on which ninety per cent. of the motor-car road races seen on the screen have been brought to life. Real races take place there too.

AS for deserts, Hollywood is surrounded by them. They are of different types, mercifully. They provide arid stretches of semi-stony land, with a ridge of hills in the extreme distance and a clump of Joshua trees to lend grim beauty to the landscape. Or one is offered miles of wavy sand dunes in which an oasis can be planted by efficient studio carpenters inside a day, complete with palm trees, water hole and stray dogs. Arizona has its desert, which can be reached by a fleet of studio cars in astonishingly few hours There is also Death Valley, terrible, soul-scorching, where film companies have worked and suffered for many weary weeks. Erich von Stroheim, that realist de luxe, took his company there for a film that nearly saw the end of many of them, owing to the blinding heat. When film players hear they are to go on a desert location they always groan : " Not Death Valley, is it ? " If it is, they put their effects in good order before departing for the film front.

Mojave provides another choice kind of desert, which I grew to know quite intimately when I spent a week in the little desert-edge town of Mojave with Lillian Gish and a large company of players and staff while " The Wind " was being screened. It was there I met my first rattlesnake outside a Zoo ; horned toads, too, abounded and were anxious to be friendly. As for the heat, I hope never to meet its like again.

We left Hollywood on one of those deliciously warm summer days, with that gentle breeze straight from the Pacific rustling the palm and pepper trees along the boulevards, and making everything seem good. Three and a half hours of rapid driving brought the studio car to the town called Mojave. We got out of the car into a positive inferno The tiny two-storied, wooden-walled building called " Hotel " provided rooms and showers, but no food ; for that everybody trekked across the road to the railway station, to sit on high stools at a counter and eat most excellent and varied meals, with as much ice as would sink a battleship always on hand.

Baggage deposited, the car took me to the location in

the desert, about fifteen minutes away over a ghastly apology for a road. Since eight o'clock that morning the company had been there, without a scrap of shade except what was provided by reflectors and cameras and wind machines. No " shooting " could be done for two hours in the middle of the day, as the sun was directly overhead and no sort of shadows were to be obtained. It was so hot that car doors could only be opened by

IN a picturesque setting. Another view of the El Mirador Hotel at Palm Springs. Snow-capped Mount San Jacinto is seen in the background

JEANNETTE McDONALD on holiday at the El Mirador Hotel, Palm Springs. This is a famous resort for film stars, and many films have been made there

THE special train which followed the " Trail of '98 " company as far as possible to the various temporary towns and camps used during the filming of the picture

individuals wearing leather gloves. That was the kind of desert I got to know quite well.

At night, when the distant ridges of hills turned primrose and purple and blue, it was beautiful beyond words. Even the Petrified Forest, a few miles farther on, to which my driver insisted on taking me, took on a strange alarming loveliness. Away on the right was the now-dry Inland Lake, over fifteen miles long, which has a silver-tinted surface as smooth as a billiard table. It is used, naturally, for motor races. But for Mojave itself I know only one word : Hades.

Travelling up the coast, the sand-dune kind of desert is found beyond Santa Barbara. That is where much of " Beau Geste " was made, and Ramon Novarro went there for the desert scenes in " A Night in Cairo." Camels are as easy to procure as deserts ; they spring up like rabbits out of a conjurer's hat when a Production Manager bellows " Get me some camels ! "

Horses can be had in platoons. The regular corps of cowboys who work for the studios all through the year have their own horses in most cases, or ride the same horses, provided by the studio, for each engagement. There is a regular stable for bucking broncos and horses that have been trained to do trick falls out at the Lasky Ranch, with a man called Jack Moore in charge. He goes out with his horses on every Wild West film, and arranges the hire of local horses and cowboys, to add to his own collection, at whatever spot has been chosen for working purposes. That same Lasky Ranch is one of the most useful of Hollywood's possessions.

It is thirty-six miles away by road ; it covers hundreds of acres, and possesses landscape of the type that can be used for exterior shots of India, China, Canada, England—name your country and take your choice. Also, if a company has been to the snow-country, or Alaska, or the Big Tree country, and extra shots are needed, sets can be pushed up in a few hours somewhere on the Lasky Ranch for " match up " scenes that will fit the real thing exactly. It saves a lot of time and money to send a company thirty miles by car rather than transport them by train on a journey taking a day, and having to pay their hotel bills on the top of their railway fares.

SNOW is not hard to find, all the year round, within an hour or so of Hollywood Boulevard. Truckee, up in the mountains, is a favourite spot ; so is Lake Arrowhead, where people got snowed in last winter for over a week and had to be fed by means of packages dropped from aeroplanes. For " The Trail of '98 " Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sent a company to Sonora, one of the highest spots in North America ; it was a very expensive trip, as hundreds of people had to be fed and housed for six weeks, but the snow scenes in that film are unforgettable.

When a director wants a tropical garden or section of jungle he takes his players no farther than Echo Park, just outside Los Angeles. This means half an hour to get to work ; and in that Park can be found nearly every kind of tree and shrub. Sets are built ...

(*Continued on page 90*)

THEY came upon Captain Barwick. He lay on the ground just outside the canteen. A curved sword protruded from his back and a dull red patch crept round it, staining his khaki shirt

The Tenth

"They're jumpy—be if three successive murdered—all in the

LUMSFORD sahib climbed out of the aeroplane that stood on the landing ground against the barbed wire defences of Razmak camp. He glanced round appreciatively, for the keen mountain air had a tang in it that brought a tinge of colour to his cherubic features. The policeman's life was mainly spent on the plains of India, in the hot, smell-laden air of the bazaars of the northern towns. It was seldom he had the opportunity to get into the great spur of the Himalayas that runs from the Pamirs in the north to the Persian border; that belt of mountains that contains the most truculent people in the world and forms the North-West frontier of India.

"*Tugra hai*, Lumsford sahib?" inquired Captain Barwick. He greeted his visitor in the vernacular asking "Are you strong?"

"*Tugra ho*," replied Lumsford, as he saluted the acting Commanding Officer of the 109th Turkomanis. He put on a pair of spectacles with heavy lenses and peered at the soldier. The two men hurried toward the canvas camp together.

"This is a bad business, Barwick. When did Chatterfield die?" enquired Lumsford.

"Yesterday evening. Just strolled out of the mess. His bearer found him with a sword right through his back—within a yard or so of the mess tent."

"It's the third in a fortnight. How is the battalion taking it?" Lumsford's magnified blue eyes turned and searched the troubled face of Barwick.

"They're jumpy—damned jumpy. So would anyone be if three successive commanding officers had been murdered—all in the same way—within a few days!" Barwick's voice ran up the scale; his nerves were obviously frayed. To be a junior company commander at the beginning of the month and before the fifteenth day to be in command of the battalion, the successor to three commanding officers each of whom had died by a sword being thrust through his vitals was sufficient excuse for Barwick's nervous condition. They entered the office tent.

"You know Vine Garley; he's the Adjutant." A fair-haired boy rose from before a table strewn with papers. "This is Lumsford sahib."

The name was sufficient to identify Raymond Lumsford the Policeman; the moon-faced little man held the honorary rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, but no one ever used the prefix. Lumsford sahib was a name that carried fear to malefactors from Fort Sandeman to Peshawar, and Lumsford sahib the white men called him.

"Don't you go, Garley," said Barwick. "You can help perhaps. Where would you like to start, Lumsford?"

A Frontier Story of Strange Deaths by the Sword

By Richard Oliver

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

Tulwar

damned jumpy. So would anyone commanding officers had been same way—within a few days! . . ."

"Just tell me how they were killed first, please," said the Policeman. He was watching the commanding officer narrowly, the nervous hands that were never still, the flicking eyes that told a story easy to read. Captain Barwick found his responsibilities bore heavily upon him.

Slowly at first but later with quick little rushes of words Barwick told how the three senior officers had died. The first in the tent where they sat, the second near the Sergeants' Mess, the third, Chatterfield, the evening before outside the Officers' Mess. And all had a curved native sword, a scimitar-like tulwar, through their bodies.

Lumsford sahib watched Barwick's trembling lips as he stopped.

"Thank you. Now have you any unusual occurrence to report? Anything that may be related to these deaths. Are any men in the battalion likely to bear enmity, personal enmity, against these officers?"

"No one. They were—the best fellows that ever lived"—Barwick swallowed with an effort.

Lumsford nodded.

"Have you told Lumsford sahib about the Subahdar, sir?" prompted Garley.

"No. Now the Subahdar of 'C' Company—that was Chatterfield's company—says someone made a proposal to him the day before yesterday—that was before Chatterfield's death. Someone spoke from outside his tent in the night—said 'The sahibs' power is over; will you join the new rulers?' or something like that. The Subahdar dashed out, but whoever it was had gone. He reported it next morning."

"Hm—I'd like to see him," said Lumsford.

Garley despatched a peon for the Subahdar.

"He's as loyal as they make 'em," remarked Barwick. "Don't frighten the old boy."

"I'll go carefully," said the Policeman.

The old soldier marched in; he was obviously 'on parade.' The salute, his stiff stance and his set face were the embodiment of years of discipline.

"Oh, Subahdar, I want you to tell Lumsford sahib what occurred the other night when someone spoke to you from outside your tent."

"Hazur, I was awakened and a voice said softly, 'Subahdar—Subahdar.' I said 'I am here,' and the voice said, 'The reign of the white Raj is finished; if thou wouldst live thou wilt join the new rulers.' Hazur, I took my revolver and searched, but he who had spoken was not there. I looked far, but all slept. The sentries—they had seen no one."

"Well spoken, Subahdar. What manner of speech had this man? Was he of the hills?"

"Hazur, he spoke in Urdu. He was perhaps a Punjabi, perhaps a Pathan, Allah knows."

"You looked in the morning—were there no marks on the ground?"

"I looked, sahib. There were no marks; the ground is hard."

"It is well, Subahdar. What think you of the things that happen? What say the men of the deaths of the sahibs?"

"They are troubled, Hazur. They fear that evil men are among them. And they get that they are fearful to speak, lest they speak with an enemy."

Barwick nodded. "That's exactly what's happening, Lumsford. There's a feeling of uncertainty about. These blows from nowhere——"

"Yes, it's understandable. That is all, Subahdar."

"OH, Subahdar, I want you to tell Lumsford sahib what occurred the other night when someone spoke to you from outside your tent"

Lumsford left the tent with Barwick close behind the Subahdar. He stood for a moment outside the office, thinking; his eyes followed the stiff form of the non-commissioned officer.

"I want you to give that fellow leave. I'll supply a substitute," he said.

"But he wouldn't go on leave," expostulated Barwick. "He's too keen about the regiment. He won't go at a time like this."

"I don't suspect him, but I want him out of the way."

"I don't think it's wise, at a time like this." Barwick spoke querulously. He did not want to refuse Lumsford's request, but, in his opinion, to change senior N.C.O.'s when his men were in an abnormal state was asking for further trouble. For he knew how childlike the Indian soldier is, impressionable and only easily led by those he knows. "I'll see about it." Barwick turned away and walked through the lines.

"I don't like the look of the C.O." Lumsford turned to the tent flap and spoke to the Adjutant. "He's too jumpy for words."

"Yes. We all are—a bit. It's a frightening business." The fair-haired boy looked after Barwick until he turned behind a tent. "What do you think about it, Lumsford sahib?"

What conclusions the policeman had come to were not told then, for a cry came from between the ranks of tents. The two men dashed forward and from nearly every tent men debouched.

They came upon Captain Barwick. He lay on the ground just outside the canteen. A curved sword protruded from his back and a dull red patch crept round it, staining his khaki shirt.

The Subahdar knelt beside the body, the tears running down into his beard. The frightened faces of the sepoys made a wide circle.

"Who is senior officer now?" Lumsford rose from beside the dead man.

"I—I am," replied Garley.

"Right. I want you to send that Subahdar on leave," whispered Lumsford. "I'll take his place."

"I will." Lieutenant Vine Garley looked at the policeman with deep respect. The stories of Lumsford's capabilities, of his personal prowess, his ability to impersonate any of the hundred different castes of India, gave him a special authority.

The fourth Commanding Officer of the 109th Turkomanis thanked God that he was there at such a time.

For a while the young man was too busy to be a prey to fear; he had to attend to the funeral of Captain Barwick, he had a hundred details to arrange. But before he went to bed that evening, as he sat silent in the corner of the mess tent, the fear came to him. He glanced round the ante-room at the five young men who were left; a few days before ten had sat in that tent. Now the four senior officers were dead, each killed in his turn within a few hours of assuming command. He turned his curly fair head and glanced at Jepperson. Jepperson was reading a six-weeks' old newspaper. Perhaps Jepperson would command the 109th Turkomanis to-morrow!

Garley shook himself; he tried to banish the thought. He wanted to live; to do many things yet. There was a girl in a house in leafy Surrey that—— He must live! But why should he think that he, he alone, should miss the sword of the murderer, when his four predecessors had met it? Because Lumsford sahib was in Razmak. That was why, he assured himself. The Subahdar of "C" Company had gone down the Circular Road in an armoured car; he had been pushed off on unwanted leave. The old non-commissioned officer had not protested; he was too well disciplined to question in any way the wisdom of his Commanding Officer's order. But he was hurt, deeply hurt, to be sent away when his regiment was in worse trouble than had ever faced it on the field of battle.

But a dapper little man had been drafted to "C" Company, a man with a round face fringed with a sparse black beard and *dark brown* eyes. Lumsford sahib had blue eyes; but blue eyes are most uncommon among the men of the hills and so now he had brown eyes! The secret was his own; a false cellulose skin covered each eye, was washed by the eyelids and turned with his eyes. A man who had such arts was worthy of the utmost dependence, so Garley told himself.

The new Subahdar of "C" Company lay in his tent that night and waited. He had learnt two things since he took over his new work. One was that the Mullah, the reader of the Koran who officiated in the mosque in the corner of the camp, was interested in him. When he made his obeisances and said his prayers at sunset the man had honoured him by a few words. "From what regiment had he come?" "Where was his home?" Lumsford had given the name of a regiment with a doubtful reputation; he had cited the most seditious village in the province and had been very devout. The other item of information he had gathered was that the Mullah had two or three friends among the sepoys; men whom he received with more deference than was expected from one in his unique position as a religious leader. Perhaps the man had only been giving spiritual advice, but the intimate conversation that Lumsford had observed did not give him that impression. One man particularly, a naik (corporal) of "A" Company, had been received by the Mullah as would be a superior.

From these things Lumsford deduced that the conspiracy had its roots within the camp; the murders did not originate from outside. The Mullah, the religious head of the place, was implicated, he thought. He had no proof, but he strongly

suspected that the hand of the naik was the hand that had driven the tulwar through Barwick's body that morning. The glances of the two men who stood by the Mullah as the naik approached had contained something akin to admiration!

Had he, Lumsford, succeeded in allaying the Mullah's suspicions? His plans had been made carefully, his very advent to the camp staged in a way that should have aroused no undue curiosity. Lumsford Sahib, the policeman, had left Razmak in the aeroplane that brought him. He had been landed at Razani, the next post on the road that ran down into the Tochi, and thence to India. At Razani the real Subahdar of "C" Company had taken his place in the aeroplane, muffled and be-vizored. Lumsford, in his new character, had returned to Razmak in an armoured car. He considered that he should be free from suspicion, but his training and experience had taught him not to underestimate the perspicacity of the enemy.

As he lay on his bed he tried to think as the conspirators would think. He had formed the opinion that the murders were committed by two or three people within the ranks of the regiment, that they were inspired by someone outside, someone who would benefit greatly by destroying the efficiency of the fighting unit. If the garrison of Razmak was not to be relied upon, then the whole of the province could not be held for an hour. The frontier has always been held by bluff; if the Waziris and the Mahsuds were given the faintest encouragement, they would destroy the five posts that stood on the Circular Road. And they would raid and burn the Northern Indian towns again, just as they had done periodically for thousands of years before the white men came.

But even if they killed all the officers, the regiment would remain loyal, argued Lumsford. Others would be drafted from India proper; they would be in Razmak within a few hours, coming as they would by aeroplane. No, Lumsford built up an hypothesis; the murder of the officers was but half the plot. Why had the Subahdar been approached? Because the conspirators wanted a man of their *own* to lead the regiment, to lead it against the towns held by the white Raj. They were wise; they knew that the only man the sepoys would follow was one of their own kind.

And Lumsford Sahib hoped to be selected as that man. He was gambling with the lives of the remaining officers on being asked to join the murderers.

He intended to jump at the offer. For by that means only could he obtain knowledge of the men behind the conspiracy.

He lay on his bed, tense and waiting; nothing but the occasional regular crunch of a sentry's footfalls broke the silence of the night. He lay for hours, wide-eyed and stiff. His heart leapt as he heard a faint scratch on the canvas wall behind his head. He dared not move. Perhaps he was discovered, perhaps a sword was even then raised, a sword that would plunge into his breath-distended chest!

He loosed his breath slowly as a whisper came, and his heart raced with exaltation.

"Subahdar. Subahdar!" It was very low.

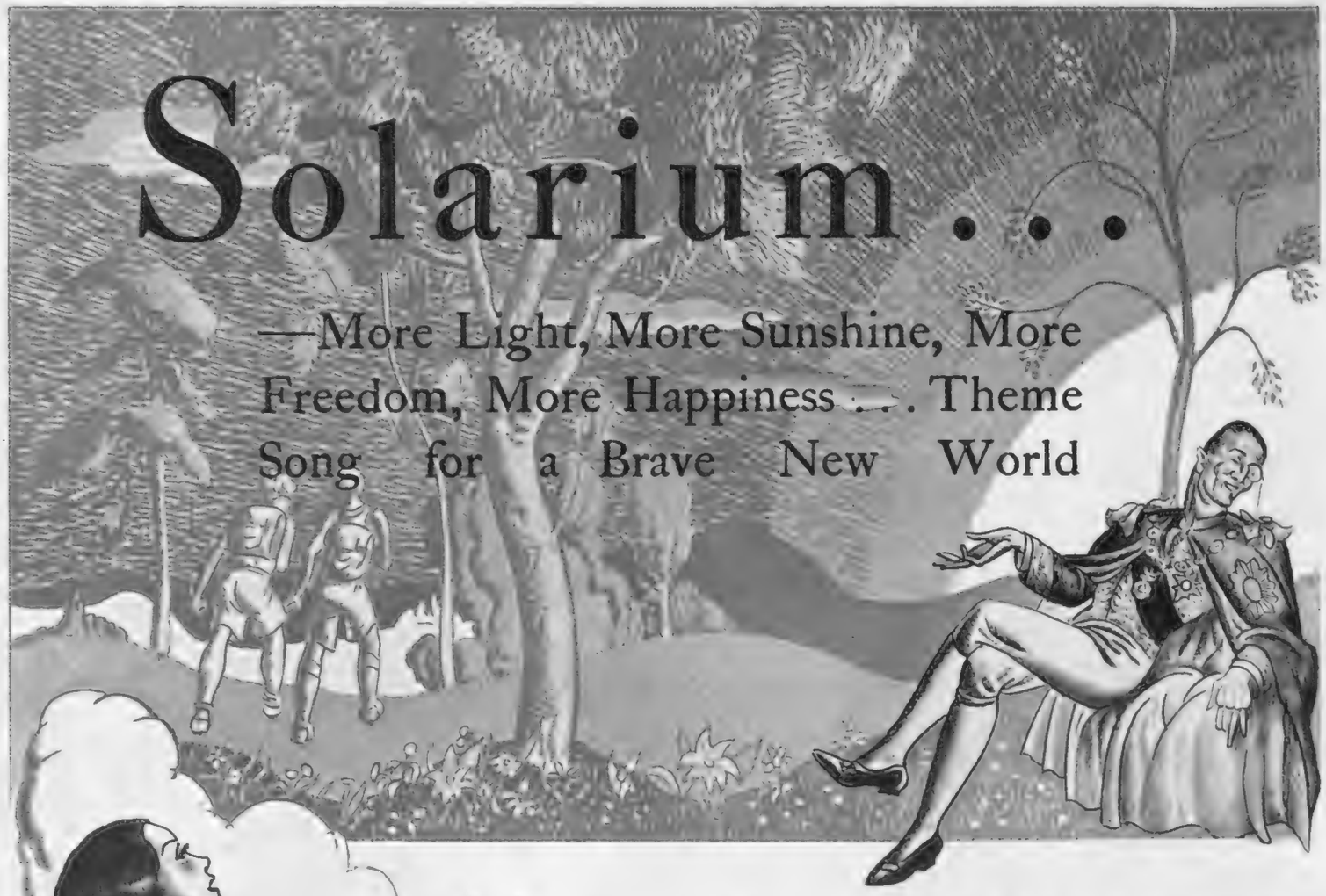
"I am here," he replied, just as quietly.

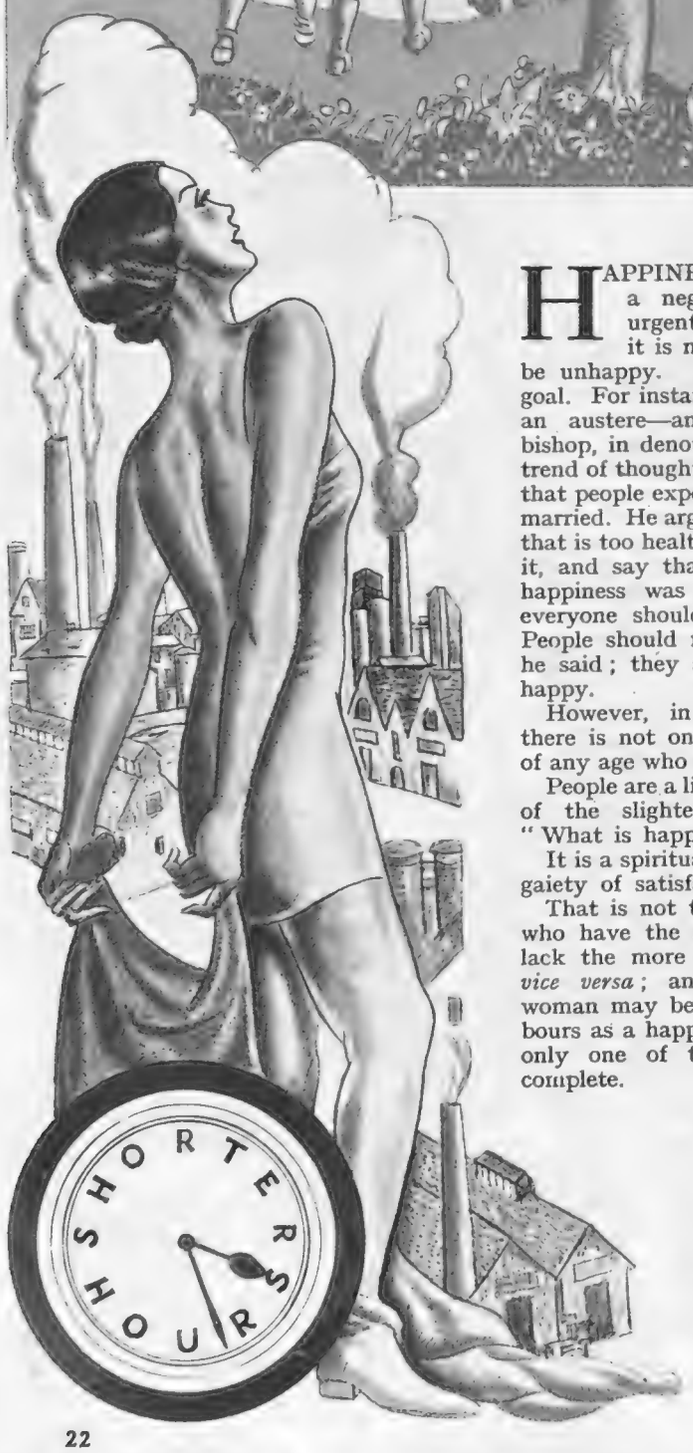
"If thou would (*Continued on page* 84)

He stood in a crowd round a seller of skins

Solarium . . .

—More Light, More Sunshine, More Freedom, More Happiness . . . Theme Song for a Brave New World





HAPPINESS is a positive, and not a negative, state. To the urgent seeker after happiness it is not enough merely not to be unhappy. Nirvana is the suicide's goal. For instance, some little while ago an austere—and probably unhappy—bishop, in denouncing freely the modern trend of thought, exclaimed with surprise that people expected to be happy though married. He argued robustly—or perhaps that is too healthy a word—let us correct it, and say that he argued sourly, that happiness was a treasure with which everyone should be ready to dispense. People should not expect to be happy, he said; they should expect to be unhappy.

However, in this improving world, there is not one healthy-minded person of any age who would believe the bishop.

People are a little addicted, in moments of the slighter despairs, to asking: "What is happiness?"

It is a spiritual courage assisted by the gaiety of satisfactory bodily sensations.

That is not to say that many people who have the spiritual courage do not lack the more material emotions; and *vice versa*; and either such man or woman may be put down by his neighbours as a happy person; but, possessing only one of the qualities, he is incomplete.

A rather carnal philosopher said to me: "Life is just an affair of sensations." He meant this only in its cruder sense, and so did not know that he was also right in the wider manner. Truly, life is an affair of sensations; but as much spiritually as bodily.

Even as little as two generations ago, and, with a very large number of people, as little as one generation ago, we were practically told that only the soul mattered, and that the body could look after itself; with this proviso, that it should always be sufficiently starved and "mortified" to please the pompous moralists of the day.

The mortification of the flesh was then a creed; and a wicked one.

Suddenly, as if with one great forward thrust, impatient humanity, in all the civilised countries, has, in a generation, come striding through the mists and the quagmires, mental and physical, in which its progenitors were reared; and demands for itself a place in the permanent solarium of an awakened world.

"Light! Light! Light!" the community of voices cries, and in its note there is no beseeching; there is the imperious knowledge of a birthright.

A birthright.

"Man was born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward." A poor, puling sort of idea, for was he not born to joy, to pride, and to glory, too?

There was a day when to be sorrowful was to be holy; when to be poor was to be good; and to be sick was to be in a fair way of having your soul saved. That was in the long day of the Negationists, the Must-nots, and the Do-nots; and the pious Have-nots.

Now the Affirmationists are here.

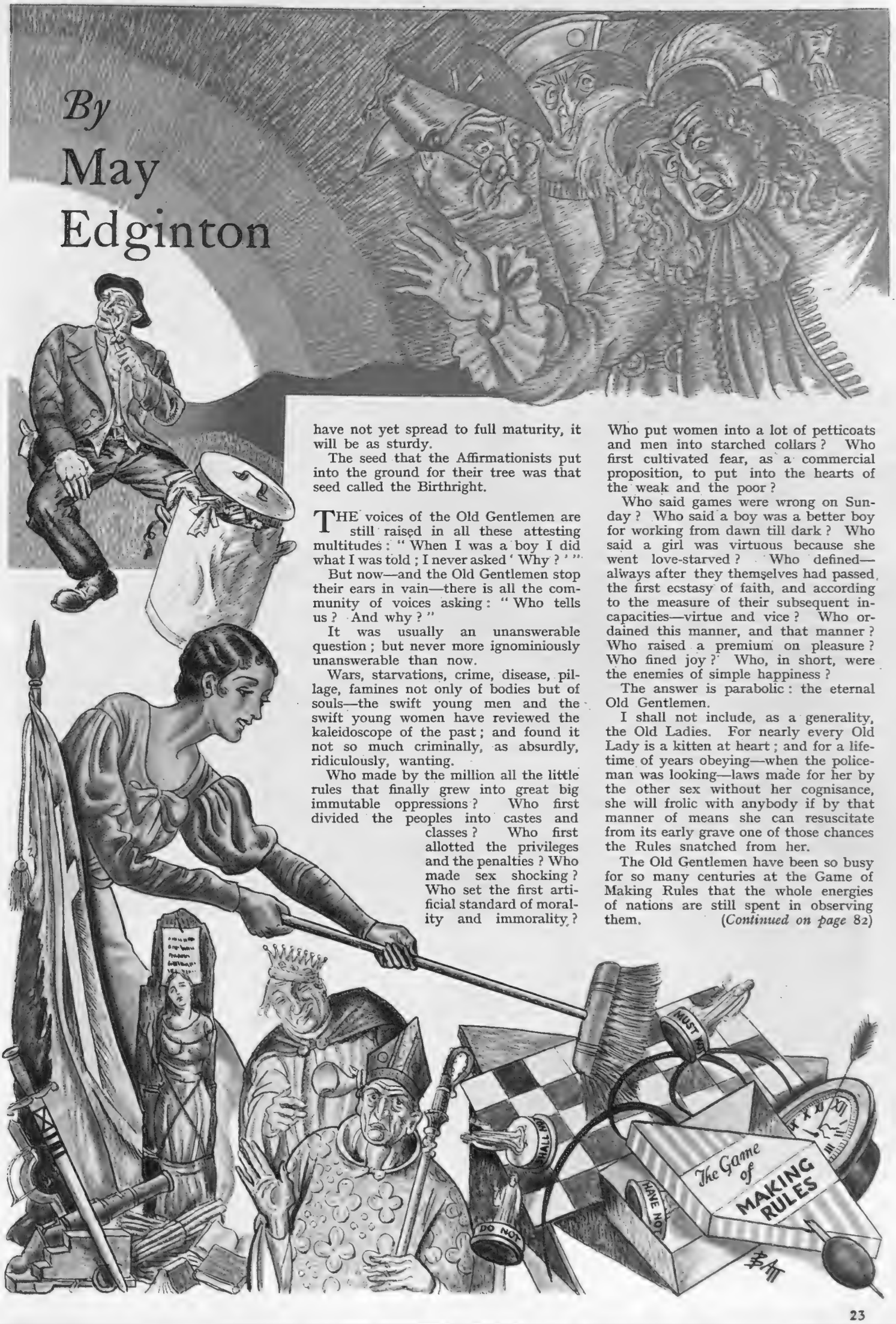
Now there is happening, all through the civilised nations, this tremendous surge upward and outward, and it is not the affair of one class only, but of all classes. It is not a phase; neither can one merely say it has come to stay.

It has come to grow.

It is not a rootless growth, an excrescence of the times; it is planted like an oak tree; and though its branches

By

May Edginton



have not yet spread to full maturity, it will be as sturdy.

The seed that the Affirmationists put into the ground for their tree was that seed called the Birthright.

THE voices of the Old Gentlemen are still raised in all these attesting multitudes: "When I was a boy I did what I was told; I never asked 'Why?'"

But now—and the Old Gentlemen stop their ears in vain—there is all the community of voices asking: "Who tells us? And why?"

It was usually an unanswerable question; but never more ignominiously unanswerable than now.

Wars, starvations, crime, disease, pillage, famines not only of bodies but of souls—the swift young men and the swift young women have reviewed the kaleidoscope of the past; and found it not so much criminally, as absurdly, ridiculously, wanting.

Who made by the million all the little rules that finally grew into great big immutable oppressions? Who first divided the peoples into castes and classes? Who first allotted the privileges and the penalties? Who made sex shocking? Who set the first artificial standard of morality and immorality? Who put women into a lot of petticoats and men into starched collars? Who first cultivated fear, as a commercial proposition, to put into the hearts of the weak and the poor?

Who said games were wrong on Sunday? Who said a boy was a better boy for working from dawn till dark? Who said a girl was virtuous because she went love-starved? Who defined—always after they themselves had passed the first ecstasy of faith, and according to the measure of their subsequent incapacities—virtue and vice? Who ordained this manner, and that manner? Who raised a premium on pleasure? Who fined joy? Who, in short, were the enemies of simple happiness?

The answer is parabolic: the eternal Old Gentlemen.

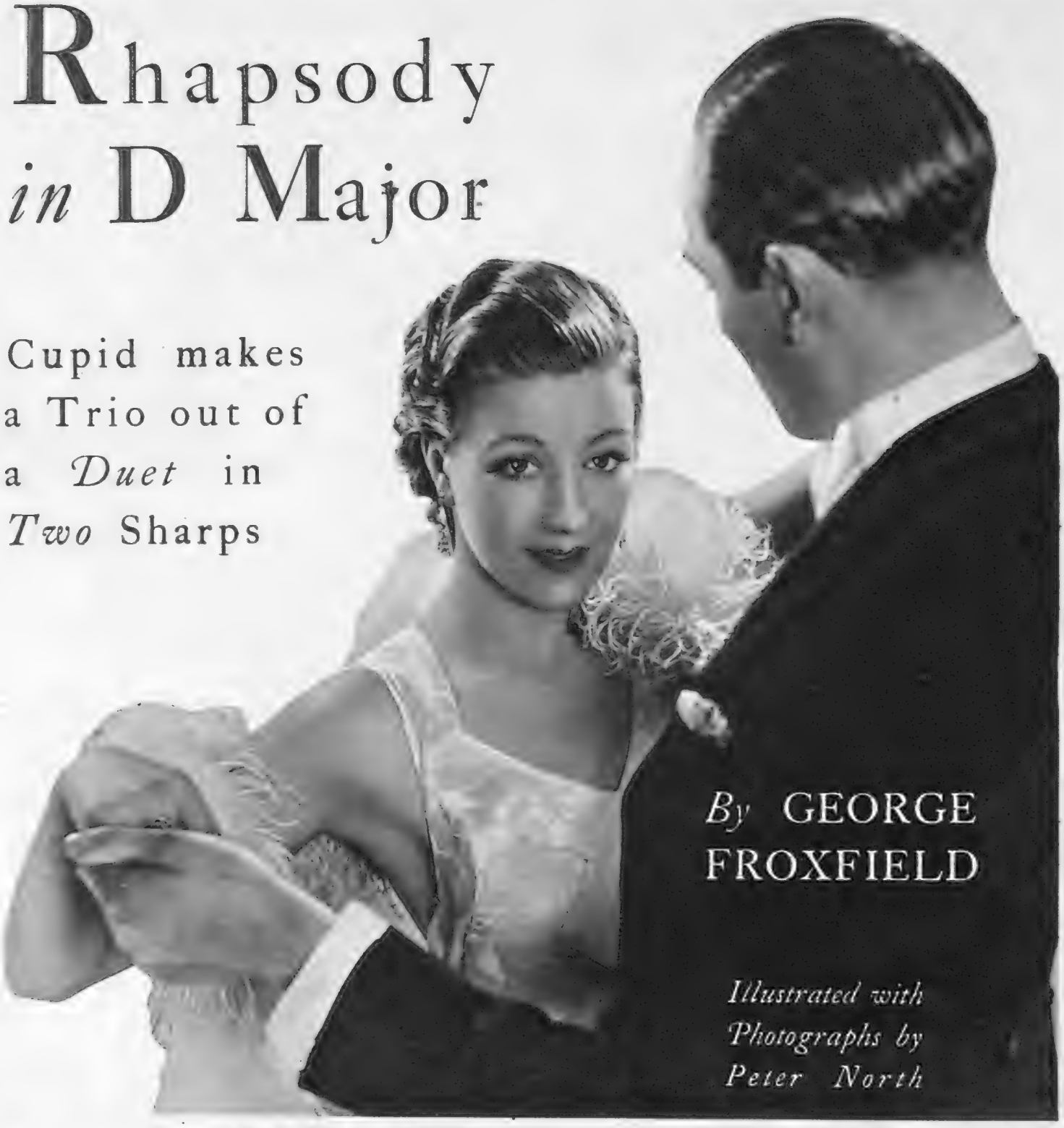
I shall not include, as a generality, the Old Ladies. For nearly every Old Lady is a kitten at heart; and for a lifetime of years obeying—when the policeman was looking—laws made for her by the other sex without her cognisance, she will frolic with anybody if by that manner of means she can resuscitate from its early grave one of those chances the Rules snatched from her.

The Old Gentlemen have been so busy for so many centuries at the Game of Making Rules that the whole energies of nations are still spent in observing them.

(*Continued on page* 82)

Rhapsody *in* D Major

Cupid makes a Trio out of a *Duet* in *Two* Sharps



By GEORGE FROXFIELD

Illustrated with Photographs by Peter North

They danced till close on two o'clock

WYNDHAM ARMSTRONG, long, lean, duskily good-looking, had lived by his wits for five years, so when a girl stepped out from the pine forest on to the stretch of sunlit road half-way up the mountain side behind Trione, pearl of a town in the glorious string collectively known as the Riviera di Ponente, and flagged him with a handkerchief, he realised that he didn't jam on the brakes of the long, glittering two-seater, whose rightful owner pined in London for the second instalment of its purchase price, with that impetuosity that brought Perseus fluttering to the rescue of Andromeda.

But then, he reminded himself, though Andromeda may have had Titian-red hair and wide blue eyes, she hadn't worn a cheeky little green hat, a jaunty, short green coat or a gay wrap-over green gingham skirt.

"So sorry!" she exclaimed as he drew up alongside. "But can you tell me how to get back to Trione?"

Her shy tones and her eyes, frank, friendly and unafraid, yet demure (the archaic adjective alone apt), delighted him.

"Nothing easier," he answered. "Finding Trione is as easy as sinking—or sinning. You've only to go down."

"Is it far?" she asked.

He had that morning inveigled a man into buying ten hectares of peach farm (that didn't as yet belong to him), and Business First was no longer his paramount consideration, so he replied:

"Several miles. But hop in. I'm making for the Hotel de la Russie myself."

Her hesitation charmed him. It seemed to put a precious patina of yesterday about her, as though she were some rare and beautiful antique.

"I won't bite," he assured her, with that smile that dozens of women had once loved and then loathed. "I promise to be a good boy."

As the car rolled on she answered his questions. She had sauntered into the old town, climbed sunny steps and passed under shadowed archways, wandered in its maze of narrow ways, emerged at length among groves of olive and lemon trees, scaled the red, rocky foothills, finding a new flower in every other crevice, rejoiced when she reached the forest's cool glades, walked on and up unthinkingly and found herself completely lost.

"You've answered the riddle of my universe," said he gravely. "Now I know why I was born. To be on hand when you needed this lift."

The little green girl was so very green that she looked quite startled before she realised that she was meant to smile.

She and her grandmother (nicknamed Granfan, as he soon learnt) had just arrived in Trione, were to stay till the end of September and then go on to Cannes. Granfan was an invalid, and never left the hotel.

"Which?" he asked, hoping she would name one of the more expensive—like the Miramar, the Regina, or the Savoia.

"The Méditerranée in the Piazza Cassini," she answered.

The Méditerranée, he reflected exultingly, an even more exorbitant palace of a place than its extortionate competitors in that most extravagantly expensive town!

Granfan, she told him, scarcely ever left her room, so life wasn't too gay. But he mustn't think she was complaining. Granfan was a perfect darling, and however rich a person might be, it was still wonderfully kind to adopt an orphan granddaughter (even though she was her only near relation), and to take her abroad and pay every single farthing of the expenses.

"I deny that," said he. "If I were your grandfather I'd think you the terribly kind person to honour me with your company."

"I'm afraid," was her comment, "that you sacrifice the truth to politeness."

At the next fork in the road, in order to lend an air of verisimilitude to that mendacious "several miles," Wyndham swerved to the left instead of turning to the right, where the Trione road lay looped on the hillside like a snake with the town for its flattened head.

A tea-shop, set between two wide rose-fields, made him bring the car gently to a standstill. He didn't propose their having tea because she appeared to be one of that moribund type of girl who would think she ought to refuse. Instead, in hopes that the two hours which had elapsed since he demolished a *vol-au-vent à la provençale* (which spells garlic) would prevent his breath playing traitor, he said apologetically:

"I've had no lunch; d'you mind my swallowing a cup of tea?"

Put like that, his suggestion could hardly be refused, and presently they sat in a stone summer-house with a tumbling waterfall before and the million roses breathing about them, and his gentle cross-examination went on, her answers making him realise that he must be very wary, for here was an opportunity that most certainly hadn't gone off the Gold Standard.

Over bowls—true bowls—of China tea he learnt that her defunct grandfather had been John Wheatley of Wheatley's Weed-Killer fame.

"You're obviously no gardener," she commented, in smiling surprise that he had not heard of it.

"Nor a poisoner," said he. "Is it one of the concoctions spouses put in their mates' morning-tea?"

She shivered and said, rebukingly, "Oh, please don't say such dreadful things!"

Bryony Wheatley was, in fact, as refreshing and fragrant as the waterfall and the roses. . . .

At least a hundred yards from the door of the Hôtel Méditerranée she asked him to stop. People in hotels were such gossips and darling Granfan would be—horrified.

"At a stranger giving someone who was lost a lift home?" he asked.

"Well," she said. "It would be all right, of course, if you had been old and ugly."

"But I am—terribly old and terribly ugly."

She looked at him and smiled, and said, looking like a sixteenth-century Puritan, despite her most to-dayish clothes:

"You mustn't tell me untruths, please."

"TO-MORROW at ten, then," he whispered. "It's a promise?"

"REALLY, we simply must go," she murmured, a full hour later . . .

"I won't!" he exclaimed. "Give me another chance to prove I'm reformed. You dance here every night, I know. May I look in after dinner?"

"Oh, no!" she said fervently. "Granfan would be scandalised. I couldn't possibly dance here."

"There's an extra special dance at the Hôtel de la Russie to-night," he told her. "If Granfan's the good little girl I take her to be, she ought to be in bed by eleven at latest. I shall be waiting here—exactly where we are now."

"But I couldn't possibly. Everybody would see!"

"The Méditerranée has side doors and back doors. I shall wait—if you're cruel—till the sun comes up and sounds a curfew instead of reveille."

AT eleven-thirty that night Wyndham was arranging a light rug about Bryony's knees. She hadn't dreamt of coming, she told him. And then, undressed, almost ready for bed, she had been unwise enough to look out of the window. And she had seen the blazing head-lights, and they might have been the bright eyes of the rats harnessed to Cinderella's pumpkin.

"I'd one foot in my pyjamas," she admitted, "and then I was reckless enough to look out of my window again. And there was the—the crystal coach and the eight cream horses. D'you think I'm—*dreadful* to come?"

"I'd have been miserable if you hadn't," said he, admiring her frock of green panne and the austerity with which her exquisite hands had controlled her feminine appetite for cosmetics, "so I think you gloriously unselfish."

They danced till close on two o'clock, and then he drove her back, left the car on the far side of the Piazza and crept beside her through the terraced garden towards a side door.

"To-morrow at ten, then," he whispered. "It's a promise?"

She nodded.

At nine-thirty next morning Wyndham sauntered into the lounge of one of Trione's biggest hotels, collected half a dozen English weekly magazines of the horticultural type, noted the full-page advertisements of Wheatley's Weed-Killer, and at ten met Bryony on the beach.

"Everything all right last night?" he asked, delighted at the backless lime-green and gold frock that she wore over her black bather.

She nodded, smiled, then sighed and said: "Only I felt—bad."

Then they swam and dived and sat on one of the rafts with their legs knee-deep in the water and later on tanned on Trione's most golden sands. . . .

When he asked her to lunch with him the naïveté of her answer delighted him.

"Oh, I—couldn't! I wouldn't neglect Granfan for any man."

"One day you will—for *one* man."

"Well, that day's not yet. Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Like what?"

"Sorrowfully."

"Envy," said Wyndham. "I was thinking he'd be the very luckiest man on earth."

She turned her straight brown back on him.

"Have I offended you?"

"I don't—don't think you ought to say things like that to me."

A throw-back, he thought, but as charming a relic as an ancestor's fob or an ancestress's sampler.

"Am I to lie, then, Bryony?" he asked, in the hurt and offended tones that had thrilled dozens of women.

"Why, no, of course not, only——"

"So I'm not to lie and I'm not to speak the truth," he broke in. "You mean it's impossible for me to please you."

"It's not my fault your thinking such untruths," said she, and caught t her breath.

Delightful instrument to play on, he thought, but said, looking hurt and speaking resentfully:

"When a girl's made all a man's women pals seem like dolls with china heads and bodies stuffed with sawdust, mayn't he be a candid friend and say what he honestly thinks of her? When I say you're lovelily different and differently lovely, I'm not just — cheeking you. I'm telling you a truth that's suddenly become apparent and important and—aching to be said."

"I'm sorry. I—I didn't understand," she said, tones low and unsteady. "I didn't mean to offend you."

She let his lean, hard fingers close down on hers on the hot sand.

"You didn't offend, you only hurt. Did you want to do that?"

"No—least of all."

"Then show your pity and your graciousness by dancing with me to-night."

Honestly, she couldn't possibly, she protested; but they compromised finally on meeting at a concert that afternoon and arranging to dance the following night.

DURING the next week, having made hay of and out of three Americans at poker, brought off a small coup at the motor races and enjoyed a run of luck at baccarat, Wyndham was able to motor Bryony to San Remo for a battle of flowers, to Monte Carlo for dinner and dancing at the Casino, to lunch and play tennis with her at Trione's Sports Club and take her wandering up the winding steeps of the old town and buy her curios . . .

Daily Granfan became less of an obstacle, he noted. Little by little Bryony's qualms and scruples were disappearing. Within a fortnight of their meeting he judged that the time was ripe and laid his plans accordingly.

"Am I being awful?" she asked, one evening as the car whirled them up the steep road from the town. "Is this being—fast?"

It was difficult not to laugh aloud.

"You sweet innocent! That dear old word! I've a great-aunt who still uses

it. Fast! I won't say you're slow, because no swallow could be such a sheer delight, but I can assure you that nobody could be more alluringly circumspect."

"Where are we going?" she asked presently.

"That's the surprise," he told her.

It certainly was a surprise to her when the car swung off the road and shot down a short drive beneath vast feathery palms, emerged in a sub-tropical garden and came to a stop in front of a white-walled, red-roofed villa, flanked by a little tower that modestly wore a petticoat of bougainvillæa and a skirt of jessamine.

"Mine," he answered, "I want you to see it and tell me whether it pleases you. I don't live here. It's too dull all alone."

"But—ought I?" she asked, suddenly drawing back when he had vaulted out of the car and come round and opened the door beside her.

"Sweet eighteen-seventy most certainly ought," he answered, smiling.

"Then I will, but only because *you* say so," said she. "I know I can trust you in everything."

Momentarily he felt a slight uneasiness. The ghost of himself at Marlchester (before his father crashed), that untidy-haired gawky lad, all knees and elbows, with his lofty ideals of how the game should be played, that sentimentalist whose double intrudes on every realist and as often is ignominiously kicked out, edged inopportunely into his mind.

Such a dodo among girls, rich (or to be rich), naïve, confiding, almost incredibly old-fashioned, was created to be the prey of some man or other, so why not his?

First he showed her a part of the garden and they sat and talked beneath a rosy pergola of great timbers on stone pillars, cicada chirping love-songs about them and thyme making scented protest beneath their feet, and looked down a vista of shorn grass between red trunks of sentinel maritime pines and over the marble balustrade that edged the garden to the huddle of old Trione in the valley.

Then very leisurely he led her into the sunken rosery and along a winding flagged way in a rock garden, and down ferny steps to a hollow where a rill tinkled from stony laps to projecting sills in perpetual pastoral . . .

"I wonder you can ever tear yourself away," she breathed, as they sat on the paved lip of a lily pond watching the lazy tame fish.

"In the outside world there are things to be found, things to be seen and things to be heard, that make all this—tawdry," he told her, staring at her to let her know that he spoke of her, and speaking haltingly to convince her that he had never so spoken to any woman before.

"Tawdry? All this glory? That's impossible."

"It's only a setting," he said. "A ring's tawdry if the gem's not there."

Frowning a little, smiling often, he sat there playing on that easy instrument, evoking sympathy, amusement, excitement; then said:

"And now you must let me show you my home."

A grave and decrepit caretaker bowed low to them as they reached the loggia, seemed compacted of "Si, signor," and "Si, signorina," and swiftly made himself scarce.

Bryony and Wyndham wandered from room to room, climbed the concave stone staircase in the little tower and sat side by side in the one pillowed *chaise-longue* on the parapeted top.

Up there, encircled by red mountains and blue sea, he took and held and kissed her hand . . . Up there he gathered her up, took possession of the creaking chair, lowered her down on his knees, drew her forward and held her close, kissing hair, forehead, eyes, cheeks and cool lips into ardent rejoinder . . . Up there anything might have happened, he realised, had not her bewitching austerity developed a reluctance that amazed him into a rigid determination to harm her no more than needs must.

Wyndham had brought a picnic basket in the car. The old caretaker carried it to the tower—and with it two trout that he had caught and tossed, gills agape, on the grill. At that meal Wyndham persuaded her to sip Chianti (she never touched wine, she told him), and after it coaxed her to puff at a cigarette (Granfan was so old-fashioned, she admitted, that she thought smoking unladylike) . . .

"We must go," she said at last reluctantly.

"Not yet," he pleaded. "A few minutes more of heaven."

"Really, we simply must go," she murmured, a full hour later, back on his knees, the tips of her fingers caressing his hair.

"We must," he agreed, but did not move except to stoop and kiss her . . .

It was past 2 o'clock when they stole, hand in hand, through the moonlit garden of the Méditerranée.

"However shall I explain to Granfan?" she asked despairingly. "What can I say? It's not as if we—I mean——"

She broke off, but her thoughts were easy to read. Not as if they were engaged, she meant.

"I wish we were!" he breathed, and drew her close, put his arm round her, held her so tightly that she gasped and added in despairing tones:

"God knows I wish we were! I've been such a—so unutterable! But I can't speak of it—not now. To-morrow I'll tell you everything. I love you. That's all I can say to-night."

Her startled eyes met his and read tragedy in them.

"I do love you," he said wildly, as though she had expressed a doubt. "I love you—damnably!"

Then he released her and left her staring after him.

WHEN Bryony went down to the sands next morning there was no sign of Wyndham. She was glancing from group to group on the crowded beach when someone said at her elbow:

"Miss Bryony Wheatley, I believe."

Bryony turned, surprised and startled, a steely expression in her eyes that Wyndham had never seen, saw a dyed and raddled blonde (*Continued on page* 92)

"WYNDHAM! why, there you are: I've been having a chat with Miss Wheatley . . ."

Defeating a Tropical

On board Tanker Bermuda Track of

By Harwood Steele

A DIAGRAMMATIC drawing showing the actual track of the hurricane, the probable track of the hurricane, and the course steered by the captain of the "Frontenac" together with the course normally steered by the "Frontenac"

FEW landsmen ever meet the tremendous experience of a tropical hurricane at sea. Fewer get close enough to its full force to sound its uttermost depths. Still fewer are allowed to witness the profound, yet intensely interesting, mysteries by which her officers take a vessel "through it" to safety.

This is simply because nearly all landsmen go to sea in passenger ships, whereas the only place in which to gain a healthy appreciation of a tropical hurricane and of the seamanship its conquest demands is the close intimacy of a sailing ship or tramp steamer.

We left Montreal on October 3rd last in the *Frontenac*, bound for Trinidad, on a course which continuously threaded the West Indian hurricane belt. An old English sea-saw defines the West Indian hurricane season like this:

> *"June—Too soon;*
> *July—Stand by;*
> *August and September—*
> *Remember;*
> *October—All over."*

But like most old saws, it's rusty—and only half true. Charts issued by the Hydrographic Office of the United States Navy Department to show the frequency of West Indian hurricanes, month by month, are eloquent. October's chart is practically as bad as August and September's, the worst—is dense with writhing, tangled hurricane-tracks.

Still, no need to get the wind up. The *Frontenac* is a steamer, not a sailing vessel, a tanker which can grind out her eleven knots, when driven. Also, though carrying a name as Canadian as lacrosse and chartered by McColl-Frontenac, a Canadian company, she's English built, with a Norwegian crew: K. Halversen, master; A. Haltlid, first mate; F. Andreassen, chief engineer—the sons of Vikings. There's nothing better than an English ship. And if the descendants of Leiv Eirikson, the seamen of a nation of 2,800,000, whose mercantile marine is fourth only to Great Britain, the United States and Japan, can't get you through, who can?

"What course Shall I steer?"—

The Captain's Dilemma

THE diagram above illustrates the complex problem confronting the captain of the S.S. "Frontenac" when menaced by an approaching tropical hurricane at midnight on October 6th, 1933, while en route from Montreal to Trinidad.

Such problems are typical of those associated with these seagoing cyclones. The most dangerous portion of a hurricane is the centre, the next the right-hand semicicle and especially its forward quadrant. The right-hand semicircle is that which lies to the right of an observer standing on the storm-track and looking in the direction in which the storm is moving.

It follows that a captain's first aim is to avoid the centre, then, if possible, the right-hand (dangerous) semicircle, especially its forward quadrant.

With wireless messages from meteorological services reporting the position of the centre at regular intervals, this would be simple, were it not for the fact that these hurricanes follow no regular track, but are apt to change direction at any moment. A thorough knowledge of the probable track any given hurricane will take, and of the signs which indicate its coming movements, is necessary if the captain's aim is to be achieved.

PLOTTING the hurricane-track, in order to put the ship in the most favourable position possible beforehand. The captain and third mate at work in the chart-room of the "Frontenac"

Hurricane

the Norwegian "Frontenac" off —Planning the the great Gale

MAKING fast a broken lashing at the risk of life and limb. An officer and sailor of the "Frontenac" on the storm-swept well-deck

SMASH! Through the thick of it. The "Frontenac" fighting tremendous head seas

While still in the St. Lawrence we received our first warning, by wireless—a medium giving the modern hurricane fighter an immense advantage over his forebears, as it tells him to look out long before his own eyes ever could, and thereby gains him that priceless asset, Time . . . yet a medium which—our own experience soon proved—is an aid, but nothing more.

Away up in a lofty watch-tower in the Eastern United States sits an augur, often grim, constantly gathering meteorological information from all directions and for thousands of miles around, as constantly hurling it out again, to benefit seamen in the Atlantic. Her name is "Weather, Washington." Our warning came from her :

"Weather Washington Wednesday 10 *a.m.* 4/10/33. *Storm Information : Another tropical disturbance is central about four hundred miles south of Bermuda, apparently moving north-eastward. Observation requested* 1800 *and* 2000, *G.M.T., from vessels within a radius of five hundred miles south of Bermuda."*

The trumpet heralding our friend the enemy !

Just then we didn't worry. Bermuda was still a long way off. Also, these fellows twist so much like serpents, changing their track so completely at any moment, that by the time we entered the Atlantic our hurricane might have gone some other way.

It might have ; but it hadn't. Next night, when we actually were in the Atlantic, "Weather, Washington," told us that the hurricane was still approaching our course, still threatening us.

We went on playing bridge, in the captain's little "day-room." These Norsemen have been fighting and conquering serpents and dragons for ages, taming them into dragon-ships—chopping them up, as Sigund chopped up Fafnir. Hence they were ready to face this lashing, charging, roaring monster, and all its West Indian brethren, without flinching. But the captain was worried. Not bridge, but *the* bridge, was on his mind, for the lives of thirty-one men and a £150,000 ship were in his hands.

"Weather, Washington," could only suggest the probable track of the hurricane. He must plot it in detail for himself, with the help of Nature—the winds, clouds, atmosphere, barometer. Then he must decide what course to steer to get the best of it. And, even though his reasoning were in all respects perfect, that awful tendency to change direct without warning might suddenly make it futile. It's no joke—such responsibility.

The intellectual crisis in which he had to make his decision, right or wrong, and leave the rest to that God who moves on the face of the waters, came on Friday—next day. Watchful Washington at 10 a.m. said : "The tropical disturbance is central this morning about four hundred and fifty miles west-south-west of Bermuda, moving north-eastward, about twenty-five miles an hour, attended by dangerous, shifting gales. Caution advised between Bermuda and Atlantic coast-line from Nantucket to Hatteras next twenty-four hours." Our position being in this area, that we were "for it" was now practically certain.

We knew that, anyhow, by that time, without "Weather, Washington." Says the Hydrographic Office aforesaid : "Surrounding the actual storm area is a territory of large extent throughout which the barometer reads a tenth of an inch or more below the average. Throughout the outer ring unsettled weather prevails. The sky is ordinarily covered with a light haze, which increases in density as the centre of the storm approaches. Showers are frequent. Throughout the northern semicircle of this area (in the Northern Hemisphere) the wind rises to Force 6 or 8—the 'reinforced Trades'—and is accompanied by squalls." We had them all that day—the unsettled weather, the rising winds and lowering barometer, the clouds, the haze, the rain.

Following this 10 a.m. message, no further news was to be expected from "Weather, Washington," for twelve hours. During this time the captain was constantly on the bridge, watching the sea and sky, or in the chart-room with the first mate, plotting the track from these observations—parallel rulers, pencil and dividers swiftly marking the relative positions of ship and storm-centre, as they changed from hour to hour.

How this plotting was done is simple to explain. Hurricanes are only gigantic whirlwinds, turning to the left, or anti-clockwise (in the Northern Hemisphere), and following, generally, a parabolic track. West Indian hurricanes rise near the Leeward Islands, sweep west, proceed inland (via the Gulf of Mexico) or turn northward, (*Continued on page* 72)

Moving Water

A Yacht, a Pleasure Cruise, and the deepening Mystery of a Homicidal Maniac

By H. T. W. Bousfield

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

SURELY a millionaire who likes spending money is amongst the noblest of creation. Certainly he is to his friends. Sir John Storry, for instance, is an example that every infant Midas should be taught to copy. Not for him the boiled mutton and barley-water, the endless toil, the third-hand car. Sir John frequently declares that he intends to enjoy life as long as his digestion holds out, and, being a gregarious creature, he takes care that his friends shall enjoy life too.

I was not present on the cruise that is the subject of this story, because I can seldom afford to be so long away from my work. But I know the facts as well as anyone there.

Sir John's principal hobby is navigation. It is the only recreation he admits in "Who's Who," and he is one of the few amateurs who possess a Master Mariner's certificate. Indeed, I believe he possesses some sort of super-certificate that is usually bestowed on those exceptional sea-dogs who run the biggest liners and get knighted. Consequently his chief extravagance is his yacht.

There may be a bigger private steamship than the *Etruria*, but I've never heard of one. In fact, if you dwelt too long on what it must cost him to run it you would probably, in sheer jealousy, join the Communist Party. The luxury of it! The speed of it! The excellence of its cooks! The marvels of its cellar!

The *Etruria* sailed on a protracted Atlantic cruise in July. There was not a big party. Sir John's friends are chosen from many walks of life, and few of them have unlimited leisure. Like myself, more than half of those invited had to refuse. None of the over-photographed and notoriously bright was there. Most of the guests, in fact, must have been distinctly dull.

However, they were bound to enjoy themselves, and Sir John was happy in any case navigating his ship.

There were Lord Richard Wyndham, the ex-Foreign Secretary; Dame Mabel Fothergill; Sir James Dunstan (the famous alienist), terribly run down after a most unseasonable attack of influenza; Sir John's niece, Joan Barclay; that rising young politician George Conyers—of course Joan wangled that, they were understood to be more or less engaged; Professor Malvern and his wife, and about half a dozen others with no celebrity but nice manners and an agreeable willingness to be given a good time.

Probably Sir John's best friends amongst the crowd were Lord Richard, Sir James Dunstan and the Professor. He's often told me how much he admires not only their brains but their wonderful capacity for unselfish work.

They sailed from Southampton. The idea was to make straight for Havana, go on to New Orleans, and then do a little visiting in the Bahamas, and so home. Perhaps six weeks in all, taking things easily. For the first twenty-four hours everything went well; then, on the second morning, trouble began.

Sir James Dunstan, always a poor sleeper, and no doubt a worse one than usual after his influenza, came up on deck soon after daybreak. So he was actually the first passenger to hear of the tragedy.

The second officer had gone overboard.

There was no doubt about it. When his watch was relieved he was nowhere to be seen. It appears he thought he heard something unusual aft. He strolled towards the stern. That was all. He was never seen again. The night was dark; there was no moon. Nobody heard or saw anything suspicious.

Sir John at first hoped to keep this sad news from his guests, but of course it was impossible. Dunstan kept his mouth shut, but sailor-men will talk. Before luncheon everybody knew that Blake had committed suicide. As the next day was Sunday, the Suffragan Bishop of Cotham asked if he might hold a service

BTE JAN 34 P31

THEY turned at the sound of footsteps. "What secrets are you talking?" cried Storry cheerfully

of special prayer. It was known that Blake had left a wife and two young children, and somebody offered to start a collection for them, but Sir John wouldn't hear of it. He was rich enough, he said, to look after his own. Blake had been a good servant of his, and his wife and children shouldn't want.

When Sunday came, there was a service indeed, but a more tragic one still. Another man had gone.

I am probably telling all this in a terribly bald and unimpressive manner. I'm not good at tragedy. But consider for yourselves what effect two suicides two nights running must have had not only on the crew but on the passengers. Sailors are superstitious at the best of times. Everybody else seems to be as bad on the least provocation.

This unfortunate fellow who had thrown himself overboard was a member of the crew, one George Smith—a Plymouth man. Nothing much was known about him. He was new. This was his first voyage on the *Etruria*, but his mates and the boatswain declared he was a good sailor, quiet, normal, inoffensive. He had never shown any sign of having a private trouble. It was a complete mystery.

The Bishop's address inevitably, in its insistence upon the transitory nature of human life, made that Sunday a misery. Only Sir John attempted to cheer up, but his very best champagne was circulated in vain.

Everybody went to bed half-scared. Dame Mabel Fothergill had the ship's carpenter up at half past twelve because she couldn't lock her cabin door.

It was about six next morning when Dunstan was awakened. Someone outside was persistently knocking.

Half-asleep, he crawled out of bed. It was Storry, fully dressed.

"Sorry to disturb you at this hour," he said, "but things are serious. There's a third man overboard."

He sat down. Dunstan stared at him.

"I know it's hard luck on you—you're here to get strong and well, and I ought not to bother you—but this can't go on. James, I believe there's a homicidal maniac on board. You're a doctor. You've studied these things. Is it reasonable that every night a man should commit suicide? It's not. Somebody amongst the crew is a killer. You've got to help me.

"First there was Blake, a r
worked for me for
fellow, James, with a
Then there w
know much a

but his record was excellent—I pay good wages and I get the best men there are. Now, this morning, it's poor Anderson.

"I've had Anderson with me for ten years. He never committed suicide. Why, if he did, I may be the next one—or you. It's horrible. No, there's a homicidal maniac on board, and you've got to find him.

Dunstan was wide awake by this time.

"Do you think you can keep this quiet?" he asked. "After all, you've got your niece to consider, and the other women. If you can, I may be able to help. I don't want to be bothered by mysteries; frankly, I don't feel strong enough."

"I hope to God you can help," said Storry. "If the crew didn't know me and didn't know the ship I believe there'd be a mutiny. Would you credit it, the bos'n tells me they've begun to talk about the bad luck of having a bishop on board."

"Give me half an hour," said Dunstan. "I'll dress, and then I want you to have every male member of the ship's company—every one, mark you—up in your cabin. I'll be there, with you, and I'll question them. No need to say I'm a doctor. I shall ask them about the—er—victims, and if there's a mental abnormality amongst them, believe me I shall spot it. After all, it's my trade."

"[illegible]d man," said Sir John. "We'll

"A very sad story, gentlemen," he said at last. "I confess I agree with Sir John. These are not suicides. Now can you assure me that your men will keep their mouths shut? We don't want the passengers to be unduly alarmed."

"They'll keep their mouths shut if I tell 'em," said the Captain grimly. "But they want reassuring; they want help. Sailors are much like children, Sir James, and my men are scared."

"Well, bring them in."

They came in—an embarrassed, frightened procession. Most of them had sailed on the *Etruria* a score of times. They were normal, respectable British seamen. It was impossible to imagine any one of them a murderer or a madman.

When the last man had departed, Dunstan got up.

"I should have had this examination earlier," he said. "If there's been a madman amongst your crew, there isn't one now. My theory is that this last man, Anderson, was the guilty individual. And he's dead. You'll have no more tragedies, John. We can rule out the stewardesses, for obvious reasons—a woman, even a mad one, wouldn't have the strength to throw an able-bodied man overboard.

"Set a special watch if you like, to-night—I should, if I were you, on general grounds—but, mark my words, the danger is over."

He was right. There was no fresh tragedy that night, and as the secret of Anderson's death had been well kept everybody's spirits revived again.

The swimming bath was well patronised. The deck games went with a swing. Lord Richard sat peacefully in the library engaged on his autobiography. Dame Mabel wrote a trenchant article on the idle rich for the *Labour Daily*, and the rest played bridge or sat in the sun.

Only Joan Barclay still worried about what had happened, and she discussed it with nobody but George Conyers.

Joan had reason to worry. She had a maid—alone amongst the women guests—and this maid was young and personable. Naturally, since she had eyes that were not only meant to be admired, the young woman picked out the best-looking sailor for her amusement.

The sailor, anxious to be interesting, under the most vehement oath of secrecy, told the story of Anderson's disappearance. The maid told Joan, and Joan told Conyers.

"I've told only you," said Joan, "because, of course, I see that there's no sense in frightening people. But three deaths running. It's [rather terrible, isn't it?

HE turned and walked away. In ten paces he paused and looked back. The Bishop was still leaning over the rail

Dunstan was dressed in. Besides Storry, and the chief ing from them.

THEY yelled. They ran about. They found nobody, saw nobody. They were literally chattering with terror when the captain reached them

"There was nothing last night," he reminded her.

"No. But how do we know there won't be another to-night? Oh, George, I'm *afraid!*"

Conyers squeezed her hand. "It's all right, darling," he said. "I'm positive there won't be anything more. Look here, if you're nervous, I'll look after you. Lock your door and fasten your porthole, and I'll leave my door open—only ten yards away, you know—and I'll sit and listen till daylight."

"You mustn't. How tired you'll be!"

"Do you think I could sleep if I knew you were scared?"

They turned at the sound of footsteps.

"What secrets are you talking?" cried Storry cheerfully. "Conyers, if you're trying to make my niece a Young Conservative, I shall have you marooned at the first stop. Don't you know my family have been Liberals ever since the Liberal party disappeared?"

"Uncle John," said Joan seriously, "I was just talking to George about Anderson."

Sir John stopped aghast.

"Oh, I know it's a secret. I found out—well, never mind how. But nobody else knows, only George and me. Uncle John, I can't help feeling there's something funny about all this."

Her uncle was plainly annoyed.

"Absolute bosh and nonsense," he declared. "But if it will make you any happier, let me tell you that all possible chance of anything—er—of the kind happening again has vanished. Anderson was the man. Anderson was a homicidal maniac, poor fellow, and he committed suicide. Well, I suppose we ought to be thankful that he did."

"Who says Anderson was a homicidal maniac?"

"Sir James Dunstan proved it, and Sir James is the greatest expert in England on mental disease."

"Sir James is talking rot then, that's all. Why, everyone on board knows that Anderson was the quietest and most conscientious of anybody. He didn't smoke. He didn't drink. He kept his old mother and a half-witted sister. And hadn't he sailed with you for years and years?"

"Yes, but——"

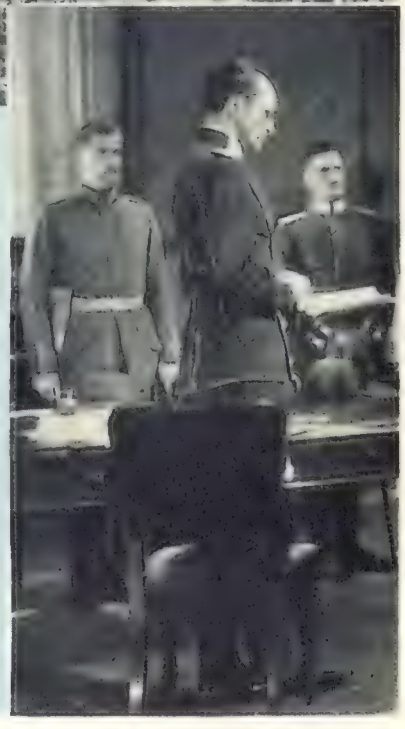
"Anderson! Why, it might have been you or me as much as Anderson."

(*Continued on page* 86)

Theme Song *for* Europe

AN incomplete machine-gun nest in the new defence fortifications facing the Saar basin. (Below) Intense barb wire entanglements in the new scheme of border defence fortifications facing the Saar basin

Sidelights on the now prevalent Germ of Espionage by an author well versed, by his special war duties, in the subject

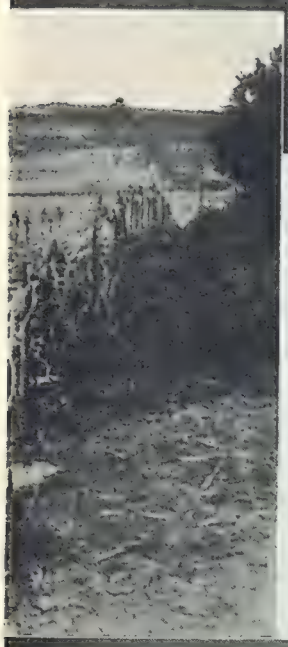


IT is ancient history that at the outbreak of war, in 1914, the Allies (particularly ourselves) arrested so many Germans suspected of being spies that Berlin had at once to set about trying to smuggle substitutes across into England and France, and that the most successful ruse adopted was to insinuate new agents in the tangled flood of Belgian refugees pouring out of their country without papers or pence. It is quite new history that Berlin is now repeating the same process in slightly different form, and that recognition of the fact has lately put more than one counter-espionage service, quite near home, on its mettle.

The reference is to the steady and continuing flow of refugees from Nazi Germany, which has opened a new chapter in Continental espionage as, indeed, it serves to draw attention generally to the intensive recruiting that is under way of those whom Kipling was once pleased to visualise in verse as following "the Standard of Yellow." Spies, spies, nothing but spies! On all sides. Of all hues and gradations. One has only to compile a scrap book from the international Press (as I have done) to be convinced that here is now sensation-mongering . . . . ninety arrests in Eastern France since the early summer, and this just one small sector of the European chessboard . . . while it need hardly be stressed that the number of secret agents who do *not* "get into the papers" far outstrips the relative sprinkling to encounter ill-fortune. So it has ever been. We shot less than a score of spies during the war, and perhaps imprisoned a like number—yet who is there so foolish as to aver that forty represents more than a fraction of the total number of agents operating in one way or another against the United Kingdom in those shattering times?

In hounding Jews, Liberals, and "intellectuals" from the Fatherland the Nazis are by every token on a winner in the current espionage race. Nearly 100,000 are said already to have "migrated," and ever more trickle in like direction. Such uprooted, penniless, intelligent men (and some women) are the very meat for spies, with all to gain and practically nothing to lose, and it is a small revelation to mention that, in point of fact, the Nazis are in process of recruiting real good stuff from among the people they have so violently driven from Germany. Without a doubt some actually left Germany already matriculated as agents. What happens with the rest is that these stranded, educated, freely hopeless beings are watched by Nazi agents who single out the possibles. *Masses* of spies are not wanted, *but good ones.* The Germans have learnt their lesson. And what a unique

—"I AM A SPY..."



A SPY gang in the dock. The trial, held in camera, of "Fantomas" and his accomplices took place in Paris during November, 1932

By *Ferdinand* Tuohy

A SCENE from the film "I Was a Spy," in which Madeleine Carroll plays the part of Martha Cnockaert

field is this! Even the compensation offered for services rendered need not always be monetary in character. A man may be advised that unless he agrees to do what is required of him pressure will be brought to bear upon relatives still in Germany. I suppose such is about the ugliest side of this latest pre-war espionage—which can be quite yellow in parts, agreed, though the colouring generalisation is, in the round, wrong, many spies doing honourable and vital jobs of work. But leaving that aside: what I write has to my knowledge already occurred in Paris, and not only once. And why not? As I say, what a unique chance to recruit the right material! As all of us would like to do these times. . . .

I don't suppose it is the slightest bit necessary for me to explain why.

"The degree of spying activity is the barometer of approaching trouble." That was said long ago, and it holds with more force than usual.

Nerves, distrust, urgent fears. Ambitions, menaces, all the ingredients of a bust-up. There never can have been such an untrusting world. And spying has always been closely linked with the first law in Nature. As we (apparently) get closer to war, we must prepare. The more people profess a love for peace, the greater the doubt in their regard. There is so much that is currently forbidden to others—armies and things—and which accordingly must be watched for possible violation. Or take the very live fear that prevails concerning the likelihood of tremendous *surprise* being aimed at in any future outbreak. No one must be allowed to steal a march in invention or in the laboratory, if humanely preventable. And all the camouflage that is being resorted to: that must be seen through, too! But I shall not press the dolorous subject further, but get down to brass tacks—and limited brass tacks at that. It is quite beyond this article to give a complete picture of current espionage. For instance, there are three main heads, Military, Industrial, Political, with many subdivisions, but except in so far as the two last may dovetail into the first, they must be brushed over. We all know that three régimes, the Soviet, the Fascist, and the Nazi, exist only as the result of the most intensive domestic espionage. The Tsarist political police was nothing to it. In the external field, the Soviet is known to have overrun Europe long ago with "hidden ears." No doubt Communism, with all its "cells," possesses the most penetrating political espionage in existence. The revolutionary pulse in other lands must be constantly felt, and whenever advisable stimulated. Foreign comrades must be tested and watched. Pens must be bought. On the other hand, Moscow (*Continued on page* 75)

Lost Landmarks

A Drama of the Australian Bush

By

Louis Kaye

Illustrations by Geo. D. Alexander

ALTHOUGH fear clamoured in his brain, Lint would not panic. He fought his sense of desperation, and sat in the sand with his arms on his knees, and his throbbing bandaged eyes pressed against his arms, and tried to think things out.

He went back mentally over the last two hours, to the moment when the glaring curves of the sandhills and the cloudless sky had gone out in a flash of shimmering, sparkling red, and he had stopped in his tracks, stood motionless and stricken, with his hands to his eyes. For a moment he was dazed, bewildered; then, with realisation of his blindness, had come the first wave of panic. But he fought it back. Then, as now, he had told himself: "I've got to keep steady. It's all right; I've just got to make back to camp, that's all."

With his bandanna he bandaged his eyes to keep out the glare of the sun, and went on slowly, carrying his rifle and his waterbag and the two light picks he had used prospecting in the diorite ridge beyond the sandhills. He wouldn't drop anything. He would go on just as if nothing had happened. He had just to find his camp, and there would be the camels and his black boy Noogi. The trouble was only temporary, he argued; too much glaring sand and strong light. He had seen the same thing happen to others. It was a hazard of the desert, but you

SALTBUSH and other desert herbage brushed his legs and tangled about his boots sometimes, but hardly checked him

AND when he thought his head was clear enough and he was strong enough he would try to get up

were all right unless you were alone. And he wasn't alone.

It was just the shock of it that had rattled him for a moment. Yet he should have been prepared; his eyes had been giving him trouble for days, and he should have recognised the symptoms, he told himself. But he would be all right when he got to his camp. His black boy would see for him till they made through to a sheep station or settlement, where he could lie up till his sight returned.

He toiled painfully and slowly through the sandhills, guiding himself by the sun he could not see, but whose warmth he could feel. It was warm on his left cheek. The day was advanced; it was near sunset, so with the sun on his left cheek, he was heading toward the north. It was there, by a waterhole beyond the sandhills, that his camp lay.

The thought heartened him. He hurried his pace a little. Spinifex brushed his legs prickingly, and once he stumbled over an outcrop of stones, but he knew there were no serious obstacles in his way. He had tramped through the sandhills a dozen times in the past week. There was only sand and spinifex and a little loose rock. No ledges to slip off; no trees to smash into. It was all clear going to the camp.

IN the hollows between the dunes, he lost the heat of the sun from his cheek; he had tramped for an hour or more and the sun was so low now, the slanting rays left cool shadows in the hollows. He would climb the slope till he felt the warmth of the sun again, and check his course, for the ridges of the dunes did not lie parallel, and it was not sufficient to go by the feel of the slopes; the winds had twisted the dunes into a maze. But the warmth of the sun gave him his bearings on every rise; he tilted his wide-brimmed hat so he could feel it better. Then he hurried his pace so he would be in before the sun went down.

Half an hour later he found himself listening for the tinkle of a camel bell. It should carry a long way in the silence of the desert. But he failed to hear it. When he thought another quarter of an hour had passed, he still failed to pick up the sound. Yet he felt he must be near his camp. The hobbled camels probably were grazing some distance beyond the camp; that would account for the sound not reaching him. Well, Noogi would be there. When he got a bit nearer he would try a halloo.

Presently, and about where he estimated it would be, he felt the shingle of a dry wash underfoot. He knew exactly where he was now; the camp was not three hundred yards away. He slowed down to cross the wash, his boots slipping on the water-rounded stones. On the opposite bank he stopped and hallooed. There was no answer. Maybe Noogi was out hunting. Well, he would be at the camp in a minute or two now, and would sit down and wait for Noogi to come in.

He heard his boots crunch more frequently in turkey-brush, and now and then saltbush beat against his knees. Then he passed out of the herbage (he had a mental vision of the strip of it as he had seen it so often from the camp or passing to the old wash) and entered what seemed a clearing. But he knew it was only a semi-clearing. The warmth of the sun on his cheek was broken intermittently, and he knew that was splashes of shadow from foliage. There were trees here, mulgas and coolibahs. He slowed his pace and held his hand out before him to avoid a collision. Now and then his hand touched a tree, and when that happened he stopped and felt for other trees near it. There were three mulgas close together, and almost in a straight line, not thirty paces from the camp. He searched for these and finally found them. Picking up his direction from the line of trees, he moved forward twenty steady paces, and then stepped slowly, feeling the ground with the butt of his rifle.

He felt for the pack dump and the camel saddles, but failed to locate them. By all his calculations he should be in the centre of his camp, and he stood a moment, trying to visualise the scene. But he had turned round so often feeling for the pack dump, he had lost his bearings, and now there was no sun-warmth on his cheek. The sun had evidently set. He couldn't tell whether he faced north or south. But the three mulga trees had given him his direction to the camp, and he had walked over the distance he knew separated the trees from the camp; therefore he must be in the camp.

He sat down to wait for Noogi to come in, but grew restless and tried again to locate the pack dump. Something snapped suddenly under his boot; he stopped instantly and, without moving his feet, bent down and felt for what he had trodden on. It was a short stick, and by the jaggedness at one end he knew it was a dry stick—dead wood. He felt the other end; it was burnt—gritty, charred pieces broke in his hand. Partly burnt wood that had been kicked aside when the camp fire was put out. The ashes of the camp fire must be near where he had found the piece of wood. He went down on his hands and knees, feeling blindly in the sand, but keeping to a radius of a few feet.

At last his fingers touched ashes. He had found the spot where for more than a fortnight his cooking fire had been lit. He was at the very centre of his camp. More, by feeling around till he found a half-embedded rock, which he knew to be on the northward side of the fire, he had recovered his bearings. The rest should be easy. He turned till his back was toward the rock and counted the steps that would bring him to the pack dump.

But the pack dump was not there. He walked right over the place where it should be.

He turned back and tried it again. He tried it several times, using the camp fire as a base and methodically covering the area about it within a radius wherein he knew the pack dump had been. It was a long search. It took him an hour, and probably he covered the same ground several times over, but in the end he was sure there was not a square yard of the dusty earth unsearched. His sense of direction, once gained, had not left him. He had always been able to come back to the camp fire. Yet the pack dump, which should have been as easy to locate, once he had the direction, eluded him. *But the place where it had been did not.*

By the contours of the earth and the stump of a dead tree, cut for firewood, he knew that where he stood the pack dump had stood—the pile of camel saddles, riding and pack, and the water barrels, and the pack sacks and camp gear. Now everything was gone. Noogi had shinned out with everything, and he was alone and outfitless—and blind—in the desert, with the nearest settlement one hundred and fifty miles away.

LINT cursed. He cursed Noogi and the desert and his sunstruck eyes.

He almost wept in his rage. Then so near to hysteria was he that he almost laughed; but he choked the unnatural mirth in his throat. He must steady himself. He mustn't get rattled. He must think things out coolly.

"Wiluna's a hundred and fifty miles west—I could keep the sun behind me in the morning, and ahead of me in the afternoon—keep the heat on my back, then on my face," he thought. "It's a dot in the desert, but there's the stock route running north—if I kept a little north of west, I'd have to hit that. I could make it—with camels and water and grub," he qualified ironically. It was so hopeless without these essentials that he knew he was only trying to bluff death.

If there had been any prospect of his sight returning within a few days, he thought he could have waited at the waterhole till he had a better chance of making through. But the waterhole was drying; they had been going to shift camp in a day or two for that reason.

There was only one hope left to him. Heading for Wiluna he might fall in with a prospector or Myall blacks. A prospector would mean succour; Myall blacks might mean either succour or death, but on the trail lay his only chance. And he would take it. He would head west toward Wiluna, and as he went he would light fires and smoke-signal.

With this plan affording something to hold to in the chaos of his panicky confusion, Lint was preparing for the night's rest before the start in the morning when he was struck by the realisation that night and day now to him were one. He would see his way no better in the daylight than now, and in the night travelling would be cooler. A little steady wind was working up, and this finally resolved him; the wind, as he knew by taking his bearings from the dead ashes of the fire and the half-embedded rock, was from the west; he would keep it in his face, and it would guide him. He turned and felt his way to the waterhole, and filled his waterbag. He had no food, but he had water, anyhow, for forty-eight hours.

Coming back to the camp fire, he picked up his rifle, verified the direction of the wind from the ashes and the rock, and started off.

He walked steadily, managing to maintain a fair pace. He had covered the country in prospecting, and he knew it was mainly open and sandy, with few trees; he carried his rifle at the trail with the point of the barrel feeling before him so he would collide with none of these. Saltbush and other desert herbage brushed his legs and tangled about his boots sometimes, but hardly checked him. After a time his boots began to scrape on ironstone shingle, and he knew there were no more trees and that a barren plain lay ahead for ten miles.

He thought it would take him three and a half hours to cross the plain. He had no way of measuring time; could only guess it. When he thought sufficient time had elapsed for him to be near the edge of the plain, he slowed down and waited for the feel of sand under his feet in place of the dust and ironstone pebbles. There was a range of sandhills and beyond a belt of scrub. Here the going must necessarily be slow. The country beyond the scrub he was not acquainted with; he had not come that way out, but had worked north from a prospect east of Lawlers. But it was desert and he knew there was little variation—sandplains and ironstone plains, a flat country broken gently by sandhills and limestone ridges. The worst obstacles would be these ridges and the scrub belts. But there would be few of these to trouble him—he wouldn't go far enough, he thought grimly. He would be dead in three days, if he didn't find water or if somebody didn't find him. In the morning he must remember the smoke-signals.

When the pebbles ceased to scratch his boots and his feet began to sink in sand, he waited for the first lift of the sandhills. It came presently and he was climbing a slope. Afterwards there were many slopes, up and down, and some of the down slopes were so steep he slipped and went slithering to the bottom. But he shook the sand out of his ears and wiped it off his lips and went on. The sand was soft and he couldn't hurt himself. The greatest danger was that he might spill the water from his waterbag; but it was well stoppered, and he slung it round his neck so that it wouldn't be crushed under him when he fell.

FOR two or three hours he toiled through the sandhills, and then the breeze that had served as his compass dropped, and he had to call a halt. He sat down and cleaned his rifle and smoked a cigarette and waited awhile, but the wind did not come up again, and he decided finally that if it did, he would not be sure what quarter it came from. He would have to wait for the sun now, and while he waited he might as well sleep.

He laid his waterbag and rifle beside

"BLAST you, if it wasn't for the rifle you've got trained on me, I'd break this nigger's neck!"

him, and snuggled into the sand, and tried to forget the ache in his bandaged eyes and win to slumber, and in the end succeeded.

When he woke there was a little breeze come up again, but he did not feel the warmth of the sun. It could not yet be day, unless the sky had clouded; but sunless skies were not many in the arid desert.

He stood up and felt the wind on his cheek. He turned his face to it. He would chance whether it came from the west like its predecessor, and go on against it. Day could not be far off, anyhow, and he would know where he was headed when the sun rose.

In half an hour or so he felt the first warmth of it as he crossed the crest of a sandhill. He stopped and revolved slowly to get the feel of it. The rays were not very strong yet, but when the broad of his back was to the wind, he felt the warmth on his face. So he knew the wind hadn't fooled him; it was on his back as he faced the warmth of the risen sun; it came from the west still.

He turned to face it again and went on.

He thought again of his fire, but there was nothing to make it of till he got out of the sand.

The first bit of scrub he came to he would light the fire.

Lint felt hungry, but though it was noon yesterday since he had eaten, and less than an hour since he had drunk from his waterbag, his thirst was already sharper than his hunger. This was partly because he had not drunk much since leaving the waterhole, but most likely it was mainly because thirst was the chief of his fears. He knew it was his worst enemy. It gave less respite than hunger, and thirst and not hunger would kill him if he found no camp or waterhole and nobody answered his smoke-signals.

At last, as the dunes started to flatten out, growth beyond the meagre tangle of spinifex that occasionally caught his feet began to occur. His shoulders brushed the foliage of stunted trees, and his probing rifle barrel collided with slim boles that he knew were gnarled and twisted by the winds and savage heat of the plains. He felt about for dry wood to start his fire and give it body, and this he placed in a pile. Then he felt for green wood, branches with the leaves on. He must have green wood for smoke. He must have plenty of smoke. He knelt down beside the pile, and pulled a little heap of dry kindling to the windward side. He felt in his pocket for his matches.

He felt in the hip pocket of his trousers, where he carried his tobacco pouch. The matches were not there. Trying to keep down his sudden alarm, he felt in the two side pockets of his trousers. The matches were not there. He felt in the pocket of his grey cotton shirt—the last pocket remaining—but there were no matches.

Lint knew what had happened. He had lost the matches in the sandhills when he had taken them out to light his cigarette.

He stood for a moment, weak and shocked by the catastrophe. Then he returned to the pile of wood and, selecting a dry stick and a stumpy piece of wood, he tried to make a firedrill such as the blacks used. But though he sat in the sand twirling the firedrill between his hands till the friction burnt and blistered his palms, he made no fire.

Drearily Lint pulled himself to his feet, and with his waterbag about his neck and his rifle at his side, and his lips set, he walked on into the desert.

THREE days later Lint was still alive, but not very much alive. His movements were slow and heavy, and he could only walk a few paces at a time, and then would have to stop and rest; and now he stumbled easily and fell, and when he fell it was difficult to get up again. Sometimes he fell repeatedly before he succeeded, and other times he did not succeed, and dragged himself along on his hands and knees, because it was the only way he seemed able to balance himself. The empty waterbag, still about his neck, slapped dryly against his chest; he still clung to his rifle, though it had become very heavy now.

The skin was off the knuckles of his hands, and off his knees and hips, what of the many times he knocked himself against the jagged rock edges and boulders among which he moved. He had come out of the scrub and sand of the desert to the rocky ridge how long ago he did not know. It seemed a long time that he had been toiling among the rocks. But he was glad of the rocks. It was always a good water-holder, rock was; there was no seepage as in sand or earth. And he thought that there was water among the rocks. He went on doggedly looking for it, though when he stopped to reason he realised it was only one chance in a thousand that he would find it. The only thing to guide him was the sound of birds; he heard their cries, and sometimes the whir of their wings overhead. They were flying low. That was a good sign. And they seemed to be getting more plentiful, which was another good sign. He might be able to follow them to where they were getting water, if they were getting it, as he believed, among the rocks. So he continued to listen for their cries and the whir of their wings.

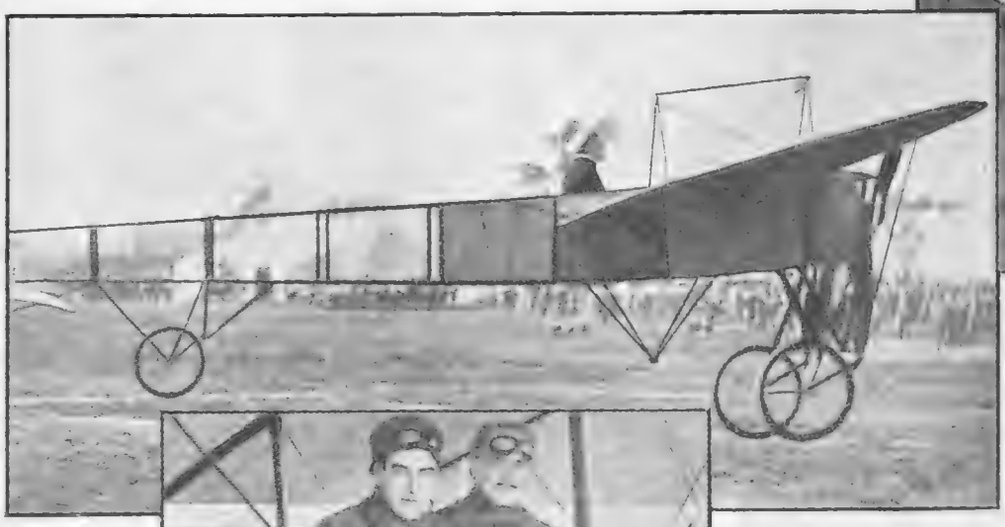
He had almost given up hope now of smoke-signalling. He had tried so often to make fire and failed that he now only attempted it in his semi-conscious, semi-delirious moments, when the thought of signal smoke recurred like an obsession. In his clearer moments he knew it was futile, unless he found the right sort of wood for his firedrill. He had not found it in the scrub, and here among the rocks he would not find it. His luck was out, he decided. It had been out from the moment he had gone blind, and Noogi had got away with his outfit.

He wondered if Noogi would have shinned out on him like that if he had known he was blind. It was as good as giving a man his death sentence. He didn't think Noogi wanted to kill him. Noogi was a good kid, Lint remembered bragging to other prospectors. Noogi had been his camp boy for two years, in which time they had trekked over most of desert (*Continued on page* 98)

Thirty Years

Aviation— Then and Now

By Claude Grahame-White



GRAHAME-WHITE at the controls of his first aeroplane, which he bought and flew as far back as 1909

THE author (central figure with cap turned back to front) surveys his damaged machine, which had crashed and turned turtle in landing

GRAHAME-WHITE landing in the 60 m.p.h. monoplane in which he won the Gordon-Bennett speed race in 1910

THERE is no story more fascinating than that of man's never-ceasing efforts to quicken his means of communication. In transport lies progress. The Romans built their empire on it, thrusting roads in all directions. The British Empire grew on its sea routes. And now we are knitting that Empire still more closely together by air transport.

To-day aviation stands at another milestone in its wonderful history. It is just on 30 years since the first aeroplane to make a successful flight left the ground and remained in the air for 12 seconds. That was in December, 1903, and Orville Wright, who made the flight in which full control was established over an engine-driven heavier-than-air machine for the first time, is happily still with us to watch the progress of aviation.

Those of us whose memories carry us back to the infancy of flying always remember that year of 1905 in which the first authentic reports reached England of the flights the Wright brothers were making in America. They changed flying from a dream to a reality.

For a long time, though, the rumours about the work of the Wrights were greeted with scepticism. As for journalists who went out into the wilds to investigate, they either saw nothing or, even if they did see anything, what they wrote was disbelieved.

Soon, however, information of actual flights by the Wrights, which could no longer be doubted, began to reach the outside world. In one of these they covered a distance of 25 miles, which made some of us realise that the dawn of the great era was really at hand. And in the following year, 1906, came the first officially observed flights in Europe by Santos-Dumont at Bagatelle. Though they were only "hops," still they had an immense effect on the public mind, and it was then that Lord Northcliffe offered that handsome prize of £10,000 for an aeroplane flight from London to Manchester. It was the announcement of this prize which led one of the evening newspapers to publish the following :—

> A morning paper makes the trivial offer of £10,000 to the first aeroplane that flies from London to Manchester. Our own offer of £10,000,000 to the flying machine of any description whatever that flies five miles from London and back to the point of departure still holds good. One offer is as safe as the other.

Scepticism like that, however, was rather apt to recoil upon one's own head. It was only four years afterwards that, in the contest in which I was his rival, Paulhan managed to win this much-coveted London-Manchester prize. But that is a later story.

It was in 1907 that the Wright brothers began to get into touch with foreign governments with a view to disposing of the military and naval rights of their machine. They communicated with our authorities in this country, but obtained little satisfaction from so doing. The Wrights were informed that the War Office was not disposed to enter into negotiations with any manufacturer of aeroplanes. From the First Lord of the Admiralty they received a letter which read :—

> I have consulted my expert advisers with regard to your suggestion as to the employment of aeroplanes, and I regret to have to tell you, after the careful consideration of my Board, that the Admiralty, whilst thanking you for so kindly bringing the proposals to their notice, are of opinion that they would not be of any practical use to the Naval Service.

That attitude, one should observe, was adopted not towards any "freak" idea, but towards a proposition for a machine to carry two men through the air at 40 miles an hour for a distance of more than 100 miles; and a proposition backed by the remarkable results in actual flying which the Wrights had already achieved. No wonder, when the Great War came, seven years later, that we went into it with only about 80 military aeroplanes as compared with the formidable air forces possessed by Germany, and with practically no aircraft industry to match against the highly developed resources of the enemy. British air pioneers did all they could to fight

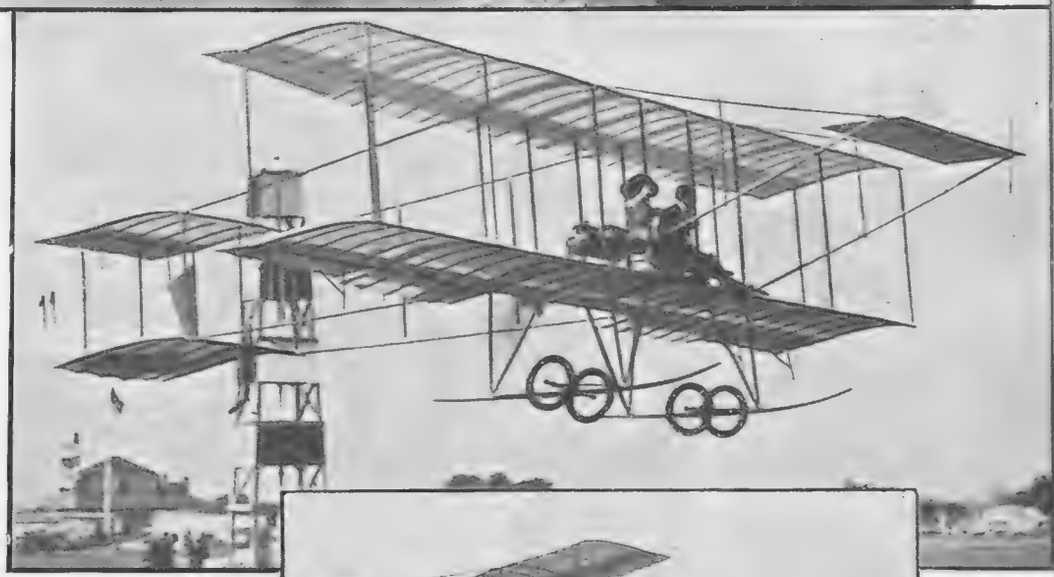
# of FLYING

AN early type of waterplane, or seaplane, in which Grahame-White gave demonstration and passenger flights at various seaside resorts during 1912. (Right) A portrait of the author taken in America in 1910

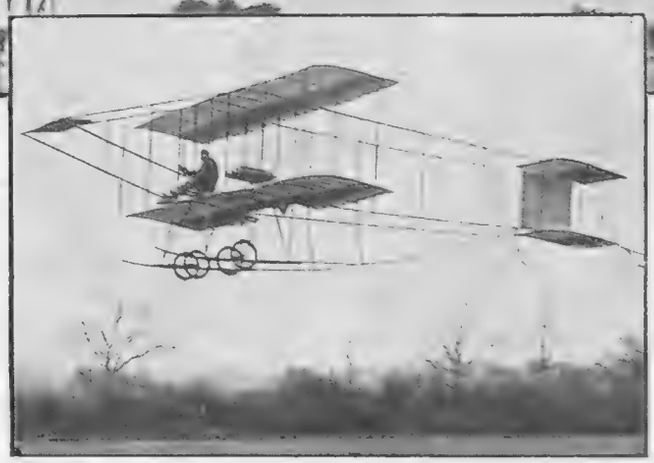
official apathy. I myself, as far back as 1911, organised a display at Hendon in which I showed, by practical examples, how easy it was to bomb a battleship or any other object from the air. But our task was a herculean one. Those in authority persisted in regarding the flying machine as a sort of scientific toy.

It was shortly after this, goaded by my enthusiasm to try to get the authorities to foster British aviation, that I sought the Imperial Defence Committee, and at their invitation, with Admiral Jellicoe as chairman, I attended several conferences, and laid before them a scheme for the immediate organisation of an air force and the establishment of aerodromes all over the country, and seaplane stations round the coast, and a central aircraft factory at Birmingham; while I undertook to train a minimum of 1,000 pilots a year to man the Government machines.

Unfortunately, although I had obtained the financial support of Sir Edgar Speyer for this scheme—he was then a Privy Councillor, and an extremely wealthy man—the attention of the authorities was at that time focused on the development of the Zeppelin and lighter-than-air craft, which had been making such spectacular flights in Germany. The Imperial Defence Committee would not entertain any proposals for the development of aeroplanes, and suggested that I should re-draft my proposals to eliminate "heavier-than-air" machines, substituting "lighter-than-air" craft. As at that time I had no faith in this type of craft—and, indeed, I am still sceptical of their utility as war machines—I was not prepared to embark on the very heavy financial expenditure that would be necessary to develop the lighter-than-air craft, of which we at any rate in this country had no experience whatever to work upon, and the whole matter fell through. I still maintain that had my proposals been adopted we should have been in a very powerful position at the outbreak of the Great War.



GRAHAME-WHITE taking a passenger for a flight at Brooklands in his Farman biplane



THE author piloting his Farman biplane in his attempt in 1910 to win the £10,000 prize for a flight from London to Manchester

IT was in July, 1909, six years after the first aeroplane flight by Orville Wright, that Louis Bleriot made the first aeroplane flight above the Channel from France to England—and this was, I think, the first occasion when the attention of the British public became focused on developments which were then destined to follow so rapidly.

When a little knot of spectators on the coast near Calais saw Bleriot climb into his tiny monoplane, hardly anybody believed that he would succeed. But 37 minutes later that little craft glided down near Dover Castle, and another page of history had been turned.

Bleriot was partly crippled when he started that epoch-marking flight. He had burned his foot with petrol, and was obliged to use a crutch. As he hobbled across the sand-dunes and climbed into his aeroplane, he remarked:—

"If I can't walk, I'll show them that I can fly!"

Show them he did! He took his life in his hands that morning. His little engine had never previously run for more than about 20 minutes without over-heating. Yet to fly the Channel he reckoned he should need to be in the air approximately 40 minutes. He faced miles of open (*Continued on page* 102)

PAMELA FRANKAU, author of "Manual of Modern Manners," a book of Bright Young Etiquette for Bright Young Problems

The late LYTTON STRACHEY. In "Characters and Commentaries" his brother has collected a few hitherto unpublished essays and some thirty or more articles not previously reprinted

Above:
BEATRICE WHITE, whose "Royal Nonesuch" is a highly coloured biography of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk

BOOKS:

Reviewed by Arnold Palmer

No *Private* Life *for* Henry VIII—Lamb, Best English *and* Canterbury

IF I were a revue producer, poking fun at the fashions of the hour, I would introduce into every scene two silent figures—one dressed as Henry VIII, and one as Charlotte Brontë. For the moment, they are simply unavoidable: they meet us everywhere. The mouths of ageing pugilists must water as they contemplate their come-back. But as I am not a revue producer, I can only announce, with mild surprise, the arrival of yet another Hal-historian. This is Miss Beatrice White, whose *Royal Nonesuch* (Cape, 7s. 6d.) is a highly coloured biography of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the brother-in-law and lifelong intimate of the eighth Henry. In calling it highly coloured, I mean to convey that it is one of those historical biographies with which we have grown so familiar of late—part history, part fiction. Miss White freely admits that, besides taking liberties with the sequence of events, she has added certain inventions of her own. The result is, as it should be, an extremely readable book; and, as it must be, an unreliable one.

Less picturesque and less biassed, slower and much safer, is *Derby and the Forty-Five*, by L. Eardley-Simpson (Philip Allan, 15s.). In this carefully and strictly compiled work the author has collected an immense amount of information throwing light upon that very critical moment in English history when Prince Charlie, with all the chances of conquest in his favour, reached Derby, halted there, and finally turned back. For those who can realise that History, though past, was not necessarily inevitable, and that but for one man's indecision James III would have been proclaimed King in London in place of George II in the week preceding Christmas 1745, here is a book worth reading.

"The ancient canon," opined Mr. Belloc recently, "that history should be a true story told has been abandoned. There has been attempted something which is not history, but imaginary stuff interwoven with stuff based upon real evidence. It is neither historical fiction (which is a very difficult art) nor a vivid resurrection of the past strictly following testimony (which is a still more difficult art)." One need not be a wizard to guess which of the foregoing volumes would be the more to Mr. Belloc's taste. It might be more profitable to speculate what Lytton Strachey would have thought of them, and what Mr. Belloc thinks of Strachey. There is no denying that quasi-historians, like Miss White, have multiplied since, and in the shadow of, Strachey, but it is doubtful whether he would have approved of their well-meant efforts at resuscitation—of all of them, at least. Strachey, like Freud, has suffered much at the hands of disciples. The methods of both of them have been popularised in a manner which must often have caused them distress.

As an inevitable consequence, Strachey is already regarded by many people with suspicion. But one has only to turn back to the source, to *(Continued on page 75)*

Entertainments

"Youth Can't be Served": *by Norah Hoult* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

"Dark Halo": *by D. C. F. Harding* (Grayson, 7s. 6d.)

"The Journey of 'The Flame'": *by A. de Fierro Blanco* (Bell, 7s. 6d.)

"These I Have Loved": *by S. P. B. Mais* (Putnam, 7s. 6d.)

"Epilogue": *by Bruce Graeme* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

THE critical brotherhood, I notice, has turned with impressive unanimity a cold shoulder to Miss Hoult's new novel, pausing only, in the act of turning, to lecture her. It is true that her latest book is not her best. She is so sensitive and subtle a writer that she probably knew that before it was pointed out to her. But a good novelist has a pretty wide margin of safety, and Miss Hoult can be well below her best and still write a novel which is a long way above the average. *Youth Can't Be Served* may possess some disappointing, careless passages. It remains full of "quality," and very well worth reading. The composition is admirable. Only the focus is sometimes at fault. The case of Mrs. Harding is different. *Dark Halo* is, in some ways, the best of her novels—not the most level, but the most vital. Its vitality springs from its principal character, Moraima, the Spaniard, who is that rare thing, a genuine creation. Mrs. Harding has been brave enough to take a male hero and tell her story, through him, in the first person. When I found what she was doing, I called her not brave, but foolhardy. Having read her book, I have no hesitation in withdrawing the unfavourable epithet and paying tribute to her successful courage.

Confidences

OF all the ways of dividing and sorting mankind (sheep and goats, Conservative and Communist, high-brow and low-brow, bores and bored, etc.), I find, for my own purposes, no test more useful than the theatre. People who still feel a little shiver of excitement on entering a theatre, who dislike arriving late even though they have reserved seats—they are the chaps (or, better still, they are the girls) for me. The others—the late comers, the early goers, the yawners, the talkers, the chocolate munchers and paper crunchers—I execrate. Some audiences seem to be composed exclusively of these " others," and me. But I am encouraged, by frequent volumes of theatrical reminiscences, to believe that I am not as lonely as I think. A volume like *G G* (Hutchinson, 18s.) will give, then, to my kind of person the same sort of thrill as a *foyer* provides. (Mr. Grossmith is, of course, G G II.) Need I say more about this book, now that I have mentioned it ? Only this : that, to extract the fullest enjoyment from it, you must be over 40, and have spent your youth in London. Mr. Grossmith makes me feel happy that I am and did.

MISS NAOMI JACOB, the author of *Me* (Hutchinson, 18s.), is a versatile lady, with inside knowledge of the political, literary, and theatrical worlds. Her reminiscences are easy, swift, amusing to read, and cover an astonishing amount of ground, besides giving a personal and definite view of the England in which she has so energetically lived. Contrasted with these active, often hectic, chronicles of the stage, Miss Naomi Royde-Smith's recollections of various towns and villages seem not so much restful as tame. *Pilgrim from Paddington* (Barker, 7s. 6d.) suffers from a slight pointlessness, which a strong literary flavour does not disguise. Lastly, *A Thatched Roof* (Cape, 7s. 6d.) contains Mr. Beverley Nichols's account of his country cottage. It is thus, in spite of his denial, a sort of sequel to *Down the Garden Path*. Although it is some years since he wrote *Twenty-Five*, Mr. Nichols must still be on the sunny side of fifty. He has written the sort of book that only an ageing and really nice lady can make bearable.

GEORGE GROSSMITH the II, whose Reminiscences, dedicated to G G IV, provide delight for us and hopes of it for our grandchildren

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER, by whose death, two years ago, Continental literature lost one of its chief glories

THE Journey of " The Flame " (anonymously, and not too well, translated from the Spanish) is a rugged and colourful tale of the Spanish Missions in California at the beginning of the last century ; it gives a remarkable picture of the primitive native Indians. A splendid film could be composed from this book, but the Indians would have to be made respectable, I suppose, and they would then cease to be interesting. To some extent, apparently, Mr. Mais's story is autobiographical, but it remains obstinately dim and distant and proves, once more, that it is not easy to know oneself. *Epilogue*, with a cheek that delights me, attempts to solve the *Mystery of Edwin Drood* with the aid of the C.I.D. That is enough, surely, for any reader. I will not spoil the fun by saying another word.

Spécialités

DURING the last quarter of a century the standard of book production has risen enormously, and it is still rising. Nevertheless, it is not often that the progress takes a sudden jump, and that a real novelty appears. *The World of Tomorrow* (Denis Archer, 10s. 6d.) is full of new devices in printing, binding, and illustration. The plates are printed on a transparent substance (like a photographic film) called Diophane, and the jacket of Rhodoid is similarly translucent. The volume contains other novelties of type-setting and binding, and is worth the attention of anyone interested in the branches of the publishing trade. As for the book itself, it is the work of Mr. I. O. Evans, and he calls it " a book of junior forecasts " ; in other words, it is an extra chapter of history written for the youthful reader with the idea of keeping him abreast, and even ahead, of the latest of man's inventions, mental and material.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE offer, at half a guinea each, two books in charming shape. These are *Rhapsody* and *Fraulein Else*, both of them by the Austrian master, the late Arthur Schnitzler. The edition in which these volumes appear was inaugurated four or five years ago, at a figure much higher than that quoted above. No mention is made of the translator, but for the *Fraulein Else*, at least, use has been made of F. H. Lyon's excellent version—the original one, as far as I know. *Scarlet to M.F.H.*, published by Eyre and Spottiswoode at 25s., is written and illustrated by Mr. Cecil Aldin. It is described as an elementary work, meant to help the novice, but even the oldest follower of hounds will find enjoyment in it. There are 44 illustrations, many of them in colour ; and at the end comes a feature that will be appreciated by Mr. Aldin's readers, a list of hound names.

Mr. CECIL ALDIN, with two of his friends. His book, " Scarlet to M.F.H.," will give enjoyment to all followers of hounds

Old Tales Re-told

Written *and* Illustrated *by* F. MATANIA, R.I.

I Came, I Saw, I Conquered . . .

THIS strange tale is not strange to you nor strange to me. It is common history to both of us; you, because you derive—for all your inevitable admixture of Latin, Saxon, Norman and Dane—from the Ancient Briton; I, because I spring—no matter how remotely—from the race of the Cæsars.

I cannot resist the temptation to present pictorially, instead of mythically, one or two aspects of that incredible clash of Roman steel on British flint which was to light such a candle that we live in its rays to-day; that clash whose heat was to fuse the Celtic and the Latin elements into that mystical compound which to-day rules half the world.

TO-DAY one may see relics of that high civilisation of antiquity: the mosaics of St. Albans; the thermal springs of our spas; half the words in our very dictionaries—but what witness, save for a few dusty flints, remains of the Holy War waged by Ancient Britain against the invader? What token endures of the obstinate valour which gave Julius Cæsar, heading the undefeated legions of soon-to-be-imperial Rome, more food for military thought than even his colossal capacity could gladly relish?

But the victors themselves have left enough material to enable me to reconstruct an accurate close-up of those insuperably spirited warriors called by the culture of the Mediterranean *barbari*—those whose tongue sounded, to ears attuned to the cadence of the sonorous periods of the Classics, a mere babel of Bar-Bar-Bar—barbarians.

A great patriotism animated the Britons. Strongly national, furiously conservative, they yet declaimed against the Roman habits more than a century after the invasion.

> "When the British Warrior Queen,
> Smarting from the Roman rods,
> Sought with an indignant mien
> Counsel of her country's Gods,"

it was against Latin luxury that her most violent anathemas were hurled. Her speech to her army before her last desperate onslaught on the legions was, according to Dion Cassius, one stupendous comparison between the Britons—hardy, natural, as their hoary, cruel Gods had made them—and the invaders: washing in hot water; anointed with unguents and perfumes; daintily fed; epicurean of taste; cowardly enough to fight in armour; breasted in metal; hiding on the fatal, fateful field behind fortifications; and even warring not hand to hand, but with mechanical devices.

ON the coast of Gaul, Cæsar was still in Rome. The proud boast of the Anglicised Roman going to war with Alfred,

> "Lift not my corse from bloody ground,
> Bear not my body home,
> For all the earth is Roman earth,
> And I shall die in Rome,"

was nearly a thousand years in futurity. But the Continent—Spain, Gaul and the basin of the Middle Sea—was even then Roman.

The great general's only knowledge of Britain was gleaned from the traders of what would be Normandy and the Low Countries; perchance, too, from the sable-bearded Phœnicians with their sails purple with the dyes of Sidon.

Yet, indomitable, he determined to voyage into the Unknown.

Prudent, however—for Julius was no Hannibal, no Alexander blazing like a thunderbolt against the foe, but a cold conqueror with nothing of the infection of glory in his success—Cæsar sent forward Caius Volusenus, an able scout.

He went in a long boat, a narrow craft packed with rowers, and built solely for speed—the long boats were the destroyers of the Latin navy.

Volusenus, like his commander, was no dare-devil. He remained on board his boat and made discreet inquiries. But his very presence disclosed the intentions of Rome.

After a sojourn of five days he returned to headquarters.

The Britons called conclave after conclave. The name and fame of Rome, the all-conquering Republican Empire, had reached Ultima Thule from the Gaulish tribes who had felt the weight of the Latin arm—and arms. Finally, they sent an embassy to Cæsar. Men from different areas along the coast were admitted beneath the banners of the Julian tent. They made submission, protested obedience, and withdrew.

Cæsar was throughout all history the only pacifist conqueror. All his aim was peace. He counselled the ambassadors to persuade their countrymen to follow out the pacific programme their representatives had implied. On his part, he promised in exchange justice, prosperity, and the *Pax Romana*.

A fleet of eighty ships assembled between Calais and Boulogne. Two legions were embarked and set sail by night.

A subsidiary fleet of eighteen vessels embarked the cohorts of cavalry.

The ports of Northern Gaul, till then

clanking with the tramp of armed men and raucous with military oaths, were silent.

The longboats led the way. The sails of the galleys unfurled to the breeze. The oars, synchronising with the call " O-op, O-op " and the strokes of the mallet on the anvil, threshed the water to foam.

The soldiers envisaged the Britons each according to his type or mood. Gay young officers, the *jeunesse dorée* of Rome, incorrigible Don Juans, had their own interpretation of the word " conquest "—the emprise on which they were embarked.

Even the very galley-slaves were cheerful: Britain had no navy. At least they would not be chained to a doomed hulk, kindled to a blaze by Greek fire, or pierced by the iron rostrum on an enemy prow. There was no danger even of the nightmare of the oarsmen—being crushed to death by the close formation of maritime war, when their own ships forced the banks of oar-handles *through* the rowers to the vessel's side. Sea-gulls swooped and wheeled round the masts, ensigned of their *Nikes* — their Winged Victories. The soldiers stirred with the dawn to glimpse the first far sight of *Terra Britannica.*

That little strip of unvalued land lying, unguarded by encircling hills, in the cold grey Northern sea; seemingly lost in the mists of morning; unconsidered, undesired, unknown—that small and insignificant island was on that day unwittingly enbracing its high destiny—encountering the nation whose position it was ultimately to possess.

What of the England of to-day met the level gaze of Cæsar? No men of modern alloy; no seething mass of shipping. . . .

Only the White Walls that gave to England the name of Albion. Sheer, dazzling, impregnable, they rose from

MEN in thousands, fearing for their own, looking down on white wings over the water—the sails of the invader

The longboats—ever the advance guard—

the full tide, glinting in the sun that strained filtering through the mist.

But Cæsar was no poet to dream over an unregarded isle set in a silver sea. To his practical eye, the cliffs spelled one message: no harbours. Sound-lines, flung overboard, showed a dangerous shallowness of water.

The ships were halted. By superhuman endeavours they had kept pace with the longboats, whose draught alone permitted them to approach the shore.

High on the skyline of the cliffs the Latins perceived an unidentified, even an *undefined*, something that seemed to sway with the wind.

Grass? Trees? Rock formation? Mineral? Vegetable? Animal?

No.

Men.

Men in thousands, fearing for their own, looking down on white wings over the water—the sails of the invader.

SPLASH!

The heaving sea showed circle after circle, as stones, cast from hand or sling, fell into the water. As the boats nosed along the coast, as the undulations of the downs deepened to the shore, a low murmuration reverberated from the land.

The longboats initiated an attack on the narrow strip of shore left by the ebbing tide; but those on the galleys beheld them return with their shields presented to the foe, token of the hail of arrows that had driven them back.

The promises of the Embassy to Gaul were worth . . . nothing.

I Came, I Saw, I Conquered . . .

joined battle; but under what disadvantage!

Perfidious Albion!

The advice of Cæsar, transmitted to the people through the Embassy, was disregarded.

Foolish Albion!

Yet, with the long vision of History, how wise were that folly!

Landing was an impossibility. The terrain no less than the opposing force forbade it.

Cæsar dropped anchor. He assembled his officers. His ice-cold brain voiced in ice-cold words a review of the information gathered by Volusenus; of the purport of the Embassy. With his unfailing precision, he gave to each lieutenant and captain exhaustive instructions to cover every contingency. Then, and then only, they struck north-eastward to seek some estuary which should afford both a landing-place and water for the camp.

The boats halted again after seven Roman miles. Here, too, the invaders were fronted with a horde of Barbarian cavalry. It was clear that the horse had followed their progress from the south-west.

With them were a maze of two-wheeled, horse-drawn carts: the dreaded chariots of whose effectiveness Cæsar had already heard.

The galleys hove to.

The cavalry wheeled to the right and advanced to the shore.

The longboats—ever the advance guard—joined battle; but under what disadvantage!

Rome had ever fought on land. There none could stand against her.

But here, cramped in a narrow craft, weighted with heavy armour, their hands encumbered with shield and javelin, sword or bow, later wading breast-high in water — what could Roman do against Briton, bare, agile, swimmers to a man, or mounted on horses so trained to maritime warfare as to seem the fabled steeds of Neptune?

the transports, to assail the enemy's open flank.

The *mitrailleuses* of the day—engines of war that sent flights of arrows simultaneously with precision and speed—opened fire. The shrapnel of the period—*ballistæ* hurling bags of stones that scattered like fatal hail—came into action.

legend S P Q R—Senatus Populus Que Romanus. This standard was an emblem of sheer glory, not a mere visible rallying-point to keep together the men of a unit. This standard, crowned with the Aquila soon to be Imperial, was entrusted only to a Patrician of proven courage. This standard, like the shield of a Spartan, must never be lost.

DRIVING cattle — sheep and pigs — bringing milk and other articles of food, the Britons came to the camp. They brought, too, berries unknown to the Latin palate

A hailstorm of stones and arrows dimmed the sun. The Britons—say, rather, the *Amphibians*—won the day.

The genius of Cæsar lay partly in realising impossibility when he met it. He could not land his massed forces; the water was too shallow for the galleys to approach. He had not a sufficient force of longboats to ferry the men effectively to land; each detachment would be separately overwhelmed.

The genius of Cæsar lay partly in making possible the impossible. He sent his fighting-galleys, detached from

Novelty—that supreme weapon—turned the day. The Britons began to retreat.

Still the danger was too great for Cæsar the Prudent to risk his main force. But the event was taken out of his hand.

Every legion had eleven standard-bearers: ten *Signiferi*, one to each cohort, each of whom carried the device of his own cohort; and one *Imaginarius*, who bore the Eagle-crowned banner decorated with the Achievement and the Charges of the Legion as a whole.

Beneath the Eagle ran the high

The *Imaginarius* of Cæsar's own legion—that famous X legion with which alone, he once threatened a mutinous army, he would advance and conquer—rebelled at the hesitancy of his leader.

He sprang to the prow of the vessel. The Stentor voice, trained on the battle-fields of Europe, rang out in invocation to the gods.

Then he turned to the troops of his invincible regiment. "Unless you would betray the Eagle to the enemy, LEAP! I, for my part, will not shirk my duty to my General and to the State."

He plunged into the sea and made his way towards the foe, the sun gleaming on the golden image mounted on its staff. No longer did the soldiers await the word of command, but sprang into the sea.

The crude weapons of the Britons made little impression on the breast-plates of Latium. But though the Romans could not be stabbed, they could be . . . *drowned.*

Britain, embryonic, unborn, then for the first time realised her destiny. She strove to keep the fight away from the shore.

Navyless, shipless, boatless, Britannia ruled the waves. . . .

But the discipline of Rome, the genius of Cæsar, was too strong. Long-boats decanted detachments at crucial, focal points. Worse, the tide began to ebb.

The line formed at last on dry ground. With high but bootless valour the Barbarian cavalry whirled to the charge—but flesh and blood failed before the lances of Rome.

The Britons retreated. They routed.

Pursuit was out of the question. The troops were halted and across the waste of carnage the Romans raised the shout of victory.

Cæsar's cavalry—his eighteen ships laden with the mobile arm—had not yet joined him; so he pitched his camp within range of the shore.

Trained in the arts of barbarian duplicity—in Gaul, across the Meuse, over the Pyrenees, beyond the Rhine—Cæsar expected further attacks. But only a small group of Britons, smiling and friendly, approached the camp, bringing with them Commius, the Altrebatian, who had been sent as ambassador by Cæsar from Gaul, and had been held, till then, in chains.

Cæsar, hoping for, though not expecting, peace, censured them for the assault he had but barely weathered. But with Cæsarian clemency he pardoned them, and the strange men of the barbaric isle and their merchants had free access to the camp.

WHAT were they, these Britons, who now met Rome for the first time? Were they pure Celts—dark, small, *Welsh?*

They were tall. They were strong. They were fair. Sometimes, even, the flax of their hair was bleached by the sun. Their locks were never cut. They had no uniformity of dress.

Naked; caped or loin-clothed in woven material; scantily clad in skins, indiscriminately, they flocked to the camp eager to see the strange olive men with skins like "buried gold."

Driving cattle—sheep and pigs—bringing milk and other articles of food, the Britons came to the camp. They brought, too, berries unknown to the Latin palate.

Business was carried on by gesture. Neither party knew a word of the other's tongue.

But Cæsar, sitting in his tent, was troubled with many things. His cavalry had not arrived. And the sky was overcast.

On the fourth day—a day of lowering clouds and leaden sea—the Roman sails appeared on the horizon. But barely had they shown on the line of the sky than they veered away and vanished.

The fleet of fighting galleys and transports, riding harbourless and unsheltered at its moorings, was at the mercy of the waves.

Britain marked the vanishing sails; She noted the raging storm. Primitive—even barbarian—they might be, but when it came to the defence of their country, they had the natural cunning and shrewdness of those who live in touch with the Great Realities.

Well they appreciated the true state of affairs. With a concerted national genius of inconspicuity they made an exodus from the camp.

But Cæsar, looking at the raving heavens, sensed with that sixth sense of his a different storm. He sent one legion to forage; he knew two thousand years before Napoleon that an army marches—and fights—on its stomach.

Save for the fury of the wind, all was quiet. The legion went forth to find food. Unhampered, unharassed, it pursued the even tenour of its way until it was out of sight.

One sentinel going his rounds noticed a gigantic eddy of dust rising to the sky just where the legion had vanished.

Infantry does not raise dust. Rome had, as yet, no cavalry in Britain. Therefore it was enemy cavalry. The logical Latin mind formulated the syllogism in a flash—and reported to Cæsar.

Only two cohorts—the Guard—were already armed and in fighting trim. At the head of these Cæsar set out. He ordered two other cohorts to mount guard. He ordered the entire body, save for the Guard, to follow him.

With but one-fifth of a legion he marched to the relief of a legion—*and relieved it.*

Only his promptitude, his timely arrival, saved the massacre of the entire legion, which had been all but overwhelmed.

Now was the battle joined in earnest. The chariots of the British wheeled—or whirled—into action.

But Cæsar, heading his tiny force of two cohorts in battle array, checked the Berserk madness of the assault. Given a breathing space, the legionaries reacted to their discipline and their craft of war.

With the genius of Cæsar to direct them, they assumed a formation that the reckless valour of the tribes could not break.

The Britons drew off, massed their chariots, and drove, yelling, converging on one point, at full gallop.

Like a clarion, an alien word of command rang over the English field: "*Testudo.*"

The ranks facing the oncoming charge dropped to the knee. They closed. They packed. They heaved their shields. They locked. Only a boss of shields, for all the world like one giant shield, sloping on all sides to the ground, loomed above the field, beneath which ten or twelve *decuriones* lay close packed and out of sight.

Over it to crush it thundered the hoofs of the cavalry, the rumbling fury of the chariots . . . .

Unmoved, the *testudo* bore the brunt, the weight . . . .

As the storm swept by, the boss remained unflattened.

Again rang the voice of command: "Dissemble *testudo.*"

Like one man the ranks rose, and reformed line with a swiftness that dazzled the eye and baffled the mind.

Cæsar the Prudent would not attack. The legion remained sternly on the defensive. He held his troops in check while the Britons picked up their wounded and their dead.

Back into the forests swept the native horde, leaving the Romans again in undisturbed possession of the field.

The sky grew black. The air grew heavy. The rolling, thickening clouds were riven with lightning that seemed to bury itself in the tortured, writhing sea.

In driving, drenching rain, the legion marched away. . . . .

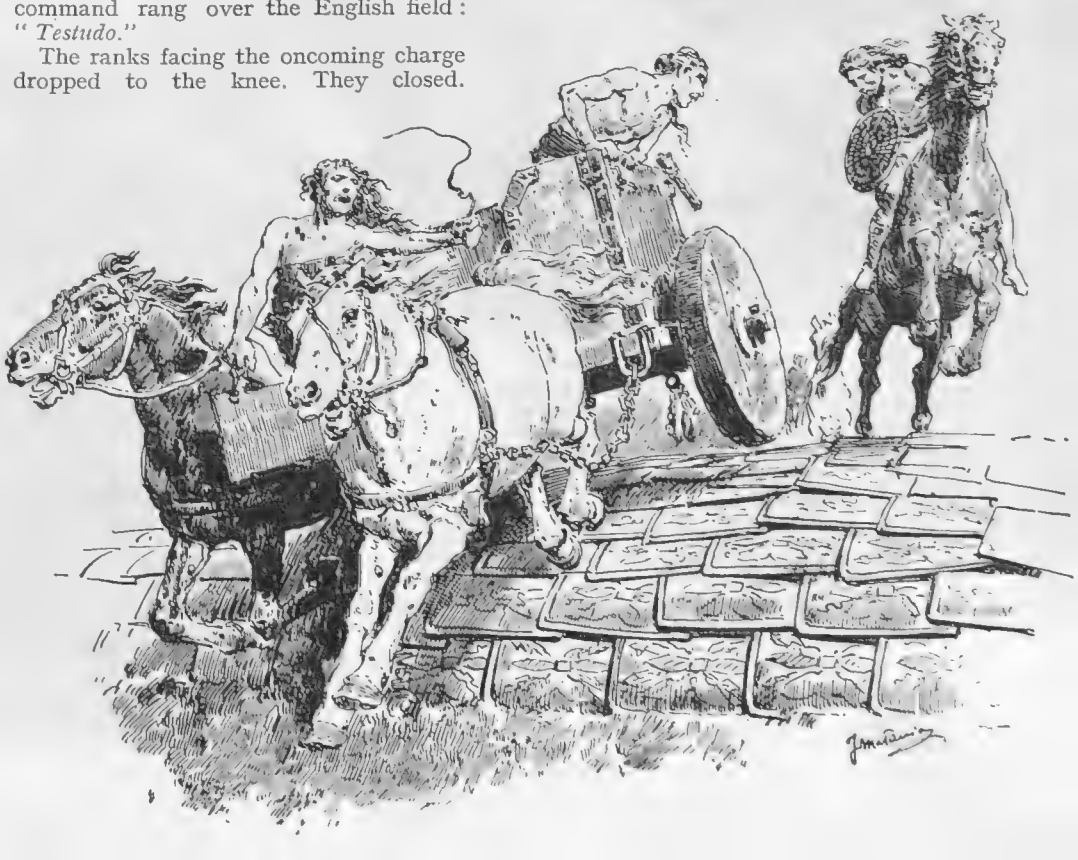
At the head of it, his head bared to the storm as it had been bared to every storm that beset him, as it was to be bared—even of the crown—to the end of his life, stood Julius Cæsar.

Cæsar is immortal; though what immortality really is, none as yet knows.

But, if Caius Julius Cæsar has eyes to see, his level and imperial glance would kindle with its inner fire to see that the seed he sowed in barbarian—not barren—ground had rooted, burgeoned and blossomed.

To-day the fruits of the Cæsarian stock grow on British trees, plucked by British hands, eaten by British mouths, those fruits given by Britain to feed a starving world—valour without rancour; war without hatred; victory without malice; conquest without oppression; justice blent with mercy; and, at the end, the *Pax Britannica.* . . .

Cæsar is justified of his pupils.



Do You Dislike ——————?

Hasty Breakfasts?

THEN give yourself this Magnet electrical cooking plate which will operate in the bedroom, on the breakfast table, or wherever it is convenient to plug in. A simple meal is cooked without fuss in a few minutes, and the apparatus is made in three sizes from 17/6

A Lukewarm Nightcap?

SOLVE the difficulty, then, with this Thermos set. Made of Thermolite material in speckled colouring, the jug and tray are finished with a polish which does not need cleaning. A quart set with two English crystal tumblers costs 42/6

Cold Sheets?

THIS Magnet electric bed-warmer will put an end to discomfort. It is absolutely safe, inexpensive to maintain, and has advantages over a hot-water bottle for airing and warming clothes. Price 35/-

Sunless Days?

MAKE your own sunshine with this lamp which produces ultra-violet and infra-red rays together with white light in proportions nearly approaching natural sunlight. Take tonic baths in safety and comfort from a lamp which runs on lighting or power circuits. Price 45/- complete with spare carbons and goggles

By Winifred Lewis

A Littered Kitchen?

TAKE the problem in hand. Begin with this enamelled iron vegetable bin. It is of grey and white mottled effect, and there is a compartment for each kind of vegetable. Each section fits into the other and minimises the space used. Price 9/6

Dark Mornings?

THE Herald Alarm Clock Lamp will throw some light on the difficulty. The light switches on as the alarm sounds, and the time is clearly indicated on the shade. Either function performs separately, while the clock is a reliable one and shows correct time at all hours. Price 37/6

Driving by Night?

HERE is a solution to the worst difficulties. This lamp can be attached to the dashboard of the car and is supplied in six or twelve volts. It gives light for making repairs, reading maps and signposts and has a magnetised base that will fix to any part of the car. There is also a red reflector for use when required. Price 12/6

Feeding the Fire?

THIS oak coalbin which, when closed, can be used as a seat, simplifies affairs by sorting the large coal from the small and is in other ways a sensible object for the small sitting-room. Price 25/-

EXERCISE to keep up the circulation

The (all too) Common Cold

Reform is needed to cure a socially and physically intolerable evil

PARENTS who are about to return their offspring to their various schools are familiar with the adjective in the above title. Among the ailments on the health certificate from which they are obliged to guarantee immunity for their children is "common cold." One can bitterly endorse this description of that plague. It *is* common—its every symptom is unrefined and degrading, and it is far, far too common, in the other sense of the word.

Every now and then appalling statistics are published to prove how colds impair national efficiency and productivity. But there is no sign that government or private action is being taken against the evil, no indication of an abatement in its prevalence or virulence.

Every winter brings its hordes of snuffling, sneezing, red-nosed, blear-eyed, coughing and depressed sufferers, spreading infection and vindictiveness, for there is no disease one resents "catching" as one does a cold, no crime more strenuously denied than "giving" a cold, no pariah whose presence is so unwelcome as the victim of catarrh.

Let it be understood that, like all others, these germs are powerless when the subject of attack is at the top of his or her physical form. But no matter how conscientiously one keeps oneself fit there are, inevitably, moments when one is tired, chilled or damp through unavoidable exposure to weather—physically off one's guard, and it is then that the juxtaposition of a sneezer or a snuffler is a menace.

The only reform I would really exert myself to bring about is the strict enforcement of the notification and isolation of this disgusting disease. Further, I would make a repetition of the offence, within a given period, punishable first by fine and, in the case of habitual criminality of this kind, imprisonment. That would soon make a cold uncommon.

IN the meantime, we must make our individual and private provisions against intolerable conditions. Attention to general health, sane clothing (warm and waterproof but light), exercise to keep up the circulation, an increase of fats and carbo-hydrates in the menu during cold weather, should be a matter of course, and sensible people will not expose themselves *unnecessarily* to violent changes of temperature, the inhalation of vitiated air, or to infection.

Business, and the necessity to travel in public vehicles may make it difficult to avoid dangerous conditions, but there is no excuse for tolerating the common cold socially. One has a perfect right, if not a duty, to ask anyone who comes to one's house suffering from a cold, to leave, and to remove oneself from a party where any of one's fellow guests are obviously in an infectious state.

ONE has a perfect right, if not a duty, to ask anyone who comes to one's house suffering from a cold, to leave, and to remove oneself from a party where any of one's fellow guests are obviously in an infectious state

MAKE a repetition of the offence punishable by imprisonment

If there is a tendency to "catch cold" easily, the subject should take a good tonic or cod-liver oil and malt during the dangerous time of the year and should have anti-cold injections, given by a qualified doctor, at the beginning of the "cold" season. These injections are a "*salade russe*" of the bacilli which have been detected as most generally present. If there is a specific cold germ, like the head of real as well as fictional crime organisations, he remains mysteriously anonymous.

But at last comes the news that the influenza germ has been tracked down.

IF one knows that one has been subjected to possible infection, or has a suspicion that one may have caught cold, it is essential to douche the nose, gargle and use a mouth-wash in order to make antiseptic all the get-at-able lodgings of the germs, and if possible to destroy them before they have colonised. An antiseptic lozenge may be useful to prevent the assault of infection. But these should be resorted to with discrimination, as over-indulgence may destroy beneficent, defensive bacilli and irritate the membranes, to say nothing of upsetting the digestion.

If you *do* catch a cold, go to bed and isolate yourself. Keep warm and out of draughts, but have your window open. Preferably consult a doctor, get *and take* a good cold and cough mixture. Take nothing but water, orange and lemon juice for at least twenty-four hours. (Aspirin and whisky are one man's cure but another's poison—you know best!) Constantly wash your nose and throat with glycerine of thymol and warm water. Use and burn paper handkerchiefs and, for the sake of your own self-esteem and popularity as well as the good of the community, do not appear in public again until you are completely cured.

and BEAUTY

The Renewal of YOUTH

If it is to be more than Temporary, or Pseudo, the Edifice of Youthful Beauty must be built up, literally, Cell by Cell! This Reconstruction is made possible by Modern Scientific Methods

By "Chrysis"

SYMPTOMS of age are twofold, external and internal. It is not merely that the skin begins to lose its freshness and firmness; that, firstly, little lines manifest themselves about the eyes and, later, deeper wrinkles on the brow or from nose to mouth, while a mysterious, progressive sagging of muscles and tissues gradually destroys the clear, firm lines of cheek and chin. All this is distressing enough to any woman not entirely devoid of vanity. And apart from actual vanity there are so many reasons why a woman must dread the onset of age and the passing of her physical attractiveness. It may be that she first sees the reflection of Time's ruthless hand in her own mirror or, more tragic still, in eyes that once admired her. To a professional woman the passing of youth may mean the close of her career.

Much may be done and is done by care and culture, by skilful massage to keep muscles and circulation in condition, by the use of tonics and nourishing skin foods; by "right living" and even right *thinking*. (Frowning wrinkles are often prematurely induced by petulance or worry.)

But there is another aspect of the ageing process which is not so simple to combat, and that is the fundamental sense that one is no longer young. Flagging interests and energy are more serious than sagging muscles, and indeed conducive to the outward and visible signs. You may deceive the world, for a time, by means of external beauty treatment and cosmetics, but you cannot deceive yourself when you no longer *feel* young. Truth to tell, the secret, invisible process of ageing is going on long before the outward signs are manifest.

This has, of course, always been known to scientists and medical men, but it remained for a famous German professor, who has made dermatology and the science of rejuvenation his life-long study, to discover a means of arresting the process of deterioration which we call age. He is Dr. Kapp, of Leipzig University. Thirty years ago he was successfully performing plastic operations, and he has practised as a cosmetic surgeon and dermatologist at famous institutes in America and Paris.

His long experience and intimate knowledge of the skin and subcutaneous cells and tissues taught him that superficial wrinkles, sagging, and the inertia and coarsening of the complexion were caused by the atrophy and death of the underlying, epithelial cells, and that this resulted from a gradual diminution in the system and blood flow of certain vital secretions. After years of experimentation he evolved a formula containing a blood serum and certain glandular extracts which, literally, renews the supply of the essential elements of youth.

ONE of our most charming and lovely visitors from the U.S.A. is Miss Claire Luce, Fred Astaire's partner in "Gay Divorce" at the Palace Theatre

His discovery has been extensively (and practically) tested and reported on by doctors all over the world and enthusiastically praised in serious medical journals. He has found a means to make up this prescription in tablets now known as the "W-5 Brand" tablets. The result of a course of these tablets is little short of miraculous. Their effect is that of genuine rejuvenation. The whole system benefits and energy and health is restored, while the blood, revitalised by the fresh supply of vital hormones, feeds the important epithelial cells so that they not only regain vitality but increase in size and number, thus filling out hollows and dissipating wrinkles.

It is not claimed that this happens miraculously in a night. A course of at least six weeks' treatment is necessary to obtain results, but patients of all ages and constitutions have been successfully treated, from those advanced in years and deeply wrinkled to young people jaded and fatigued by illness, over-work or nervous debility.

"W-5" tablets are prepared according to two different formulæ, one for men and one for women. Owing to their beneficial effect on the blood and circulation, in addition to their rejuvenating effect, they clear the skin, restoring its youthful freshness and colouring and have proved extremely helpful in the treatment of many skin diseases.

A valuable illustrated brochure describing in detail the scientific application of these tablets can be obtained from the distributors, who will also send a sample of the tablets to all interested readers. Please write to the Woman Editor, BRITANNIA AND EVE, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

The

By Winifred Lewis

WELL-MADE furniture is equal to the closest scrutiny both back and front. Drawers move smoothly and quietly and cupboards fit with perfect accuracy. Look for these signs of quality when buying furniture

HERE are pieces of hand-made furniture by Maurice Adams in which the visible joints are reduced to a minimum. The hinge joints of the door above are at the side, not in front

IT is hardly to be expected that every purchaser of furniture should be a connoisseur of what he buys, though there would seem to be some wisdom for those who set out to furnish a home—often to spend a good deal of money in the doing of it—in having some small acquaintance with the features which reveal the true quality and workmanship of the things they see.

It is obvious that if money is to be well spent and wisely invested one must look a little beyond general appearances and have sufficient knowledge to probe the niceties of decoration which sometimes conceal defects of workmanship and the dazzling polishes which disguise deficient materials. This does not involve an elaborate mastery of technique. A few simple tests will generally suffice to show the quality of a piece of furniture.

Bearing in mind that the best woods invariably have sufficient beauty in themselves and need very little ornamentation, one can more often be sure of the severely simple pieces that rely upon form and grain for their effects than upon those which are elaborately decorated or treated to some novel " finish."

The recent fashion for freak treatments of oak, though successfully applied to much fine and costly furniture, has proved a useful disguise in connection with cheap fakes. In fact, many who pin their faith to oak as the password to strength and dependability in furniture are surprised to learn that much authentic oak furniture proves to be lamentably short of these qualities. This is often attributable to its foreign origin and its inferiority to the oak which we associate with our own forests.

English oak is still the finest and, though a little more costly, is infinitely worth the outlay.

Machine-made furniture, though sometimes very fine, is still beyond comparison with hand workmanship, of which the finest furniture still consists. The superiority of hand work over the best machine is of a subtle kind. The machine-made piece has no comparison æsthetically and, in a practical sense, no rivalry with hand work in such essential matters as the dovetailing of drawers, the carving of relief and the fitting of doors.

IN choosing furniture, drawers should always be most carefully examined. If they do not run smoothly and quietly as though oiled, the work is not of the best kind. Inspect the joints and hinges of cupboards, for this is where the inferior craftsman will always reveal himself. These joints should be smoothly finished so as to be almost undetectable, while doors should fit perfectly and with ease.

The backs and all other concealed parts of a good piece of furniture will prove, on inspection, to be comparable with those exposed to view, while drawers are lined with oak and shelves are of a substantial thickness which will resist the weight of many articles for any length of time.

The use of veneers for modern furniture is the result of much experiment, and when carried out by good craftsmen with superior materials proves, in many cases, to have advantages over the use of solid woods.

It is well known that some woods, particularly walnut, will

Truth *about* Furniture

Some Things *to* Look *for* *and* Some *to* Avoid

IN choosing easy chairs do not be guided entirely by outward signs. The quality of frames, springs and stuffing is all-important. When these are proved satisfactory questions of design may be considered

warp and bend after a lapse of time. With most good modern walnut pieces it has proved expedient to impose a sheet of the wood upon a foundation of mahogany ply. Another sheet of walnut is then clamped to the back, thus forming a kind of sandwich. Any subsequent tendency of either wood to bend is offset by the companion sheet pulling the opposite way, and thus a perfect balance is preserved. This is the strongest combination in use for modern furniture and is called "laminating."

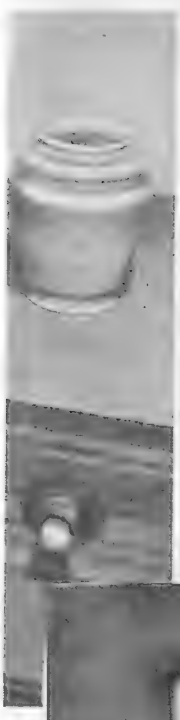
So intricate is the workmanship involved in the making of furniture built to endure that it is hopeless to expect work and materials of a high order at a very low cost. I was discussing this matter recently with the representative of a well-known West End firm, who expressed the opinion, as a case in point, that twenty-eight pounds is the *minimum* price the shrewd purchaser will be persuaded to pay for a walnut bedroom suite. "Every pound below this figure, in my opinion," he said, "sacrifices materials and workmanship, and every pound above it is handsomely invested in the beauty of wood and excellence of finish given.

"If the public had only a little technical knowledge to guide them," he went on, "they would be the first to recognise the futility of buying poor furniture. One good piece is of more value than a whole roomful of shoddy stuff."

Upholstered furniture requires careful scrutiny before purchasing.

Birch frames are used for all good upholstered chairs, while springs are unobtrusive in everything but the comfort they give.

Examine the outside arms and backs of chairs and sofas—inferior kinds sometimes reveal a cheaper material here. Moreover, if the covering is skimped and strained at the seams, reject it; otherwise the chair will burst its covering before very long.



THE quality and workmanship of this walnut and sycamore sideboard proclaim themselves in the simple elegance of form which requires no superfluous decoration. The beauty of the wood is sufficient. (William Spriggs, Ltd.)

HERE is the table belonging to the walnut and sycamore sideboard. Again simple lines prevail and the perfection of the material used is left to speak for itself. (William Spriggs, Ltd.)

It goes without saying that the safest plan when buying furniture is to go to a reputable dealer upon whose integrity one can thoroughly rely.

This caution is handsomely repaid, for there is more than one way in which the inexperienced purchaser may be deceived. One means consists in photographing a genuine piece of wood of fine grain and, by some process, imposing the likeness upon a wood of common origin. It is then polished with such effect that experts are hard put to it to detect the deception—a fact which alone would seem to prove the advantages of selecting a trader whose methods are above dispute.

How *to* keep *your* Breakfast Hot

MATCH your cosy with your china. Glazed chintz may be obtained in numerous designs, and the glaze keeps the chintz clean. Choose a harmonising gimp to add the finishing touch

PIN-SPOT cotton or a delicate flower-pattern makes a charming picture on the breakfast table, and this coffee-warmer will keep the coffee really hot indefinitely

FOR those who are always late, for those who sometimes oversleep, and for those who are only rarely unpunctual, we have had specially designed these two neat and ingenious warmers.

Breakfast is a meal to which we as a nation pay a great deal of attention, since it is often the only meal in the day when the whole family is gathered together. Boiling hot creamy porridge, steaming eggs and bacon, and toast emitting a delicate savour of delicious warmth—it is indeed a pity to spoil the whole meal by letting the tea or coffee become tastelessly tepid, and in this weather tea often gets chilly before it has finished drawing. Therefore something is called for which will keep them boiling hot—and that something must be decorative as well as useful.

Quilting recalls the charm of the days of Queen Anne, and the elegant eighteenth century gave us inspiration for these two decorative cosies.

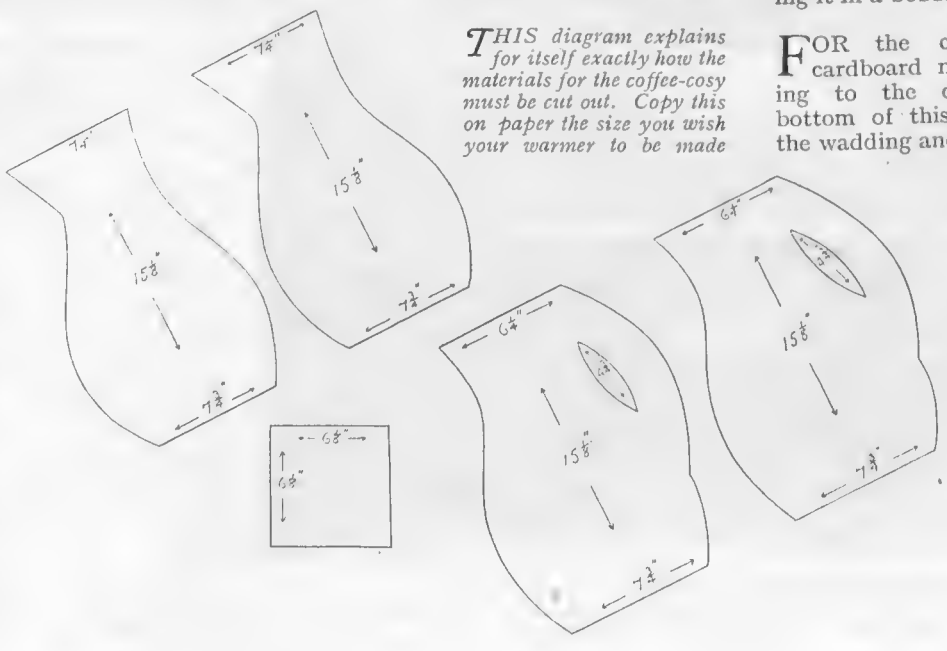
Cottons and glazed chintzes are being manufactured now in the most charming designs, and flowered chintzes glazed and ready quilted may be obtained at 9s. 11d. a yard. Either of these materials will do excellently for our cosies, or we may choose lavender quilted silk—it is sold in other colours as well—at 7s. 11d. a yard.

HAVING chosen the stuff we require, we must now busy ourselves with the accessories: a yard and a half of gimp, price 10½d. a yard, in a toning colour, with one half-a-crown bundle of cotton cord to braid and quilt the tea-cosy, and a yard of unbleached wadding at 8½d. for the coffee-cosy; also a square yard of thin cardboard, and one yard of domette at 2s. 11d.

Four-sided, and with a gay bobble on top made of the gimp, the tea-warmer can be made in any size we wish—small and dainty for the idler in bed, or large, capacious and lordly for the family. The cosy is composed of two narrow sides which are half the width of the two broad sides. Cut out four pieces of paper to act as a guide, making them all the same length, but two must be half the width of the broad sides. Fold the paper in half lengthways to make the curves equal.

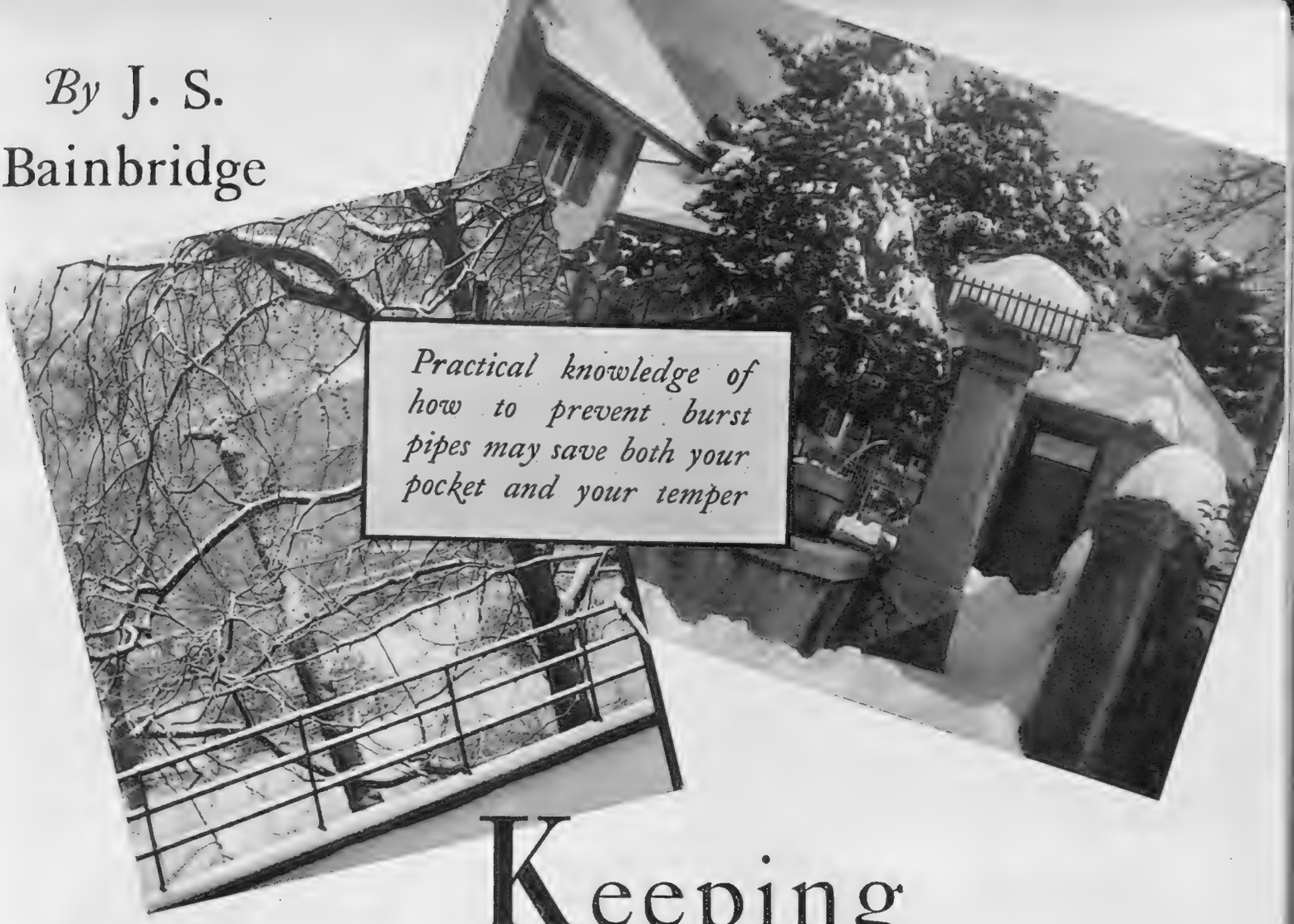
NOW take your materials—the cotton or glazed chintz, cotton cord, gimp and domette. If you have bought ready-quilted chintz or silk, you will not need the cotton cord. Having cut out the cotton or chintz and domette for the four sides, mark out the lines on the wrong side of the cotton or chintz where the cotton cord is to make the quilting and tack down the cord. Now machine the cotton to the domette in straight lines between the cord. Join the sections of the cosy and braid with gimp, arranging it in a bobble at the peak.

THIS diagram explains for itself exactly how the materials for the coffee-cosy must be cut out. Copy this on paper the size you wish your warmer to be made



FOR the coffee-cosy strong, thin cardboard must be cut out according to the diagram drawn at the bottom of this page, the same size as the wadding and the domette which is to line it, and the flowered cotton to cover it. Sew the domette round the cardboard firmly and flatly, and tack the wadding to the flowered cotton. Now machine the wadding in straight lines to the flowered cotton and join this to the domette stitched on to the cardboard. Line with some dainty contrasting material, stitch each side together, fasten down the lid and sew neatly round the hole in the handle.

By J. S. Bainbridge



Practical knowledge of how to prevent burst pipes may save both your pocket and your temper

Keeping *Jack* Frost at B*ay*

A NEW lead alloy is now available from which almost unburstable water-pipes may be made, and the housewife of the future may escape one of the most annoying tyrannies of winter—burst pipe trouble. The housewife of the present, however, must still take precautions to avoid this calamity.

It may first be of interest to explain how a water-pipe is burst during frosty weather. Most substances (such as iron, for example) expand with an increase and contract with a decrease in temperature. Water behaves quite normally in this respect, and as the temperature falls it decreases in volume until the temperature almost reaches freezing-point. It then begins to behave abnormally, and commences to expand; at freezing-point this expansion suddenly becomes very pronounced, as a result of which the ice occupies a considerably larger volume than the water from which it was formed. When the water freezes in a pipe, the pipe cannot support the increased volume and, in consequence, it bursts, though this damage is not discovered until the ice thaws and the pipe begins to leak.

The pipes which are most likely to freeze are those which run to a dead end, such as a tap. The water in a main supply-pipe is not usually affected, since it is set in motion by any tap in the vicinity. The danger spots are those parts of the piping system which run between this main supply-pipe and the individual taps.

A central heating system, by means of which the whole house can be kept warm, is the ideal method of prevention, but such a system is beyond the means of most householders. A small oil-stove or other heating arrangement in the room containing the pipes will usually prevent freezing taking place or, except in very frosty weather, straw, sacking, or felt, etc., wrapped round internal pipes will keep them sufficiently warm. Strips of felt or blanket, and an outer covering of webbing, wound round and round the pipes, is perhaps the simplest preventive method. The wrapping is easily applied, is neat in appearance and will last for a few years.

The best method of protecting outside pipes is to box the pipes as completely as possible in a wooden casing, the space between the pipes and casing being packed with non-conducting material, such as asbestos fibre, slag wool, sawdust, or chopped straw. A less troublesome method than this is to wrap straw rope round the pipes, but it is also a less effective one.

Indoors, no tap should be allowed to drip, and taps which cannot be turned off sufficiently tightly to prevent dripping should be fitted with new washers. If drips do collect and freeze in a waste bend, and a bath or basin is used before this is discovered, the simplest way to empty either is to siphon off the water into a portable bath or a bucket.

Most of the above precautions are only what might be described as the first line of defence against frost. In really cold weather the only certain way to prevent burst pipes is to turn off the water at the main and completely run away the water in the system, even to emptying the W.C. cistern. Incidentally, a diagram showing the position of all taps, including the main stop-cocks, should be clearly drawn on a card in Indian ink, and this card kept in the kitchen, with the gas and electricity meter cards, so that any member of the family may easily refer to it.

A burst pipe may occur in spite of all precautions, and will be detected either by an icicle or by a water leak. When a burst does occur, the water should be turned off at the main, the system emptied, the pipe thawed if still frozen, and a temporary repair effected. Strips of linen soaked in grease and bound round the pipe will effectively stop a small leak, or an old bicycle inner-tube may be wrapped round the affected part of the pipe and bound on tightly by means of tape.

To thaw a frozen pipe, boiling water should be poured on in the immediate neighbourhood of the frozen section or, if this is impossible, a torch should be made by fixing a wad of cotton-wool to a wire handle, pouring a little methylated spirit on the wool, lighting, and holding near the frozen pipe.

"APPLE

Eva Moore, the famous actress, now playing in "Cabbages and Kings," lives in this charming house with a beautiful garden near Temple Golf Course, Maidenhead

YOU enter the house by a charmingly furnished lounge-hall. The settee, backed by a rich hanging, tones in perfectly with the table of Jacobean craftsmanship

THE green of the principal bedroom is in perfect sympathy with the natural surroundings. The carpet is moss-coloured, and flowered green silk curtains harmonise well with the Regency furniture

PORCH"

THE house is set in a pleasaunce of scent and shade. Lawns stretch up to the house, which is festooned with creepers and flowers, and the apple trees, which give the house its name, add to the fragrance of the garden

EVA MOORE loves to wander round the garden picking flowers. She is the wife of H. V. Esmond, the actor and dramatist. Behind her is the upper lawn, which has been turned into a tennis court

LONG and low, with pleasant corners, the music-room looks down a herbaceous-bordered crazy pavement path to the sundial at the bottom of the garden. A crimson carpet, Jacobean panelling, covers and curtains shot red and blue, make this room a sympathetic background for conversation or music. A buhl cabinet, shown in the extreme left-hand corner of the photograph, is the chief treasure of the room

THE dining-room, which opens on to the garden, is seen in the two photographs on the right. Red arras cloth, stretched on the walls, tones with the red velvet curtains and makes an interesting contrast to the Persian carpet and the refectory table and Windsor chairs

Photographs by Sasha

A REALLY practical and very smart top-coat for all weathers is the Burberry model sketched on the right. This is carried out in West of England coating in tones of browns, grey-blues, or heather mixtures, is showerproof, and costs 5½ guineas. Other models, however, may be obtained for as little as 3½ guineas

KENNETH DURWARD are making the coat and skirt shown in the centre of the sketch in a selection of excellent tweeds and suitings. It has six buttons and a moderately high neckline which is both becoming and comfortable. Coats and skirts of this description may be obtained from 6 guineas, and patterns will be sent on request

THE figure on the extreme right is wearing one of the new season's models from Debenham and Freebody. It has a plain grège skirt and a checked coat with revers of the plain material. The skirt has a group of inverted box-pleats in front and the coat is moderately short and fitted to the figure

SOME ADVANCE FASHIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR . . .

RED velveteen in the most lovely currant shade makes the attractive three-quarter-length evening wrap shown on the extreme left. Its leg-o'-mutton sleeves are set on to the shoulders by means of large tucks, and the back is flared. Harvey Nichols

A PRACTICAL theatre ensemble from Marshall and Snelgrove is shown on the left. The long coat, with its becoming revers and full sleeves, is made of dark blue velvet, while the dress is of gold patterned matelassé, with a posy of flowers placed at the moderately low décolletage

A New Process Makes These Rayon and Cotton Materials Crease-Resisting

THE charming gown below is made of pale pink piqué voile, one of a vast range of Tootal cotton materials all treated by a sensational new process which renders Tootal fabrics not creaseless, for no material can be said to be absolutely creaseless, but crease-resisting. Silk and wool recover naturally from creasing, but until this new process was perfected, cottons were serious offenders in this respect, and their tendency to crush prevented their use on many occasions

Elizabeth Ivimey

THE gown shown above is carried out in a Tootal chiffon, as fine and as soft as any pure silk material, and patterned with a lovely design in shades of blue. This may also be obtained in a range of other colours and designs. Two other Tootal materials are featured on page 69. Both the gowns on this page were specially made in the new Tootal materials for "Britannia and Eve" by Richard Sands, and posed in by Miss Margaret Rawlings, who is now playing at the Queen's Theatre in "The Old Folks At Home"

Transforming

THE front sitting-room was given a gay paper in primrose, green, orange, and gold. A simple plaster core disguises the old cornice-mouldings and provides a pelmet to the long curtains of striped and shaded green silk

LONDON is full of houses from fifty to a-hundred-and-fifty years old. Many are spaciously planned with pleasantly proportioned rooms, but so heavily stamped with the style of their period as to discourage the seeker after a modern home. Every detail, from the china door-knobs to the fruity cornice-mouldings protests against the introduction of modern furniture, and to the casual eye, no remedy, short of drastic reconstruction, seems possible.

The expert, however, knows that the case is not so desperate, and the accompanying illustrations provide eloquent evidence in his support.

These photographs were taken in a typical London house before and after it had been modernised by Maurice Adams, the furniture designer, who has been responsible for scores of such transformations in recent years.

The rooms shown are two large intercommunicating sitting-rooms on the entrance floor and a semi-basement dining-room. When placed in Maurice Adams's hands these rooms were the ultimate word in dreariness, as a close scrutiny of the two pictures taken before the alterations will show.

The dining-room had a particularly grim wallpaper in grey striped with black. The coal fireplace, enshrined in pink-glazed tiles, had an undistinguished marble mantel crowned with an artily inept mirror. Folding shutters flanked the recessed French windows, and an out-of-work crinoline, supported by a

BEFORE and after. The photograph beneath on the right was taken at the same angle as the one on the left, which shows the room after it was modernised. The chimney breast was boxed in, thus forming deep recesses into which cupboards and indirect lighting were built

ON the left is shown a photograph of the same room as that seen in the illustration below. Fireplace, cornice mouldings, lighting and decorations have all been brought up to date by ingenious and inexpensive alterations

were treated in a cheerful primrose and the ceiling in a paler version of the same colour. Pale jade-green was selected for the built-in cupboards and paintwork.

The two lofty sitting-rooms, being intended as the show-rooms of the house, were even more assertively ornate than the dining-room.

The dividing doors were removed and the opening and curtains, framed with a simple wood surround, substituted. The offending fireplaces were replaced by built-in Ferranti radiators, with plain wood surrounds grained like Napoleon marble. In the back room, the line of the fire-surround was carried right across the room by cupboards of pine built into the recesses flanking the chimney-breast and surmounted by stepped bookshelves. The horizontal emphasis of this built-in furniture, which was painted nigger-brown, helped to balance the height of the room and harmonised with the "streamline" character of Maurice Adams's easy chairs in a nigger and beige zebra fabric.

EVERYTHING in this sitting-room protested against the introduction of modern furniture, yet look at the photograph above (left), taken from where the communicating doors stood, and see what can be effected by intelligent methods and only moderate expenditure

an Old London House

No magic wand, but an intelligent and imaginative decorator created this charming home from the unpromising material of a gloomy, late 19th century London house

complex system of wires and pulleys, did service as a lighting fixture.

The lower illustration shows the charming dining-room which was evolved from this unpromising material. The fireplace and mirror were completely removed and a modern dining-table in beautifully-grained macassar ebony was set against the old chimney breast. Useful cupboards were built into the recesses on either side and these recesses were flush-faced at the top to provide accommodation for concealed lighting. The shutters and heavy surrounding woodwork were taken away and a light surround set back against the window, providing a neat pelmet for the curtains. A simple box-type ceiling-fitting replaced the crinoline, and electric heating was provided by a Ferranti bracket-radiator installed at cornice-level.

As the room was inclined to be dark, the walls

The complex cornice-mouldings were concealed by a simple plaster cove, which was carried across the bay window in the front room to provide a pelmet for the long curtains. The plaster ceiling-roses were removed and the pendant fittings replaced by box units of the type used in the dining-room.

The two rooms were treated in colour schemes which were distinctive, but sufficiently harmonious for the rooms to be used together. The back room, in addition to the brown cupboards and nigger and beige upholstery, had walls and ceiling in mottled pink and beige. The walls of the front room were covered with paper in pale primrose with a light design in green, orange, and gold. Similar transformations were wrought in other parts of the house, and though the character of the interior was amazingly changed, no serious structural alterations were made anywhere, and the cost of the work was very moderate.

B *stands for* Bathroom

The growing luxury of our bathrooms is becoming more and more pronounced

THIS is a view of Beatrice Lillie's bathroom in New York. Gay little nigger boys and swags of fringed curtains are painted on the walls

A HAND-PAINTED scenic wallpaper showing tropical vegetation on a ground of turquoise-blue covers the walls of this bathroom, decorated by Green and Abbott, and which has a built-in coloured bath

THE floor-covering, which looks like marble, is really only rubber. The heated towel-rail stands in front of the window and replaces central heating. The walls are highly varnished

SOME of the most important moments of the modern woman's life, which in other days were taken up reclining in her boudoir, are spent in her bathroom. It is, therefore, essential that the bathroom should be adequately equipped and comfortable. Gone are the days when a large room containing a tin bath and miscellaneous furnishings sufficed for the bathroom. The pendulum has swung the other way, and a miracle of reflection and iridescent colour is produced. Elaborate fittings of enamel and chromium plate are so designed that their labour-saving attributes are a boon to the housekeeper of to-day. Baths are streamlined and stand flush with the floor, receptacles for soap, sponges, etc. are fitted in flush with the walls, dust-collecting pipes and projecting fittings are eliminated. Most becoming effects may also be obtained through the medium of coloured porcelain basins and baths, which have only come into vogue comparatively recently, and of which Froy of Bond Street has an excellent selection. Indeed, his permanent exhibition of fitted bathrooms is well worth a visit.

In New York, Miss Beatrice Lillie, through the medium of the brilliant young artist Herman Hymer, has created an atmosphere of fun and gaiety in her bath-dressing-room. The murals represent impertinent little nigger boys dancing and playing, while her basin and bath are of black marble, with details accentuating the same décor.

BLUE and white tiles make a charming surround to this bath, which has been cleverly built-in by straight slabs with an enamelled surface. The curtains are of rubberised chintz

In London recently, endless effects have been successfully accomplished with marbleised walls and rubberised tile floors, both of which come in a variety of shades and patterns. Curtains may either be made of natural oil-skin, plain white rubber, or rubberised silk. There is obtainable an oil-silk sprayed in charming designs for 18s. 9d. a yard, but plain oil-silks, in all colours, cost only 4s. 6d. a yard. There is also a waterproofed cotton cloth called Neatolin, which is 3s. 11d. and, of course, an old favourite like American cloth is always satisfactory and is still less expensive. Bound with a contrasting coloured silk edging, the materials create a charming effect, besides defeating the ravages of the old demon, steam.

INNUMERABLE fitments of glass offer endless possibilities for shelves, table-tops, and mirrors. These are easily polished and again go to prove the big steps that have been taken in the right direction toward saving labour. A favourite device is to set a medicine cupboard in flush with the wall above the wash-basin, and to cover its door with a bevelled mirror. Opening the door automatically switches on a light in the cupboard.

Shadowless lighting in the non-dust-collecting designs are best, of course: these nearly always take the shape of a large sphere of white shadowless opaque glass set in or hung from a rust-proof chromium fitment. No wires to collect dust or to cause fuses and no lamp-shades to become soiled and out of shape.

Original and inexpensive effects may be obtained with a background of washable distempers, or ordinary papers with a scenic design, or flower prints pasted on a neutral ground are perfectly satisfactory if painted over with a colourless lacquer.

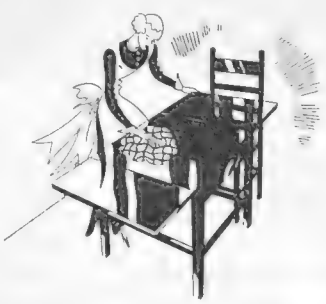
The Busybody's Notebook

THIS is to introduce "Britannia and Eve's" Busybody to you—a Busybody who is also really well informed on all sorts of heterogeneous subjects. But although she is busy, she will always find time to answer your letter; so if any of her discoveries are the answers to any of your problems write to the Busybody, c/o "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope, when you will receive an immediate answer giving you full information about any of the subjects mentioned on this page

NO one has ever accused my friend Felicity of being of a literary turn of mind, so imagine my feelings when I found her the other day curled up in front of a fire with her nose buried in a book! Her absorption was really unbearable, but easily explained after I had snatched the book away. Here was just what I have been looking for all my life, a book which explains in the clearest and most practical way how to care for every square inch of one's person. And all of it so easy to follow, with heaps of illustrations to help you on your way, and almost best of all (in these hard times) quite free. It won't be my fault if I don't burst upon the town this year in the rôle of a ravishing beauty.

BUT a cold house can ruin the best of looks. So part of my winter beauty campaign is going to be directed towards the acquisition of two of those really *heart-warming* stoves which are specially designed to look their best in modern surroundings. One is going into my hall so that the whole house shall be nice and cosy, and the other is going into my living room. This one is going to be one of the new good-looking models which can be built flush into an existing fireplace. And *neither* of these stoves will go out all winter, and if that doesn't help me to keep my maids happy, I don't know what will. Then, when I want to settle down for a nice, lazy rest, I shall just open my stove doors and enjoy all the fun of an open fire. The only trouble is that when I think of how much cheaper my nice stove is to run than an ordinary fire I shall feel just too unbearably smug and virtuous.

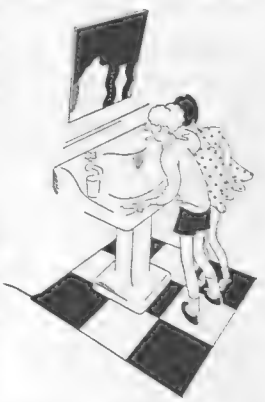
TALKING of keeping maids, I don't know how any woman manages to keep them at all who persists in the old-fashioned methods of furniture polishing. Why any self-respecting maid ever puts up with these, with their hours of tedious "elbow grease" application, is just nobody's business. And then they are so silly from one's own point of view, because *nothing* could give furniture a better surface than the up-to-date quick polish I always use. I can truly lay my hand on my heart and say that finger-marks are never seen on *my* furniture. And it's such handy stuff to have in the house, for it will clean white enamel and porcelain baths and basins as well, to say nothing of the sparkle it gives to tiles.



ONE of the major problems of my life has always been how to avoid the horrid series of ridges which stocking suspenders create under one's best evening frocks. I've tried everything, from rolling my stockings (and *that* only produced one enormous ridge instead of two small ones) to wearing no stockings at all in the evening. So I felt very envious when Angela turned up to dinner the other night with the most perfectly suspended stockings and a positively eel-like frock and never the sign of a ridge anywhere. Luckily Angela believes in sharing a good thing, and this is how she works the magic. First of all she removes the slide from her suspender and gets the length just right without it. Then she cuts off the button and slips the metal loop *under* the stocking. Her next step is to put a very special kind of wafer-thin rubber disc over the stocking and to pull both through the loop. Result: absolute security combined with a dead flat and smooth surface. Just as simple as that!

BUT though Angela may have scored over me in the way she manages her stockings, I, for one, did definitely come in first as far as my hair was concerned. And when you come to think of it, that was really silly, because, heaven knows, my hair is nothing to write home about, for it is mousy as to colour and straight and fine as to texture. However, there I was with the prettiest little flat ringlets and the latest diagonal parting, while Angela's lovely honey-coloured mop looked far too much like a bush to be a success in this year of grace. After dinner I could not help asking her why she did nothing about it, and was answered that it was all very well for me to talk when I owned such good-tempered hair it would do anything I wanted it to. Good-tempered! If she only knew! But when I told her that I owe it all to my pet method of steam permanent waving she vowed to make an appointment for the very next day, and I am dying to see the result. It's the only process I know of which can successfully cope with fine hair and leave blond or grey hair with all its pure pale colouring unspoilt and positively glittering with life.

BY the way, I wonder if brushing teeth is as frequent a source of tears in your nursery as it used to be in mine. Nothing I could do would ever persuade my youngsters to look on this very necessary task as anything but a disagreeable event to be shirked whenever the slightest chance presented itself. Every tooth paste I tried was contemptuously dismissed as "nasty soapy stuff," and I was in despair. But now, thanks to a word from my dentist, tooth-brush drill is wildly popular with my small folk, who adore the fresh, pleasant flavour of the paste I provide for nursery use. Peace reigns, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that they are using a paste with perfect cleansing and antiseptic properties and one which contains no grit or acid to harm the enamel. And, of course, these properties make it the perfect paste for everybody's use, old or young, and no other ever finds its way into my bathroom. "Himself" is particularly enthusiastic about the way it removes tobacco discoloration, and also has quite a lot to say about the cheapness of its price.



HAVE you ever noticed how vilely many people of tolerable education misuse the King's English, both in talking and writing? I have only just realised how disastrous the consequences can be. My young nephew has finished a technical course with the highest honours. When he heard a certain post for which his qualifications made him very suitable was vacant, he wrote off in all haste to apply for it, completely confident of success. But this confidence was rudely shattered when the post was given to another boy not nearly so well qualified as he. It all seemed so inexplicable that I made it my business to find out the reasons for his rejection. His rival had written a concise and attractive letter, while his, poor boy, was badly expressed and, even worse, contained a serious grammatical error. The impression this letter created was deplorable and lost him a valuable post. Luckily, there is a remedy, and my nephew is now deep in a fascinating course of word mastery which will teach him to write a convincing letter in the future, and to speak clearly and concisely.

CAKES *and* PASTRY *for* Afternoon Parties

A nursery

TEA-TIME in an English house during the winter months—whether in London or in the country—the setting is always so full of charm, of an indefinable atmosphere which can only be encountered amongst English people.

The gathering may be an informal one, a few friends to tea round the fire, a real tea party, a bridge party or an At Home, but whatever the occasion, the food, the tea, everything is perfect.

Fortunately, in spite of the fact that modern hostesses are so busy with various occupations that few of them have the time to devote to long days of cooking, there are many excellent and almost ready-to-use preparations requiring but a few hours in the kitchen, so that even if our party is of a formal and elaborate kind we can produce the most appetising and delicate display of good things.

Here are some suggestions for a formal afternoon tea party:

Savoury Sandwiches.
Hot Buttered Toast spread with paste or relish.
Hot Tea Cakes.
Waffles with honey or treacle.
Custard Fingers.
Small Fancy Cakes.
Lemon Sponge.
Fruit Cake.

Hot Tea Cakes

Use one packet of Bird's Tea Cake Mixture. First beat one whole egg, add a puddingspoonful of milk, two ounces of creamed butter and a pinch of salt. Add the cake mixture little by little until you have a smooth batter, beating well. Then add a few currants or sultanas, mix well together and pour the mixture into the paper cases which are provided. Bake in a fairly brisk oven for fifteen to twenty minutes. Serve the cakes hot in a covered and heated tea-cake dish.

Lemon Sponge

Prepare two layers of Bird's Sponge Cake according to directions, and have ready a filling made of warm lemon curd and prepared custard mixed thoroughly together. Make a sandwich of these ingredients and on the top add a thin layer of lemon and custard mixture over which you grate some lemon peel.

Waffles

Few people realise that waffles are very easy to make, especially when prepared with Bird's "Wafflex." There are endless combinations of fillings, both sweet and savoury, and if the directions given are carefully followed the making of waffles is the affair of a few minutes only.

The cases can be filled with jam, honey, custard, etc., while for bridge parties various savoury fillings, such as mashed cheese with grated celery, chopped anchovies mixed with butter, chopped hard-boiled eggs mixed with butter and Worcester sauce, and many other amusing mixtures, would provide a change from the usual sandwich.

Custard Fingers

For these we make our best and lightest puff pastry. We cut it into long, narrow fingers and bake in the usual way. While the fingers are still warm we spread half of them with raspberry jam, then a layer of prepared Bird's Custard, and place on top another finger. This we coat lightly with more custard and sprinkle each one with "hundreds and thousands." As an alternative we could use chocolate-flavoured custard instead of jam and custard.

Cocoanut Tartlets

In this case we want pastry of the "short" variety. Having made and baked our pastry cases, we fill them with prepared Bird's Custard flavoured with desiccated cocoanut well mixed in. Sprinkle over the top of each a little more cocoanut. If the flavour of cocoanut is not liked, we may use chopped almonds or chopped pistachio nuts.

Cheese Tartlets

As many people like a small savoury at tea-time, we might try an unusual mixture of custard and cheese.

We make our Bird's Custard in the usual way, seasoning it with salt, pepper, and a pinch of cayenne. Add grated cheese to taste and mix well. We then put the mixture into little pastry cases slightly smaller if possible than the usual size and, of course, using very light puff pastry. Bake in a moderate oven, having the fillings golden brown on top.

tea-party

Evening Party Sweets

By A. H. Adair

WHEN arranging the buffet for an evening party we should give careful attention to the choice of sweets. These should be light, well flavoured and colourful, and as far as possible large puddings should be avoided, for service is greatly simplified if most of the sweets are ready in small individual glasses.

Apart from the convenience of this system, guests have a preference for a small portion complete in its own dish; it seems so much more attractive and is obviously easier to deal with, especially at a "stand up" supper.

All dishes having as a basis jelly, custard or blancmange are most suitable for these occasions, and served with or, better still, mixed with fruits, either whole or in a pulp, they are specially delicious, and when prepared with the familiar and popular preparations of Bird's even the most inexperienced amateur cannot go wrong.

One thing, however, is often overlooked by many good cooks, and that is the temperature at which they serve their sweets. If a sweet is meant to be cold let it be frankly so, and if we do not possess a refrigerator we can at least buy a few penniesworth of ice for our party, so that our sweets and drinks run no risk of being tepid; in fact, we might have at least one of the sweets properly iced, which will certainly please our friends, and is a change from ordinary ice-cream.

Custard Salad

When making this dish avoid hard fruits such as apples; during the winter the best plan is to use tinned soft fruit such as pears or peaches or a mixture. Drain off all the juice (do not throw it away; it will be used for a drink described later) and cut the fruit into small pieces. Put a tablespoonful of the fruits into custard glasses and sprinkle with castor sugar. Meanwhile prepare a custard with Bird's powder and, when it is almost but not quite cold, fill up the glasses. Put these aside to get cold and decorate the top of each with a sprinkling of "hundreds and thousands."

Pineapple Cream

Take one tin of pineapple, strain off the juice (keep it aside with the other fruit juice) and chop the fruit very finely. Meanwhile crush some macaroons, roll them with a rolling pin and mix with the fruit, using two parts of fruit to one of macaroon powder. Place a tablespoonful of the mixture into individual glasses, and meanwhile prepare one pint of Bird's Raspberry Blancmange. When it is nearly cold fill up the glasses, beating lightly with a fork. Put the glasses on ice for one hour before serving.

Lemon Mousse

First prepare one pint of Bird's Custard and let it cool. Now take a pint packet of Bird's Lemon Jelly, but make it with three-quarters of a pint of water only. When it has properly dissolved pour it into the custard, whipping well. Pour this mixture quickly into small serving glasses and serve very cold.

Fruit Flan

This delicious form of tart can be made with various fruits. If we are using fresh fruit they should be cooked first. We then make and bake in a round tin some flaky pastry (weigh it down with a few beans while it is cooking). Let the pastry cool and cover the bottom with a layer of fruit—peaches, slices of pears or cooked apples, sweetened to taste. Pour over the top a little fruit juice and a coating of prepared custard. Some people prefer to put the custard first with the fruit on top.

Iced Fruit Punch

A very good and refreshing drink can be made by preparing the required amount of lemonade with Bird's Lemonade Crystals, to which we add the strained juice of an orange, and whatever fruit juices we have left from our sweets. Sweeten to taste and let the rind of the orange soak in the punch until we are ready to drink it. Serve slightly iced, and just before using add a good "splash" of cold soda water.

Cups and Punches

With a basis of good lemonade one can make various drinks, hot and cold, "soft" or otherwise, and when using Bird's Lemonade Crystals all one has to do is to make the liquid (following directions given) and vary the flavour, adding spirits or not according to the occasion. The above recipe is but one of many combinations which can be made.

OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE

How to Buy

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post

401. An evening gown which gives an exceptionally slender line is carried out in Celanese Pendine Satin. Two shaped panels give interest to the hip and shoulder lines, and a third could be worn over the other shoulder if desired, in which case another ¼ yard of material will be required and the bunch of flowers holding the straps to the bodice must be eliminated. Coral red with flowers of a deeper shade is suggested as a colour scheme, or pale blue with deep prune blue flowers. 5¼ yards of 36 in. material. Price 1/-

401

402. A simple woollen dress with a detachable collar of silk piqué or crêpe de Chine has a belt of the material which can be carried right round the waist or slipped through slits on either side of the front panel. The sleeves are interesting and the triangle pockets are fastened by large white buttons. 3 yards of 54 in. material are required. Price 1/-

402

Morris.

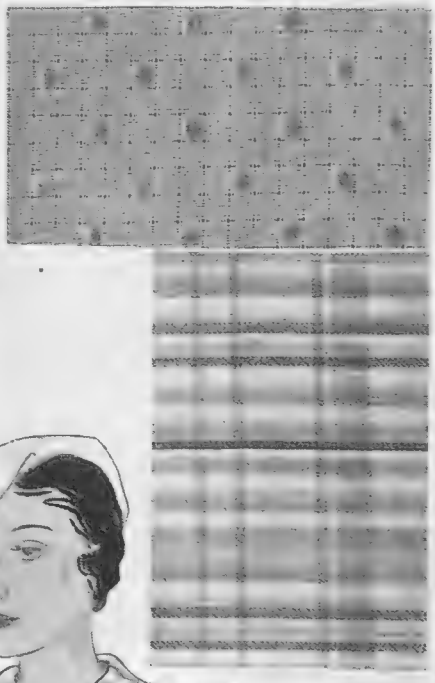
for the HOME DRESSMAKER

403

403. This youthful nightgown would look charming carried out in a blue spot muslin, which is one of the new Tootal crease-resisting fabrics. It is as soft as silk and can be obtained dotted in red, blue or green. 3¾ yards of 36 in. material are required, 5½ yards of net frilling and 2½ yards of ribbon for the sash. Price 1/-

404

404. A tiny dress for baby would be another pretty use for this spotted material. It has puffed sleeves, a turn-down collar and buttons down the front but fastens at the back. 2¼ yards of 36 in. material are required. Ages 2-4. Price 1/-



405. Another delightful crease-resisting Tootal material is a fine cotton which has a silk-soft surface and is to be found in a range of pastel coloured plaids such as blue, yellow and pink on a white ground. 2¼ yards of 36 in. material are required. Price 1/-

405

What I *have* Bought *this* Month

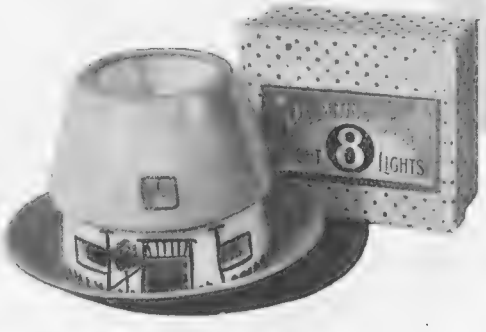
TRAVELLERS will appreciate these accessories. The waterproof hold-all, containing face and hand towels and soap, costs 6/11 and the suède shoe-toilet 3/6. The neat crystal comb in a case with mirror front is 10/6

ABOVE: Here is a novel smokeless ashtray available in many attractive combinations of colour. When not in use the cigarette rests can be folded in as shown on the right, when it makes a neat and decorative paper-weight. Price 8/6

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a letter addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. A stamped postcard must be enclosed for a reply.

BELOW: These new bridge scoring cards have superseded the usual scoring blocks. Each card scores six rubbers, and 450 rubbers can be scored in all for the modest sum of 1/6 per box. The two packs of cards, "Merry-Go-Round" and "Summer Holidays" at 6/- a box, are particularly interesting, having been chosen as the first and second best designs of the year in a recent competition

PRICE'S Venetian Candle sets are made in a range of most attractive colours. Two 10" candles complete with holders cost 3/6 and two 18" candles with holders are 4/6



ABOVE: Bedtime has no terrors when Price's Palmitine Star Night Lights illuminate the night nursery. For 2/- a set of six eight-hour night lights and a charming little house container may be purchased for the delight of the nursery folk

RIGHT: The busy housewife will welcome this work-bag as a useful receptacle in which to keep her knitting or mending until an opportunity for tackling it occurs. Strongly made in floral cretonne, it costs only 3/11

And Now *to* Bed!

One of the most pleasurable hours of the day should not be allowed to become a trial either to the child or the adult

By Len Chaloner

BEDTIME should allow for a moment of play, but the children must not be allowed to become over-excited

WE often hear of babies and toddlers becoming frightened of the bath, although we have every reason to feel certain that they have never had any experience which warrants fear. It may take much patience and ingenuity on our part to get over this fear: we may need such an innovation as a pipe and bubbles, or it may be wise to change the procedure and the position of the bath; or do only a sponge bath for a day or two until the difficulty passes.

One not uncommon reason of anxiety is caused by slipping, with a general feeling of insecurity as a result. A rubber and canvas bath is a help in this respect to the tiny baby, or in the enamel bath we may use a folded napkin with an overhanging piece at the head or, better still, a rubber bath mat specially designed for this purpose.

Even though baby may adore the privilege of much splashing in a big bath, we must remember that he IS only a baby yet, and the routine of his own special soap and nursery powder along with soft towels should continue. Teething, moreover, will not be finished with until baby is two and a half, so that the tendency to be restless at night goes with other difficulties only too familiar to mothers and nannies at this stage, and a good powder, such as Johnson's Baby Toilet Powder, does much to soothe and comfort in such cases. It should be added that though a powder puff may look pretty in a glass bowl, a nursery powder is, on grounds of hygiene, best used from a shaker, and is put up in attractive tins by leading makers in this form.

A winter-time sleeping problem is to keep the older baby protected from his activity in the early morning. A light, well-ventilated Aertex type of bed covering is best, allied to a good night-gown or sleeping suit with long sleeves. But the covers should be securely taped at the corners, and these in turn tied to the bars of the cot. Baby can still enjoy making "tents" with his toes, but will be snug at the same time.

To be put to bed in a dark room is to some quite a welcome affair, and sleep comes all the sooner, to others it is a matter of very real and even acute distress, and is the cause of lying awake.

To take a "grown-up" or "What nonsense!" attitude towards this kind of trouble will not mend matters, and may do actual harm as well as being thoughtlessly cruel. A night-light should never be refused to any child, and we should endeavour to meet it as far as ever we can in overcoming these nameless fears. Apart from the standard form of night-light, Price's make several attractive holders, one of which is illustrated on page 70, which will amuse and distract the child.

One other virtue of our nursery night-light may be borne in mind by mothers and nannies at this time of year. Its readiness for use with a little tripod as a vaporiser and some cresoline makes it a simple but valuable stand-by at times of colds and coughs.

FLOATING toys and boats are always welcome and help to distract a child from any fears it may have in connection with its bath

IF the child should become frightened of a big bath it is as well to revert to a sponge bath for a day or two

Defeating a Tropical Hurricane

(*Continued from page 29*)

along the eastern coast of North America, finally exhausting themselves in rushing over Canada or, recurving eastward, over Greenland, Iceland, Norway or Western Europe. Since they circle anti-clockwise, the storm-centre is on the right when one faces the wind, and long experience has shown that the centre lies from eight to twelve points to the right of the wind's direction.

By keeping close tab of the ship's course and speed, then, at intervals of two or three hours, taking bearings from the ship's known position of from eight to twelve points to the right of the wind's direction, the captain, therefore, was able to follow—and to some slight extent foretell—the movements of the centre, while its distance from the ship he could calculate with fair accuracy by the behaviour of the barometer, which becomes lower and lower, at a more or less fixed rate, the nearer one gets to the centre.

To pick the best course to steer was less easy. In fact, till the last moment—because the hurricane was approaching, not following, us and because—once more—a sudden recurving might upset all but eleventh-hour calculations, there was nothing to do but hold our normal course—South 5 West (True).

Meanwhile the captain was turning over, mentally, the factors which, when the time came, would influence his decision on this point. Navigational treatises concerned with the awful majesty of the elements are unconscious epics. The Hydrographic Office, analysing these factors, grows lyrical: "The winds (of a hurricane) blow with great force around the centre, suggesting on a gigantic scale the familiar path followed by water in escaping from a circular basin by a central opening in the bottom. At the centre itself is a region seldom more than ten or twenty miles in diameter throughout which calm or light air prevails—the so-called 'eye of the storm.' The seas within this area are, however, usually violent and confused, sweeping in from all sides with overwhelming violence.

"Prior to recurving, the winds in that semicircle of the storm which is more remote from the equator . . . are liable to be more severe than those of the opposite semicircle. A vessel hove-to in the semicircle adjacent to the equator has also the advantage of immunity from becoming involved in the actual centre itself, inasmuch as there is a distinct tendency of the storm to move away from the equator and to recurve. For these reasons, the more remote semicircle (the right-hand in the Northern Hemisphere) has been called the *dangerous*, while that semicircle adjacent to the equator is called the *navigable*.

"The most critical situation is that of a vessel finding herself in the forward quadrant of the dangerous semicircle, particularly if at some distance from the centre, where the wind shifts but slowly and the barometer indications are undecided, both causes combining to render the bearing of the centre uncertain."

Our chief object, then, would be to avoid, first the centre, then the dangerous semicircle, and especially its forward quadrant.

FAIR confirmation of the captain's calculations of the hurricane-track—and the moment when he must close, at last, with the issue—came at 10 p.m. with the next message from "Weather, Washington." The ship was then surging through a night darkened by clouds, but an only moderate sea. The wind wailed ominously about the lonely, high-perched bridge and through the unlit wheel-house, the dim-lit chart-room, but not yet with force enough to drown the sound of the wireless, piping out the essential information for which the captain was restlessly waiting. Yet, in spite of the comparative stillness and silence, the atmosphere was tense—tense as it used to be in the Line before Zero—till the taut strings snapped as the typewritten sheet was hurriedly handed in from the wireless cubby-hole, as hurriedly read:

"The tropical disturbance is apparently central about two hundred miles west-north-west of Bermuda, moving north-eastward, attended by gales."

Interpreted, this meant—the worst.

If we held our present course and the hurricane began recurving during the night—which was quite probable, but impossible to foresee—the centre would strike us next day. If we altered course westward, trying to get into the navigable semicircle, and the hurricane did *not* recurve—equally as probable and as impossible to foresee—we would just as surely be struck by the centre next day. Finally, if we changed course to eastward, we would find ourselves clear of the centre, whatever course the hurricane took—but "in the forward quadrant of the dangerous semicircle . . . at some distance from the centre . . . the most critical situation"—bar embroilment in the centre itself.

Here, then, at last, was the stark issue:

Escape being impossible, what were we to do?

The captain's wrestling with that problem was done in the next two hours—and almost complete silence. Occasionally he bent over the chart, occasionally stared out at the night or spoke to the first mate beside him. He had now nothing but his own good judgment to depend on—and everything dependent on it.

At midnight he announced his verdict, saying quietly to the man at the wheel:

"Syd 8 Ost"—South 8 East.

Taking his chance on the belief that the hurricane would probably *not* recurve till it had passed us, he had altered course to eastward by thirty degrees (to South 25 East, True) to pass through the dangerous semicircle, rather than try for the navigable only to meet the centre.

The Norns that ride the whirlwind and direct the storm—the Norns and Time and the winds themselves—would tell if he were right.

By morning we were in the thick of it.

During the night, course was altered still more, to South 30 East, True. The wind, at breakfast-time, was blowing great guns, from South by East, a little on the starboard bow.

"That proves," said the skipper, "that the hurricane hasn't recurved. The centre, just as I expected, will pass us to starboard. You'll see, after a while the wind will shift more and more to west'ard. That'll show I'm right."

Joshua ordering the sun about? Again, Time would tell.

All day we fought, full-tilt, with the dangerous semicircle, while the dragon shrieked and roared. No changes were made in the ship's ordinary routine. A tanker has no hatches, in the ordinary sense, to batten down—her steel tank-covers are already screwed down tight. Nor were any additions made to the officers and men on watch—on deck, a mate, a look-out, a man at the wheel and one man standing by; an engineer, an oiler and a fireman in the engine-room, all changing over every four hours. But cold collations replaced hot meals, because the rolling threatened to boil the cook in his own soup and sent cooky to his bunk, deathly sick.

BY noon the wind had increased to Force 10—a "whole gale." Enormous, threatening clouds scurried endlessly over an overcast sky. Rattling seas burst incessantly over us—the monster getting in some swinging buffets; short downpours drenched us—the monster spouting spray. It was, said the log—in case we didn't know it—"very rough; big breakers"—great, towering Alpine ranges hurtled past, their snow-peaks torn to tatters and surging higher than our reeling mast-heads. All day the ship tobogganed into huge valleys, bored headlong into the opposite slope, then soared into the Seventh Heaven—the Eighth—Ninth—Tenth—there to take an instant's breather, before diving for the Bottomless Pit once more, "flung, Lucifer-like, from Heaven to Hell." From the well-deck, the view of those tumultuous, lifeless wastes was something to be seen this side of Paradise (or the Inferno) by none but men aboard the low, small, naked hulls of working ships.

A working ship ours was, in every sense; working with a trembling, groaning fervour that threatened to shake her to bits; moving with an agitated, galloping motion that tested every rivet; rolling and plunging as if she'd never travel on an even keel again, as Sigund must have done in the thick of his battle. Objects normally passive took unto themselves wings and flew away, to the floor or the unsuspecting lap, at lunch, which, like every other meal, became essentially a movable feast devoted mainly to marvellous displays of juggling with cups and coffee-pots and tins of brisling. Eventually, all loose objects had to be securely jammed with pillows or lashed in place. One loose object only could be neither lashed nor jammed—the only lady aboard—Dolly, the captain's dog, who generally was very bold in barking at the crew, but throughout the hurricane knew that something was wrong and kept very close to master, offering no comment.

ALL day the ship drove on. *Boom!* The unchivalrous waters kicked her terribly in the stern, then scurried wantonly from under, leaving her propeller whirling madly in mid-air and spray, like the tail of Leviathan in his death agony, till she sat down, *wham!* recovered, hurried on again.

In the engine-room, particularly, combat was evident, for Leviathan's very entrails, his furiously beating heart and toiling muscles, were on full view there; every plate shook; the propeller, thrashing and roaring just outside, seemed ready to fly off altogether; the clanking and thudding of the rudder, desperately aiding it in its struggle with the storm, could be plainly heard, and the gigantic chief himself, straining at the wheel of the trouble-valve which eased her when the propeller raced and guarded her from serious injury, was, unconsciously, a symbol of the vast power of the ship, fighting for life, of Man against the Sea. Wildly the huge crank-shafts drummed and whirled when the propeller's rising gave them rein, but the chief—an old Norse hero, taming and driving the horses of the Gods—gently but surely steadied those prancing limbs into their disciplined, proper, measured, sturdy tramp.

Brawn is not everything. The brains of the ship remained with the skipper, who, all Saturday afternoon and for a time that night and Sunday morning, was pinned to the bridge by the trickiest work that can fall to a master mariner—that of conning his craft when wind and sea so cut down her speed that she barely moves and, at times, may be stopped altogether. For twenty-four hours, from noon on Saturday, partly because the storm itself held her back, partly because only by reducing speed could we avoid damaging her, we logged only sixty-five miles, while from noon to 8 p.m., the critical period, we made just one knot. At any moment, then, she might have lost steerage way and fallen into the trough of the sea. So the captain stood balancing in the wheel-house, watching and quietly giving orders:

"Haart styrbord!" "Haart bagbord!" "Steady!"

And the wheel twirled to and fro, keeping her out of reach of the dangerous seas. As an exhibition of skilled, assured seamanship it was worth watching—he handled that huge, unwieldy thing as if it were only a skiff (Sigund again!—handling his horse, bounding in and out of Fafnir's deadly coils, as they fought their battle).

Often, as the ship hung, almost lifeless, beneath the grey and glistening flanks of the upbounding monster, disaster towered over us. But, unwieldy though the ship was, the seas were unwieldier still.

OTHER vessels, all around us, some in trouble, one or two in distress, were having as hard a time—or harder. We heard them, constantly, by wireless, a crowd of swimmers calling encouragement and advice to each other as they writhed in the grip of the common enemy. They gave their names—*Ile de France, Gulf Star, Atlantic City, City of Baltimore, City of New York*—half the cities of the world, apparently, now "towns upon the waters"—and, dominating them all, the illustrious *Bremen*. "Weather, Washington," we still heard, too, shouting directions to the whole brood, an excited old hen cackling from a good safe place while a fox runs amuck among her babies.

Its monotony relieved only by the chanting of bells and the silent coming and going of big, blue-eyed, yellow-haired seamen as the watches changed, Saturday dragged itself through furious daylight into brief, angry sunset and long, terrible darkness. By 8 p.m. the captain had shifted us gradually back to practically the original course. Otherwise, the night showed no improvement—the rolling was worse than ever, threatening to churn us all to butter. No one got any sleep. We turned out in the morning in anything but Sabbath calm. Tired and irritable, we were thoroughly fed up with hurricanes.

But, as a matter of fact, the rolling was a good sign, a symptom of the wind's steady shifting to westward, in weird, mysterious obedience, it seemed, to the captain's orders. Also, both wind and sea were going down.

Again the sea-oracle spoke:

"It's astern of us now. You'll see, to-night everything will be much quieter!"

Sure enough, "Weather, Washington," again quite cheery, as she yelled a mocking farewell to our beaten foe, told us at 10 p.m.:

"The disturbance of tropical origin is central north-west of Sable Island, with considerably decreased intensity, whence it will probably move slowly eastward or north-eastward."

To huff and puff itself into oblivion in the ignominious obscurity of the truly North Atlantic.

And, sure enough, the winds swung steadily round, till at last they blew behind us. How lucky we were to have so wise a skipper—and such a good crew! And such a ship! We realised it, that Sunday night, and, better still, on Monday, when, with a good day's run astern and lessening seas around, Venus and all she is supposed to stand for beamed down on us in indescribable splendour from a kind, star-glittering sky.

But best of all we realised it a week later, in Trinidad, when we read in a local paper of how the Grecian steamship *Annoula* (3,592 tons) caught, as we might have been, in the centre of that same hurricane on that same wild Saturday, had gone down with the loss of twenty-six lives.

END

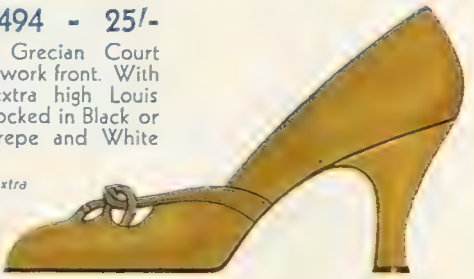
For Occasions demanding Elegance...

By Courtesy of Monseigneur Restaurant

Style 8494 - 25/-

Intriguing Grecian Court with openwork front. With high or extra high Louis Heel. Stocked in Black or White Crepe and White Satin.

Postage 6d. extra



Style 7407 - 22/6

Black or White Crepe de Chine Sandal Bar Shoe. Extra high Louis Heel. Also stocked in Silver Kid at 25/--

Postage 6d. extra

Style 8422 - 16/9

Smart Grecian Court in Black or White Crepe, Black or White Satin, featuring the extra high slender Louis Heel. Also with medium or high Louis Heel at 14/9

Postage 6d extra

Style 7429 - 22/6

Exclusive Black or White Satin Sandal front Court. High Louis Heel. Also stocked in Silver Kid at 25/-.

Postage 6d. extra

DOLCIS EVENING SHOES CAN BE DYED TO ANY SHADE AT 2/6 A PAIR.

DOLCIS ARE DISPLAYING THEIR EVENING FASHIONS AT ALL BRANCHES IN LONDON AND SUBURBS AND ALL LARGE TOWNS AND CITIES IN THE UNITED KINGDOM. . . . .

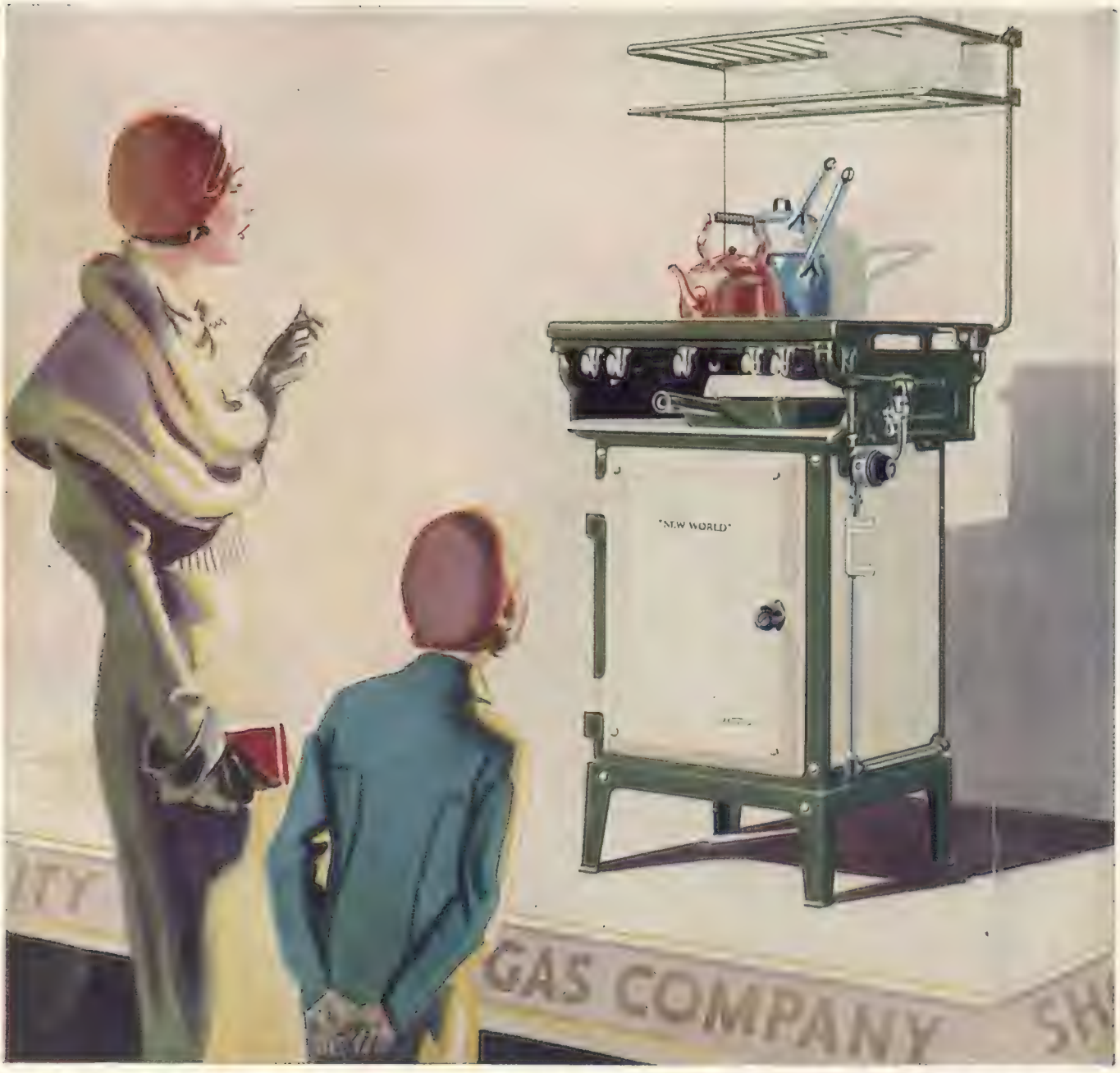
Style 7445 - - - 25/-

Silver Kid Sandal featuring the open Shank and high slender Louis Heel. Also in Black or White Crepe, at 16/9. *Postage 6d extra*

DOLCIS

Orders by post should be addressed to

DOLCIS SHOE CO., DOLCIS HOUSE, GREAT DOVER STREET, LONDON, S.E.1



TIME YOU HAD A 'NEW WORLD' GAS COOKER

Go to your Gas Showrooms and ask to see the unrivalled Radiation 'New World' Gas Cooker. Note the 'Regulo' control—which regulates the oven heat automatically and enables you to cook anything from a single dish to a full-course dinner without attention. The single oven burner, in conjunction with the flue outlet at the bottom of the oven, not only is much more economical in gas but actually gives better cooking. You can cook a six-course dinner to perfection in the 'New World' for as little as 1½d. (with gas at ordinary rates). The patent "Vertico" taps cannot be turned on inadvertently; there is a choice of plate-racks, and a Duplex burner for simmering . . . And now, the beautiful "Beau" enamelled finish — in a variety of exceptionally attractive colours, all easily kept clean with just a rub of a damp cloth.

Get particulars from your Gas Showrooms to-day. Post coupon below for free recipe booklet.

To Radiation Ltd. (Publications Dept. 514), 164 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4.
Please send your free Recipe Book.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....

Radiation

PORCELAIN ENAMELLED

NEW WORLD

GAS COOKERS

THE ONLY GAS COOKERS WITH 'REGULO' CONTROL

Theme Song for Europe—"I Am a Spy"

(*Continued from page 35*)

does not worry about the Tsarist or White Russian émigrés. These are looked upon as much of a defunct joke. Not so, on the other hand, Mussolini, who carries on a thoroughgoing political espionage in relation to the vast Italian colonies living out of Italy, for fear of losing these and consequent man-power one day. This may be said to be the Duce's big external effort corresponding to Moscow's "cells" for world revolution. As for Hitler abroad, his No. 1 Brain, Goebbels, is undoubtedly organising a far-flung political intelligence system. After all, the Germans always did love spying, tumbled for it. Every voyaging German to-day may be expected to bring back his quota to the *Führerland*.

THE present position may be written down as one of very active preparation in two spheres: (a) organising of a system for the collection of the fullest possible accurate information to be turned to account *now*, before hostilities begin, and (b) implanting of a second system now but which will be principally turned to account *later*, when hostilities are under way and frontiers rigorously closed and agents often so un-get-at-able in the flesh. These twin systems will be found to overlap frequently—an agent working for both periods, now and later—but many agents will be reserved exclusively for the second period. Mrs. MacKenna ("I was a spy") would belong essentially to the second period. So very greatly do conditions vary in the two sets of circumstances that twin systems are essential if efficiency is to be achieved. And I might go further and point out that military espionage (in which is here included air and naval by implication) has to be minutely thought out beforehand, even to its application to given territories.

Coupled with the above twin organising is the training of reliable, professional agents and the marking down, if not the engagement, of the lesser human material. Love ladies, couriers, and such. And governing the whole is the working out of the upper reaches of the service, the attribution of jobs, secrets for ever more, to those mystic gentlemen who answer later to "C" and "Y" in popular recounting. I should particularly like to say a few words about the training. Spy schools are not good things and I should be surprised if any more have been established. Substitute: Coaching classes. These are not a bit sensational in regard to their curriculum nor are their benches populated by glamorous adventurers or "beautiful women spies" (Have you ever heard of any other?). We have to do with matter-of-fact courses, usually held in unspectacular villas, and the pupils are most often ordinary men of military, civil service, diplomatic, engineering, linguistic, or chemical persuasion or origin, with perhaps an occasional lawyer, correspondent, travelling business man, rentier-tourist thrown in. I refer to the high-class product. Nor are these pupils taught to collect a lot of vague hearsay, think stuff and "atmosphere," but to concentrate on certain aspects, cultivate precision, and know how to go about their jobs—and how not to. Pupils are taken in small batches according to what is going to be assigned to them later. All quite prosaic, even dull. What, after all, is the use of sending agents out after specific "merchandise" if they are not up in that particular line of goods? They have got to learn that line and that represents quite a lot of their wonderful glamorous student days! Example: Some spies are earmarked for trailing the enemy's formations, identification, where they are, etc. Very well, they must get down to the business of learning the manifold camouflages the enemy will resort to in concealing the identity and location of his effectives. Another lot of agents will be set aside for machine-gun and gas information. They have got to learn all about those two charming inventions, and the very ultimate latest about them, to be of any use. And so it goes on in these hush-hush classes. Languages will be necessary, and how to act in emergencies, or how to connect up with one's unsavoury immediate chief, how to receive one's pay and further instructions.

Well, these are the kind of people who are being taught to-day or who are already on the job; and there are others. I have notes here of no fewer than fourteen officers—many of them Staff—arrested in the past few months in their respective countries, Poland, Finland, France, Rumania, Italy, England, Jugo-Slavia. What a symptom that alone is of all that is going on below ground! Fourteen officer traitors! Mussolini shot his fellow in the back, refusing the frontal gesture. These officers were of a certainty approached by star artists, by men of the highest qualifications, with a view to their delivering strategic plans and secrets of construction, mobilisation and supply services. There's a great run on the two last, because if in opening hours and days they can be satisfactorily assailed from the air the war may be won. The plans for the supply services round crucial Belfort have already been "missing" *four times*. *Four* times have totally new plans had to be drawn up. That also gives you an idea. . . .

While on the subject of France, something of an ominous spy hysteria already prevails there, and a good deal of it needn't be taken seriously. Nevertheless, this uniquely armed land has such a lot to hide—and nothing more determinedly than her defences along the German frontier. If you like, neighbours have "put a plan down" here! A friend of mine recently spent ten conducted days along the wonderful line. He was lucky; he also was certainly only shown the broad outline of things. These defences, covering nearly 200 miles and reputed to have cost £100,000,000, took five years to complete and are known as the Maginot Line, after the deceased War Minister who pressed them on. They are, briefly, immense, self-contained fortresses in the bowels of the earth where whole brigades can live for weeks and circulate underground to neighbouring works and never for an instant cease holding every yard of the surrounding country under decimating fire, each fortress, every few miles, having its arc of fire which intersects its neighbour's arc on either side. Nor could air incendiarism or gassing interfere seriously—or so it is thought. But Germanic and Italian eyes are not wanted along the Maginot Line, nor any other foreign eyes for that matter, and so it is a constant tale of the arrest of suspects, usually Alsatians. What an opposing General Staff hankers for is a detailed blue print of the whole system, because so much of this has been completely hidden from ordinary lay eyes, however wide open.

I cannot close this account without mentioning one or two brand-new specialists who have either already entered into activity or are being held in the wings.

There is the Short Wave man. Marconi, as is known, is devoting practically his entire time to developing extremely short wave stuff—almost imperceptible air ripples—and he has already signalled in complete secrecy a distance of over 100 miles from the *Elettra* to Rocco del Papa. Really secret, untrailable wireless would be a tremendous present for the Duce were he able to retain, even for a short while, the monopoly of it. The dickens, for spies, is not so much collecting their stuff as communicating it. Here, over frontiers, would be the solution. Unseen, unheard, unfelt, unfindable.

Take, again, the Wrecker, very dangerous newcomer. The sabotage merchant retained for tough dynamiting jobs at vital points. We were just getting on to this last time. These gentlemen may at the present moment be harmlessly tucked away in perfectly above-board jobs in foreign countries, but will know when to move and whither. Incidentally, if they receive retainers of £10 or £15 a month, that is as much as they get. The greatest rubbish is talked about spying fortunes, no doubt chiefly because a Mata Hari contrived to mix other things, on a high-paying plane, with her not-so-good spy work. Sound agents make their most out of bonuses for work done. As for the rank and file—those usually to be found on the secret files of consulates in neutral countries in wartime—£20 a month is, or used to be, the exception.

Let me instance, also, the disarmament spy who may be freely in action should that strange practice spread, become contagious. On the premiss that, of course, when a fellow says he's chucked away his club you're going to watch him all the more closely. Clandestinely in the wake of Genevan commissions of control this agent would operate; as, in the fact, he is already operating to-day, in the midst of Brown and Pink and Puce Shirts and nigh to pocket battleships.

My list thins out, yet I cannot overlook the Anti-Surprise Agent, called into being chiefly to counteract the Wrecker, and watchfully located already at those vital points upon which a nation's cohesive carrying-on depends. He may suspect his man already, but does not arrest him, desiring to learn more. Quite a lot of spies are not being arrested *now*, though fully known. You may depend upon it.

Many spies are wanted and many are being chosen. And no difficulty about it, a glut of candidates. Why? Three or four reasons. Intense, self-sacrificing patriotism in some quarters—and there are few better than the patriot spy if he have not his wits about him. Again, the moral degeneracy produced by prolonged slump and crisis, with its endless tale of educated people up against it and ready for most things, has swollen the ranks of the adventurer-aspirant. Pretty ladies come in here, too, but, really, the sex does play such a relatively small part in espionage—at any rate until war comes, when the majority are engaged as decoys or for "pillow pumping." However, there have been notable exceptions and surely will be again. A further cause of quickened interest in quarters whence raw material is apt to derive—commercial travellers, pullman conductors, stewards, couriers, smugglers and dope pedlars, touring artistes and circulating members of the liberal professions, thoroughly hit—hinges on all the publicity 1914–18 spying has had in film and book and newspaper of late years. Why not try and pick up a bit that way? Sounds easy and exciting! Nor must it be overlooked that for every one individual who had some military knowledge in 1914 there are to-day dozens: the ex-officer type, thickly strewn round Europe, figures high up on the list of candidatures. And the cohorts of distressed but suitable enough refugee material has already been noticed.

And, furthermore, nothing in this article is helping anybody; it is all known to the various General Staffs, if not to you.

Books

(*Continued from page 42*)

read again Strachey himself, to see what a gulf separates him from the majority of his imitators. In *Characters and Commentaries* (Chatto and Windus, 10s. 6d.) his brother has collected a few hitherto unpublished essays and some thirty or more newspaper articles not previously reprinted. Strachey was a man of delicate and lively perceptions, the most stimulating company in the world. But immortality, if that is to be his fate, will rest, as it always does, upon his style. Nobody since Stevenson has handled the language with such confidence and grace; and, being less precious, he may be reckoned more fastidious than Stevenson. The first six papers in this collection were written, while he was still at Cambridge, in the contest for the Le Bas Prize Essay. The judges decided to award no prize that year. As one reads these astonishingly mature pages, one wonders who those judges were and what sort of standard they set.

Independent of any conscious arrangement on my part, essays have crowded in on me this month. Essays of all kinds, from the gay, epigrammatic, utterly frivolous *Manual of Modern Manners*, by Pamela Frankau (Cresset Press, 3s. 6d.)—a book of Bright Young Etiquette for Bright Young Problems—to Thomas Mann's weighty *Past Masters* (Secker, 7s. 6d.), a series of papers on Wagner, Goethe, Lessing, Nietzsche, Dürer, Tolstoi, Freud, Spengler, Conrad, and others. For once, this eminent German man of letters has sent me away rather empty. Let me add that there is plenty to eat; the board groans; but the cooking is not to my taste. Usually so satisfying, he is merely solid here.

Thirteen writers, under the leadership of Miss Sylva Norman, have contributed an essay apiece to *Contemporary Essays*, 1933 (Elkin Mathews and Marrot, 10s. 6d.), and their views as to the nature of their job show plenty of variety. So marked is this variety that there will scarcely be a reader sufficiently catholic in taste to appreciate them all. Of the thirteen, I derived full enjoyment from four—a pretty high proportion. Mr. Adrian Bell's seems to me to be absolutely first-rate—right in the tradition, yet without an echo of anybody else. There is a scholarly and charming contribution entitled "The Triumph of Time," by the author of *Nymph Errant*; and the last two essays, by Mr. Peter Fleming and Mr. Edmund Blunden, are both admirable. The remainder are either wearisomely modern or all too reminiscent. On no literary form does the past lie so heavy as on the essay. One may almost say that any essayist who mentions Coleridge or even Hazlitt is a lost soul. As for the gentle Elia—he need not be mentioned: the thought of him is enough; we recognise it immediately by the expression on the author's face.

The trouble with Lamb, as with Strachey, is that his influence has been bad. The kind of influence a man wields is surely a matter of luck, and he cannot in fairness be reproached with it. Following up their success with *Everybody's Boswell* and *Everybody's Pepys*, Messrs. Bell have brought out *Everybody's Lamb*, likewise at half a guinea, and illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard. Edited by Mr. A. C. Ward, this volume contains a selection of the essays, the letters, and miscellaneous prose. I hope this book will not be regarded too exclusively as a suitable gift to the young, however. Most people read Lamb too early, and cease to read him when they reach an age which renders them safe from his insidious example. The programme should be reversed.

This is one way of wrecking a car...

SO IS NEGLECTING LUBRICATION.....

Do you realise what a lot of damage can be done by incorrect or irregular lubrication? Filling up the engine sump is only one of many necessary operations. Look in your instruction book; the car maker warns you of the many parts needing regular attention. But the work is dull and you are busy, so Castrol Lubrequipment Service solves the problem. In your district officially appointed stations are now equipped with modern labour-saving devices to perform the work thoroughly, at little cost and using only genuine Castrol Lubricants of several kinds, as recommended by your car maker. Write to-day for the addresses of nearby stations.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

WAKEFIELD Castrol LUBREQUIPMENT SERVICE

ASK FOR DETAILS

"SCIENTIFIC LUBRICATION WHILE YOU WAIT"

C.C.WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD., CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.2

A New Morris Cowley

The 15 h.p. "Six"

A GENUINE, full-sized motor-car sold at a very modest figure. The 15 h.p. Morris Cowley "Six"

THE coachwork allows ample space, even for long-legged passengers. Both front and back seats are generously proportioned

TO most people, I imagine, the words "Morris Cowley" conjure up the picture of a small, compact car, having a four-cylinder engine of about 12 h.p. Not everyone realises that there are to-day two Morris Cowley models, one which is built on more or less the expected lines, and one which is entirely new. The latter is known as the Cowley "Six" and, with a 15 h.p. engine, is of substantial and very comfortable size.

In many ways, indeed, the Cowley "Six" may be regarded as a large car. It provides ample space and leg-room for four passengers of normal girth, or for five slim ones. Moreover, on the open road, it gives a feeling of solidity, running with extreme steadiness at all speeds. The driving position, in general, is comfortable, but the hand brake might be more accessibly placed. Also, as is the case with many cars which have a raised housing over the propeller shaft, there is no convenient place for the driver to rest his left foot.

These are trivial matters, however. In testing the car for performance, one soon finds that the engine does much to sustain the impression of solidity and power. There is nothing exceptional in the rate of acceleration, but a degree of smoothness and silence is attained which must be deemed truly remarkable. This Cowley has plenty of speed, yet at no time does one feel that the engine is "revving" unpleasantly fast. On the contrary, the car always seems to be running very well "within itself." The hardest driving does not, for instance, have any effect on engine temperature, which remains always at the "normal" level, nor does any rate of speed give rise to valve clatter or vibration.

Thus, in top gear, I was able to reach and maintain 60 m.p.h. without any sign of "fuss." As a cruising speed, 50 m.p.h. seemed a very easy pace, and one at which the car would continue to run indefinitely. In third gear, I was expecting about 40 m.p.h., but found that a good 45 m.p.h. could be reached. This high speed in an indirect gear must naturally be of great value in making a good average over difficult and hilly country.

ALL new Morrises, of course, now have a synchro-mesh gearbox, and I soon found this to be a real asset. Both third and top gears are definitely fool-proof, so that even the most elementary attempt at a gear-change cannot result in noise or jarring. Incidentally, neither first nor second, although non-synchro-mesh gears, are by any means awkward to engage correctly. Personally, I like to use my second gear, if it is pitched high enough to be of value. In this case, I found a very useful ratio, and one which could be slipped in without any need for excessive skill.

In this respect, modern four-speed gearboxes vary very much. Some are merely what I call "three-speed" boxes in disguise," having an absurdly low first gear which is practically never of the slightest use. It is pleasant to find that the new Morris gearbox does not fall into this aggravating category.

Excellent hydraulic four-wheel brakes are fitted. The hydraulic system, which a few years ago was a novelty, has been steadily gaining adherents of late, and in this case, as always, provides admirably smooth and steady braking. Stopping power is ample, but the action of the brakes is always perfectly progressive, there being no suggestion of the "grabbing" which is sometimes to be noticed in other braking systems where lightness of operation has been the designer's chief concern. Withal, these hydraulic brakes are quite as light as any normal person will desire.

THE springing is thoroughly efficient, and the car "sits down" on the road in a very satisfactory manner. The steering is definite, with a fair amount of self-centring action, and has a good lock which enables the car to be readily turned within a small space. The electrical equipment has one unusual and valuable feature, a battery master-switch which prevents any possibility of current leakage while the car is garaged.

THE coachwork, while being very comfortable, is also distinctly attractive in appearance. There are many useful minor fittings, among which I noticed an excellent sun visor of the interior adjustable type. As to price, one may be sure that any Morris car will offer really first-rate value for money. The Cowley "Six" certainly is no exception to the rule, and the saloon model, with sliding head, must be regarded as a most attractive proposition at £220.

THE front view of the new Cowley "Six" is distinctly impressive. The radiator is very slightly sloped

Gordon Watney & CO. LTD

Established 1907.

SPECIAL WEST END
AGENTS FOR

SUNBEAM

THE SUPREME CAR

We shall be pleased to arrange a trial run on any model and make a generous allowance for your present car.

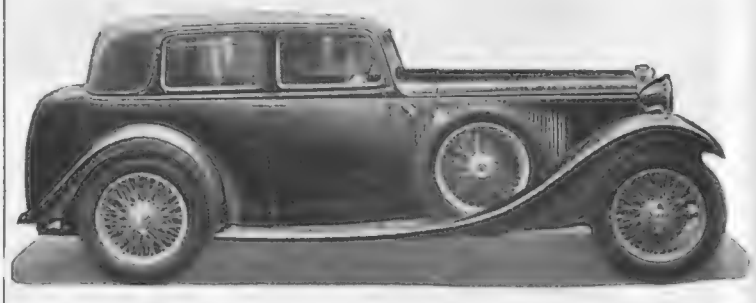
31, BROOK STREET,
BOND STREET, W.1.

Phone: Mayfair 0267 (4 lines).

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

The Car Mart Ltd

DISTRIBUTORS FOR
LONDON, MIDDLESEX
KENT, SURREY
AND SUSSEX OF



SUNBEAM

THE SUNBEAM "SPEED" MODEL is the Sporting Car de Luxe. Capable of more than 90 m.p.h. on the road, with terrific acceleration, steering and brakes beyond criticism, it has the unmistakable feel of a thoroughbred. A trial run will thrill you. The car illustrated is the

PILLARLESS STREAMLINED SALOON £825

The other SUNBEAM models are

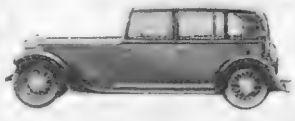
SUNBEAM "DAWN"	£485
SUNBEAM "TWENTY"	£775
SUNBEAM "TWENTY-FIVE"	£875

THE CAR MART LIMITED are the largest SUNBEAM Distributors and all the above models may be seen and tried at their Depots. A generous allowance will be made for your present car.

THE CAR MART LIMITED

46-50 PARK LANE,
LONDON, W.1.
GROSVENOR 3434

STANHOPE HOUSE,
320-4 EUSTON ROAD,
LONDON, N.W.1.
MUSEUM 2000



WHATEVER car you want, there are countless reasons why you should choose it at Henlys. The largest selection of cars in the Kingdom. Facilities for comparison of inestimable value. The best terms. Easily the best service. And the best exchange allowance.

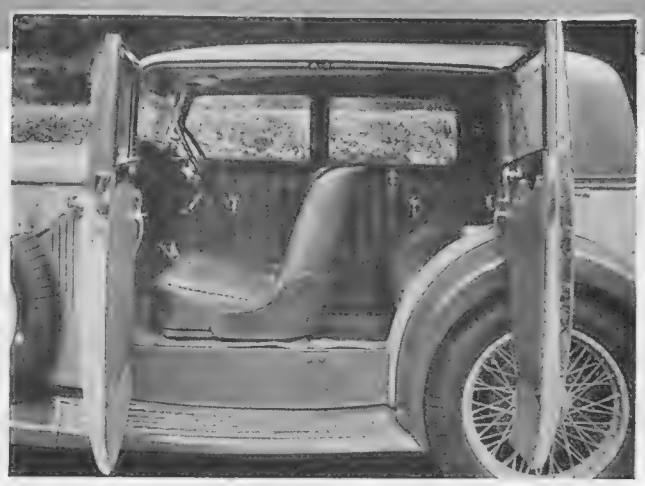
Cars in stock include Alvis, Austin, Hillman, Morris, Lagonda, Singer, Humber, Wolseley, Rover, S.S., Studebaker, M.G., Lanchester, Riley, Rolls-Royce, Standard, Talbot and Vauxhall.

Write, Phone or Call.

HENLYS

ENGLAND'S LEADING MOTOR AGENTS
Henly House, Euston Road, N.W.1, and Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1.
Museum 7734 (100 lines). *Also Manchester, Bournemouth, Bristol*

SUNBEAM "Speed Model" four-door "Pillarless" Saloon. A car designed to give an exceptionally high cruising speed, but with the same standard of comfort and refinement of performance as the other Sunbeam models



THE four-door "Pillarless" Saloon, showing interior accommodation

The Sunbeam 20 h.p. Speed Model

Put through its paces by The Earl of Cardigan

OF the various sports models which I have tested recently, the 20 h.p. Sunbeam is certainly one of the most interesting. It is an impressively fast car, and yet its performance differs considerably from that of the ordinary high-speed productions. It has its own individual manner of achieving the desired results.

I can best exemplify this by admitting that, on one occasion, I made the lamentable error of starting from a standstill in third gear instead of first. I think it will be admitted that, with the average sports model, this would have resulted in stalling the engine forthwith. With the Sunbeam, however, nothing of the sort occurred. I was naturally conscious that the "pick-up" was not quite so lively as usual (and speedily divined the reason!), but I doubt whether a passenger could have noticed that anything abnormal had occurred.

The fact is that this Sunbeam model does not achieve its performance, as one might expect, by a combination of light construction and high gearing. Indeed, for a large car, the Speed Model could almost be described as being low geared. On the other hand, the engine—an overhead-valve unit of 21 rated horse-power—has a quite exceptional capacity for "revving." In case this does not sound attractive, let me say at once that the "revs" are obtained so smoothly, and with such complete absence of noise or vibration, that there is nothing in the least objectionable or "fussy" in the high speed at which the engine turns over.

What is obtained by this means is great flexibility and remarkable acceleration. The Sunbeam will run quite as slowly in top gear as any ordinary car of the steady 60 m.p.h. class. It will do almost anything in third gear, and does not need to drop below second except for actually starting on an incline. The lower gears may be used as desired, but it is seldom that a change down must be made of necessity.

Acceleration is a striking feature throughout the car's whole range of speed. In a sports car, one expects quick results when the throttle is opened at 30 or 40 m.p.h. With the Sunbeam, however, one can "get off the mark" with great rapidity when accelerating in top gear from a mere 10 m.p.h. The same applies at 40, 60 and even 80 m.p.h. At all times, the engine will respond without hesitation, and with a remarkably vivid and consistent flow of power.

As to maximum figures, the Speed Model, in saloon form, should definitely exceed 90 m.p.h. I have this on good authority, and myself have exceeded 80 m.p.h. with a considerable reserve of power still on hand. In third gear I was able to reach 65 m.p.h. against a considerable gradient, which implies a good 70 m.p.h. on the level. As a top gear cruising speed, 60 or 70 m.p.h. can be regarded as quite a modest pace.

The gearbox is of the ordinary, straightforward type, but very pleasant and easy to manage. The Sunbeam Company is probably quite right in omitting any special simplifying mechanism. It is doubtful, I think, whether the keen type of owner driver, to whom a car of this type is intended to appeal, is really enamoured of fool-proof gear-changing. The Sunbeam gearbox, as it stands, should certainly present no problems, except to the absolute novice.

In this connection, my only criticism is that the gear lever is curiously ill placed, being out of the comfortable reach of any driver who is not himself built on pronouncedly simian lines. I understand, however, that an alternative form of cranked gear lever can be fitted if desired, and I shall not be surprised if the latter is eventually standardised.

The car is thoroughly well sprung, and rides comfortably at all speeds. The steering is excellent and has just that nice, firm degree of self-centring action Where road holding is concerned one expects a Sunbeam to show to advantage, and the Speed Model decidedly does so. It remains perfectly steady under all conditions, and thus inspires one with a confidence which is immensely satisfying. In a really fast car, such considerations are of very real importance.

The brakes are powerful, but perfectly smooth, so that they can be used firmly and freely in any emergency. The coachwork is comfortable, good looking, and has the interesting feature of omitting the usual central door pillar. In effect, there is a double door on either side of the saloon body. The price, £825, may be beyond the reach of some, but it is in no way excessive for what must be regarded as a first-rate engineering proposition.

This Month's Motoring Hint:

If Winter Comes . . .

IF, by any chance, this month brings us a spell of the "old-fashioned" winter, there are bound to be a good many drivers on the road who will be encountering snow conditions for the first time. Naturally, much of the art of successful winter driving is a matter of common sense, although practice counts for a good deal.

On snow-covered roads many people drive at a consistently low speed, but this is not really essential. A well-balanced car will not tend to skid when driven in a straight line at a constant speed. What must be avoided is violent acceleration, violent braking, or any sudden motion of the steering wheel.

Starting on an up slope often gives rise to difficulty, since wheel-spin is not easily avoided. The best plan, I have found, is to start in as high a gear as possible, making very gentle use of the clutch. On such occasions it is quite allowable to move the car off in third gear, changing down into second gear when a little forward speed has been obtained. The same, incidentally, applies to driving over mud, as one is often forced to do when attending point-to-points or other rural events. The higher gear is always better.

ALVIVACITY-

The thrill of driving an ALVIS . . .

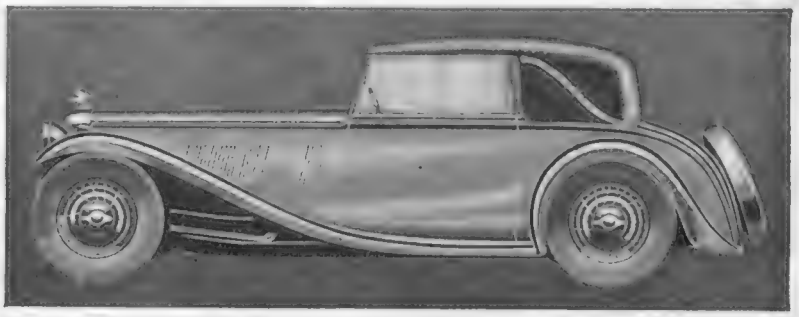
is an unforgettable experience which brings relief from the commonplace. The joyous response to every mood, vivid acceleration without a tremor of vibration, speed in smoothness and silence, perfect suspension and ease of control . . . these are exclusive ALVIS features best expressed by the word "ALVIVACITY." Of irreproachable quality, high performance, and distinguished appearance, every ALVIS car will travel fast and far with credit to its makers and its owner.

Full particulars of 1934 Models from £475, post free from
ALVIS CAR & ENGINEERING CO., LTD., COVENTRY

H.P.

ALVIS

SPEED TWENTY



Sole Distributors for London & Home Counties.

CHARLES FOLLETT LTD.

18, Berkeley St., London, W.1

MAYFAIR 6266.

A Car for real motoring—4-speed Synchro-mesh gear box—Independent front springing—Exclusive coachwork by Vanden Plas. Coupé - - - £885

ON FIRE!

But not for long!

By carrying a "PYRENE" Fire Extinguisher you will always be ready to save your car. No need to depend on assistance that may come too late. The "PYRENE" Extinguisher projects a powerful continuous jet—does not depend on maintained pressure—easily refilled. It not only makes your car safe from fire, but enables you to fulfil the Petrol Storage Regulations.

Get yours now! Or write for illustrated folder "B.E.F."

Pyrene TRADE MARK

FIRE EXTINGUISHER

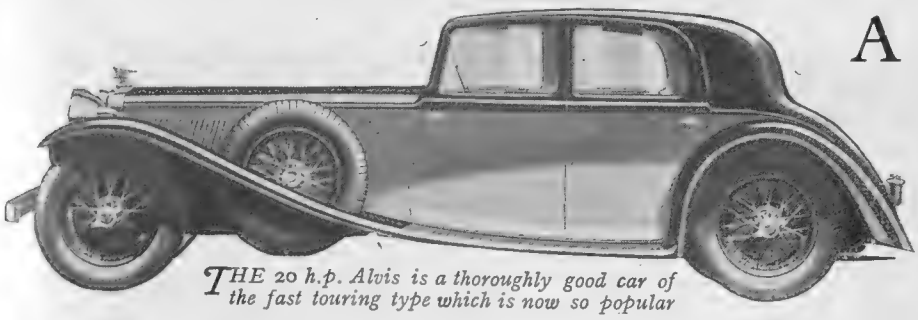
PRICES FROM **35/-**

10% or 15% REBATE OFF CAR INSURANCE

By protecting your car with a "PYRENE" extinguisher you can also save up to 40% on your yearly insurance. Write now to Dept "B.E.I." for details of THE PYRENE MOTOR POLICY

THE PYRENE COMPANY, LIMITED, Great West Road, BRENTFORD, Middlesex.

TELEPHONE: EALING 6012 (7 Lines). *TELEGRAMS:* "PYRENE, BRENTFORD."



THE 20 h.p. Alvis is a thoroughly good car of the fast touring type which is now so popular

A Fast Touring Car of Exceptional Quality

The new "Speed Twenty" Alvis

By The Earl of Cardigan

TO try out a new Alvis model is always an interesting experience—and this not merely because the car happens generally to be a fast one. Far more important is the fact that the Alvis designers remain pioneers, in the sense that they almost invariably manage to produce something that is novel and possessed of striking possibilities. The new "Speed Twenty" provides an admirable illustration. It might have been merely an efficient high-speed touring car: in fact, it is one of the select 1934 models which every student of motoring ought to study and examine.

Basically, this 20 h.p. Alvis has not been greatly altered since its introduction. It still possesses its original virtues—chief among them a capacity for speed combined with comfort and stability. The maximum speed in top gear is something over 90 m.p.h. On a recent test run, I myself exceeded 80 m.p.h., while still having a considerable reserve of power in hand. Without difficulty, I was able to obtain 70 m.p.h. in third gear.

Moreover, as is not always the case with cars of the sporting type, I was able to drive in absolute comfort. There was plenty of leg-room and head-room, the seats were tilted to an agreeable angle, and all the controls, hand brake included, came readily to hand. I could have welcomed another two inches of space for my right elbow, but there was no other criticism to be made. Incidentally, back-seat passengers were equally well catered for.

On the open road, good road-holding was a very marked and welcome feature. The car gave the delightful impression that under no reasonable circumstances would it think of skidding, or in any way losing its habitual steadiness. Naturally, where a car is capable of cruising speeds well above the ordinary level, this quality makes all the difference, in the driver's mind, between lurking anxiety and perfect confidence.

Turning now to the new and especially interesting features of the 1934 design, the front axle in particular demands examination. I speak of the "front axle," but, in fact, no such thing exists—each front wheel being carried independently on a short axle arm, and each being provided with a separate transverse cantilever spring. Each front wheel, similarly, has its own fore-and-aft steering rod, there being no connecting track rod.

The result of all this is that, whereas front-wheel braking and steering are in no way adversely affected—being, indeed, remarkably light and efficient in operation—the left hand wheel, as regards bumps and jars, knoweth not what the right hand wheel doeth. Undoubtedly, the front springing of this car is much improved as a result. To make a test, I several times drove my near side front wheel violently over a stone kerb. The severe blow thus caused was largely localised, and had a proportionately slight effect on the chassis as a whole.

ANOTHER notable feature of the 1934 "Speed Twenty" is that it possesses what I believe to be the only all-synchro-mesh four-speed gearbox. This is obviously an excellent thing—for it is not logical, where four gears are provided, to make two of them perfectly foolproof, and the other two, by comparison, difficult for a novice to engage. Particularly is this the case where second gear is a useful ratio, high enough for the driver to wish to use it on right-angle turns.

THE Alvis system combines two distinct virtues not formerly associated in any one car. The gear-box, being a synchro-mesh unit, operates precisely in the same manner as any box of the ordinary, now old-fashioned type. There is absolutely nothing new to learn, and yet there is no possibility of a "crash" change being made. At the same time, all gears are of equal simplicity and silence, and there is no "awkward moment" in dropping down from a synchro-mesh third into a non-synchro-mesh second gear. The only possible fault to be found is that the gear lever operates a trifle stiffly.

There are one or two other features which, if not by any means unique, are at least both novel and of genuine usefulness. One of these is the permanent jacking system—at all times a boon, but more particularly so to-day, when it is the fashion for so many cars to have rear luggage trunks or long, down-swept coach-work lines. To my way of thinking, it was never much fun to inveigle a reluctant jack under a muddy axle: nowadays, it would often be impossible to do so without first lying prone in the road!

It is true, of course, that the modern tyre practically never punctures. Only at very rare intervals do wheel-changing troubles arise. None the less, the permanent jack is such a real saver both of time and temper that it is surprising that it should not be more generally fitted.

REVERTING to the springing, for the rear-wheel shock absorbers there is a tele-control system whereby more or less resistance can be given, by merely turning a knob, while the car is actually in motion. This again is not unique—but it is of great practical value, and may still be a novelty to many drivers. I have no hesitation in saying that *any* system of suspension may be substantially improved if the resistance to shocks be increased for high-speed running and reduced for low speeds. This is exactly what tele-control achieves.

It would be wrong, however, to suggest that this Alvis is notable only, or even mainly, for its special features. Apart from all its novelties, it is a thoroughly good car of the fast touring type which is now so popular. It is not purely a speed model. It is flexible, quiet and thoroughly docile, despite its widespread reputation for fast travelling. For anyone who has £800 to spend, it is a genuinely attractive proposition, and an investment which the sporting motorist is not likely to regret.

Get your ALVIS at HENLYS

because

—Henlys have been Alvis Specialists since 1922. —Henlys maintain constantly in stock a large selection of the latest models. —Henlys offer the best deliveries of all models. —Henlys specialise in Exclusive Coachwork on the Alvis Crested Eagle and Speed 20 Models. —Henlys' Service to Alvis purchasers is absolutely unparalleled. —Henlys have a great demand for every make of used car, and give the highest possible allowances for cars in part exchange for a 1934 Alvis.

HENLYS, ALVIS DISTRIBUTORS, 1, 3 and 5, Peter Street, Manchester.
LONDON SHOWROOMS: Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1. Grosvenor 2271.

Found!
...the perfect way to
UNDER-ARM FRESHNESS

Perstik, the new deodorant, gives immunity in a moment.

NO more worry; no more embarrassment. Just a touch of Perstik under the arms and perspiration odour is entirely banished.

Equally effective for dealing with depilatory odour.

Nothing like Perstik has ever before been available. It is the cosmetic find of the year.

Pure, white, greaseless, Perstik in its smart black and white case, is easy to use any time. Take it in your handbag to the theatre and to dances; never be without it.

Perstik
—the size of a lipstick
applied like a lipstick

2/6 *From all high-class Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers.*

Merchandising and Service Corporation Ltd., 64, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

Solarium

(*Continued from page 23*)

And more than the expenditure of energies is the slow, insidious, wholesale breaking of the domestic spirit of nations. Domestically, a nation should be proud and it should be free.

STRANGE, strange this fear that inflicts all men who rule—except those inspired few who now and again blaze like comets their path of light across humanity's perplexed sky!

They are afraid of the people's joy; afraid of the people's freedom. Show them anxious-eyed crowds, humble as ants, returning at nightfall to their swarming homes to leave them again as day breaks, and they breathe freely; they are at peace. They have not only an obedient, but a subservient people. Show them the steadfast rebels they are up against to-day, and the whole world seems to them a potential slaughter-house on a scale never before equalled.

But that is just what the World of the Sun is not. It is these steadfast rebels against long misused over-rule who will raze down the slaughter-house and throw away the implements of the killers.

Where you have joy and health you have hope; where you have hope you have vision; where you have vision you have beauty; and where you have beauty you plan to preserve it unscarred.

Some years ago the Old Gentleman took a colleague and named it DORA. Swaddled in flannel petticoats as this creation is, however, it is no true woman. It is of the other sex, masquerading in woman's clothes; an indictable offence in itself.

DORA is male.

A woman likes to see the children play.

Every man who opens a new playground has won a battle for his country.

NOW who is going to live in the World of the Sun?

"All these new ways of thinking, of expecting, of demanding," they insist, "must come to nothing."

As it was in the beginning, so it is now—so it ever shall be.

So they say.

They have not understood, in their distrust and fear, the bedrock reality of the changes that even they discern about them.

They do not understand that the word "Success"—a word which will always be worshipped—has split into several values.

To them, success meant material achievement, notoriety, fame, money; any or all of these. But no more.

To us, success means success in a chosen way of life. But that life is of the heart and the spirit as much as of the body.

The splendid prince, happy in his princeliness, is a success.

The obscure mother, choosing and fulfilling her destiny and satisfied with it, is a success.

The ambitious merchant, who counts only mercenary gains and feels no loss of other things, is a success.

The lifelong student of his chosen studies, poor and a dreamer as he may seem, is a success.

The man who puts leisure before money and achieves leisure is a success.

In fact, to us, Success is de-standardised. It is a possession for all; cottage or mansion; velvet or fustian.

If we did not hate the word "return" I would say here that we have returned to simplicity.

I prefer to say that we are at last on the right road looking for Christianity; a tattered banner long lost amid high people and high places, low people and low places, wars, murders, persecutions, social superiorities and inferiorities, drunken kings, greedy prelates, dissensions of Churches, rivalries of parties, Prayer book writing to suit one faction, and Bible burning to suit another; among bewildering lusts and rapacities, cries of martyrs, and exhortations of saints; all the jungle of private, political, sex, and religious life for over nineteen hundred years.

Sometimes I still hear the phrase: "The swing of the pendulum."

It is always connected with some prophecy of "return."

Trade will "return" to its old routes; kings will "return" to their thrones; upstart governments to their elemental mud; family life will "return," unchanged by devastating eruptions; marriage will "return" in all its old regimentalism; all parents will "return" to minor godhead; all young men again will follow father; women will "return" to flannel petticoats; the "poor" will revive meekness; and the "better classes" resume their former arrogance.

In fact, I still hear that the pendulum will swing back.

However, the pendulum will not swing back. That pendulum never did. History will not show you such an occasion—and why should it? History is history; and may never again so much as light the lamp of the future.

The pendulum never swings back for a good reason.

The clock has broken.

There comes the time when a new clock is bought; with a different movement.

This is such a time.

This is a time when each man asks for his inheritance. It is not from any earthly progenitor that he asks it. He asks it direct of God.

God will give the simple man his simple inheritance.

The days, the nights, the seashore, the flowers, the trees, the moon, the sun—the dustman likes the leisure to enjoy a little of these just as the duke does. And the great institutional worship of Toil—for others—as an end in itself, as an ideal in itself, must cease; has ceased.

"Shorter hours," the newspapers remark succinctly. In fact, the hour of leisure, the hour of dream, the hour of play; the book; the open road; the sunshine; the swimming-pool; the health; the fun; these things of which legislators have always been so afraid . . . Sum it up: "Shorter Hours."

On Sundays the errand boy no more mopes furtively at his street corner; he has bought a bicycle and rides it sixty miles down to the sea.

On Sundays the little blackcoat now leaves off his formal trappings; and hies him in an old rattletrap of a car as far as his petrol ration will take him.

The shop girl—no longer anæmic—is playing tennis redoubtably.

A party of hikers has learned from Germany the freedom of the open road.

"Yes, I'm having my holiday," said a charming little working girl. "I shall spend it in the sun. Mother has made me a pair of white velvet trunks and a brassiere to match."

The white velvet trunks with brassiere to match was a leveller. A queen could not have worn more—or less!

Out she went, on the sands, under the sun, the equal of the society *débutante* by whose side, possibly and probably, she lay.

Do you tell me now, when every little working girl has a wave in her hair, a polish on her finger nails, good food in her stomach, a pretty frock on her back, bright eyes and—what is more—bright anticipations, that the old clock will be wound up once more; that the pendulum will *swing back?*

The broken clock is on the rubbish heap.
But the new one is keeping perfect time.

END

Let "RANEE" *read your character from your* Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

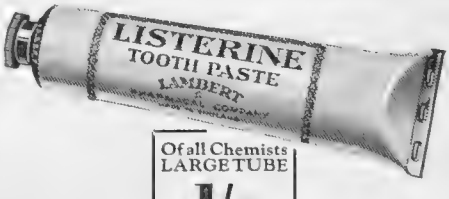
All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and the month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

YOUR TEETH SO MUCH *Whiter* YOUR BREATH SO MUCH *Sweeter*

You will like the refreshing and pleasant taste Listerine Tooth Paste leaves in your mouth.
You will like the way your teeth feel clean hours after.
You will be delighted to see them growing whiter and more lustrous every day.
Listerine Tooth Paste is as efficient as it is pleasant. It *cleans* with complete safety to the enamel. It penetrates between the teeth and removes the causes of decay.
Can you wonder that Listerine Tooth Paste is steadily supplanting older and costlier favourites? Why don't you try this "out of the ordinary" dentifrice for a while? Get a tube to-day and note the difference.



Of all Chemists
LARGE TUBE
1/-
There is also the **6d.** size.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Made in England by the Manufacturers of LISTERINE Brand ANTISEPTIC

MICKEY MOUSE OR MINNIE MOUSE MASKS are given free to the kiddies with every tube of Listerine Tooth Paste

Vedonis Reg'd BRITISH MAKE
"Superbe"

The luxuriously soft fabric from which the garments are made is delightful, while their distinctive simplicity is exceptionally attractive. Accurately shaped, they fit well, are carefully finished and provide the highest degree of comfort.

Vedonis 'Superbe' Underwear washes splendidly without losing its shape, softness, or fineness of texture.

VESTS
Low neck, no sleeves, or ribbed arms, or short sleeves. Also Opera Top.
(O.S. 4/11) 3/11

COMBS.
Low neck, no sleeves, or ribbed arms, or short sleeves. Also Opera Top.
(O.S. 6/11) 5/11

KNICKERS
Cut in the famous *Vedonis* Slim Fit style. CREAM only.
(O.S. 4/11) 3/11

Also made with 'V' neck, short sleeves and Button Front.
(O.S. 8/6) 6/11

Ask your Draper VS/8/34

Sole Manufacturers: GEORGE SPENCER LTD.
Dept. 49, Friday House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

The Tenth Tulwar

(*Continued from page 21*)

command, if thou would rule, thou must join those who fight for Islam."

"Aye, O stranger. It is true."

"Would thou command? Would thou lead the regiment against the infidels?"

"I would, Allah willing. I am a true believer," replied Lumsford.

"To-morrow thou shalt prove thyself. Beneath thy bed is a sword, a thrice blessed tulwar. Thou must kill Garley the Kafir with that sword. Wilt thou do this thing and gain much *izzat?*"

"I will, with Allah's help," said the man on the bed.

"It is well. And after the worthy give thanks to Allah. Allah strengthen thy arm."

Lumsford's arms felt strong at that moment; they lay rigid at his sides and his clenched hands itched to get at the man who was but divided from him by a sheet of canvas. But he held himself back; he had more hope of gaining his ends by biding his time.

Now it happened that the new Subahdar had occasion to be paraded before the Commanding Officer on the next morning; after the routine work was over they whispered together for a time. Lumsford produced a short, curved sword from under his cloak and they looked at it.

"You must file it through across there and there," said Lumsford. "Hide the middle piece, you don't want it."

"What about blood? Red ink?" asked Garley, running his hand through his fair curls. If the occasion had not been so serious, the young man felt that the situation had its humorous side. It is not often that the murderer and the murdered discuss the details of the crime before the actual performance.

"No. Get some real blood. Goat's or sheep's will do. Then about the coffin. You'll have to be put in that properly. Oh, before that the doctor must deal with the sword—he *must* be close at hand and get at that first. He's got to hide it. But I want everyone to see you with it right through your body first. Then there is getting you out of the coffin and the stones in. And how are you going to get out of the camp?" Lumsford rubbed his scruffy beard. "Look here, you must fix all that up with Jepperson. I daren't hang about here any longer."

"All right, I'll see to it. Now, I'll see you next at 3 o'clock against 'C' Company mess tent, and I'll have the doctor round the corner. You'll be the first on the scene, of course. You'll lean over me and prevent anyone from pulling the sword away," said Garley.

"I'll be there shouting like hell."

"I've got an idea about getting away. You know those propeller cases down by the hangar. I'll be put into one of those and run down the road in a lorry. What about that?"

"Sounds good. But remember, only officers to be let into the secret. Get Jepperson to mobilise them. With any, luck twenty-four hours after you're murdered we'll have our hands on the lot!"

"I hope so." Garley spoke fervently. His eyes were bright with excitement, but his face was white and drawn under his rumpled hair. It takes a superman to go about his ordinary work and wait for death, death that may be round any corner. Garley had not closed his eyes since Barwick's death and his thoughts had been much around and about a girl in a wide garden hat who moved among age-old yews in a Surrey garden. Now for the first time he had a hope of seeing these yews again and asking that girl a leading question!

Lieutenant Vine Garley was murdered as arranged at 3 o'clock that day. He was struck down by a tulwar that pierced his body; the hilt was between his shoulder blades and the point protruded from his chest. Before he died he uttered a cry, an awful, wavering cry that brought the camp around him. The doctor and the Subahdar leant over the body and superintended its removal to the hospital tent. And three men stood on the outskirts of the crowd, one of whom was a gaunt-looking naik; they exchanged glances.

Two hours later a long propeller case, with sundry ventilation holes in it, was jolted down the road to Razani and onwards to Miram Shah.

The new Subahdar felt that he deserved a little recreation; he tried to visualise what a man would do who had just committed a crime such as he had staged.

"He'd go into the nearest village; he'd go on the bust!"

So Lumsford sahib went into Makin, a Pathan village that nestled against the buttresses of Pir Gul.

He wandered through the narrow winding lanes of Makin; he talked to any who would talk; he smoked cigarettes noisily through his closed hand—for an orthodox Sunni Mohammadan must not soil his lips with the touch of tobacco. He stood in a crowd round a seller of skins.

"It was well done, O Subahdar." The voice came from quite close to him; he turned round slowly but no one looked toward him. A lean Pathan with wild domineering eyes stood against his shoulder, but the eyes were intent on the man who sold sheepskins. Lumsford stayed for a while, but nothing happened to elucidate the mystery.

The new Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Jepperson and the four remaining officers spent a troublesome afternoon. They buried a coffin empty but for stones beside four other newly closed graves; and they had to bury it with due ceremony and sadness.

As Lumsford sahib marched back to the camp he wondered if he had missed anything by not attending the mosque.

"And after the worthy gives thanks to Allah." The words came back to him, the words whispered through the tent wall.

"Confound it! I ought to have gone to the mosque," he thought. "I might have found out who my brother murderers are." He hurried to the small mud dome that topped the camp wall at the eastern corner.

The place was deserted and silent. He peered through the open door. A single lamp burned and one solitary figure read by its light. It was the Mullah. Lumsford entered and knelt.

The Mullah waited until he had said his prayers, then came to his side.

"Thou art the fifth tulwar, O Subahdar. When thou art the Tenth Tulwar thy word shall be obeyed by many. Praise Allah for his goodness and pray that the time come quickly." The Mullah left him.

Lumsford's information was rapidly accruing. Each murder had been committed by a different man; he was the fifth man. The Mullah was deep in the conspiracy, but was he the leader? Lumsford did not think so. The voice that had whispered through the tent wall was not that of the Mullah; it had not the sing-song intonation of those to whom religion is a business; it was a voice vibrating with power, live with intentness, tense with force. The owner of that voice was the man who ordered the murders. He was the keystone that held the conspiracy together.

The policeman chafed as he lay in his tent; he was moving forward but moving so slowly; delay was dangerous.

The next day was uneventful. Razmak lay silent in the shadow of Pir Gul; its denizens moved round without speaking, for each was afraid to address his comrade lest that comrade's hands be soiled with blood.

Lieutenant Jepperson, a thin young officer with a slight stoop, stalked round the camp; he had a word for everyone, but all knew that he was struggling to keep up their morale. Kind eyes followed him, for he would surely die before the sun sank. But Jepperson's hopes were high; he had no need to act a part, for within a few hours he expected to lay the murderers by the heels.

The whisper came to Lumsford that night again; it came through the tent wall and his heart leapt as he heard the hissing voice.

"Thou wilt kill Richley the Kafir at the sound of the first bell, the dressing bell, to-morrow at night. Thou wilt go to his tent or to wherever he is and thou wilt kill him. Then thou wilt go to the mosque for I would talk with thee."

"It is well spoken," muttered Lumsford. He could hardly control his voice, for the thoughts were tumbling over each other in his head. He was to kill Richley, the latest joined subaltern! It was proof that the four previous murders were done by separate people. He was to kill at a certain time—what could that indicate but that the four remaining officers were to be murdered at the same time? "When thou art the Tenth Tulwar thy word shall be obeyed by many." The meaning of the Mullah's words was now clear. It was the big show, the remaining officers were to be murdered simultaneously. The killers were then to report to the mosque. Then they would get their new orders—the power behind the conspiracy would be unmasked. He lay on his bed quivering with excitement.

Gradually he formed a plan; piece by piece he built it up until the discomfiture of his enemies was as complete as it could be before the actual events took place. He decided that he must see Jepperson early in order that Garley could be got back from Miram Shah before darkness on the next evening. Garley would be a useful stand-by in case things went wrong.

When the dressing-bell sounded outside the officers' mess five men burst into five tents, for all the five officers were already in their tents.

There were sounds of struggling, the shuffle of feet that were not hard on the ground, and the rattle of breath in men's throats.

A few minutes elapsed, then five muffled figures emerged; they ran toward the mosque.

In the dim light of the (*Continued on page 86*)

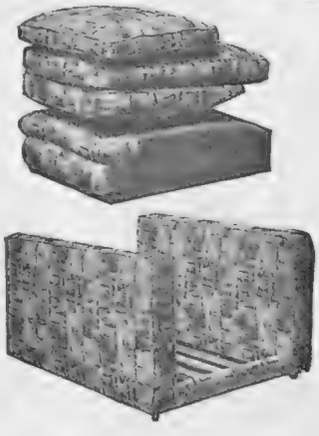
MINTY CLUB CHAIR

SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT FOR COMFORT

Pat. No. 340743.

Modern stress calls for Modern rest—not only for modernity of design, but a perfect union of ease and appearance. Minty Chairs have evolved on these lines.

The new "MERTON" Model is shown below. It is thoroughly practical, and moderately priced. Framed in hardwood, patent springing and hair stuffing throughout. Made in three sizes with the long low seat, synonymous with Minty Chairs.



Above is shown the unit construction of both the "ISIS" and "MERTON" Models. Cleaning and covering can easily be carried out at home.

The "MERTON" ECONOMY MODEL

THE "ISIS"

Pampers the human form as never before. The spring back and doubly sprung seat have patent pocketed feather-down cushions. Pure hair upholstery. Frame, seat and back are separate units for easy cleaning and loose covering. It would be impossible to buy a more luxurious or better quality chair at the price. No dust-traps, no gadgets.

STRONGLY CONSTRUCTED

Two chairs and a settee form an admirable Suite.

Prices of "ISIS" Model according to length of seat.

CHAIR from **£5.19.6**

SETTEE from **£10.10.0**

Prices of "MERTON" Model

CHAIR from **£3.19.6**

SETTEE from **£7.19.6**

Deferred terms can be arranged.

Write for Catalogue of the Minty 'ISIS' and 'MERTON' Chairs, and patterns of coverings.

Minty LTD (Dept. 86), 44/45, HIGH STREET, OXFORD

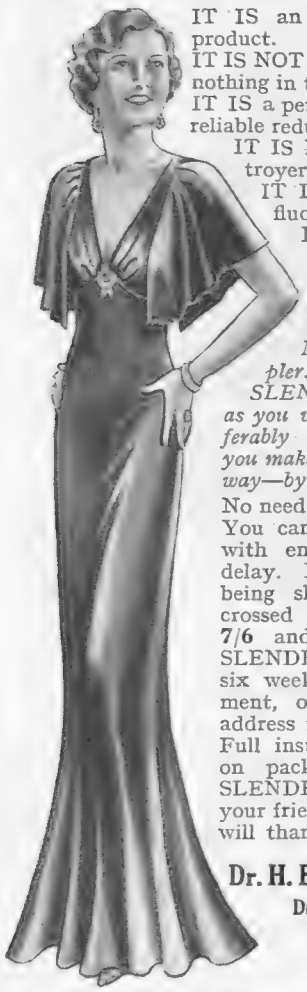
London Showrooms:
123 Victoria St., WESTMINSTER, S.W.1
Manchester Showrooms:
Exchange St., MANCHESTER

SLIMMING!

THE SANE, SAFE, NATURAL AND SCIENTIFIC SLIMMING TONIC

"Now at your service"

What SLENDENE-VALETTA IS and ISN'T—Does and Doesn't



IT IS an essentially natural product.

IT IS NOT a drug and contains nothing in the nature of a drug.

IT IS a perfectly harmless and reliable reducing agent.

IT IS NOT a ruthless destroyer of tissues.

IT DOES reduce superfluous flesh.

IT DOES NOT lower vitality. On the contrary, it has a healthy tonic effect on the whole system.

Nothing could be simpler. You just drink SLENDENE-VALETTA as you would drink tea, preferably before meals. And you make it in much the same way—by simple infusion.

No need for strict dieting. You can eat normally and with enjoyment. Do not delay. Enjoy life more by being slim and fit. Send crossed P.O. or cheque for **7/6** and receive sufficient SLENDENE-VALETTA for six weeks' intensive treatment, or send name and address for full particulars. Full instructions are given on package. Recommend SLENDENE-VALETTA to your friends. They, and we, will thank you.

Dr. H. E. P. CLASSICS, Ltd.
Dominion House,
Bartholomew Close,
London, E.C.1

SLENDENE-VALETTA
SLIMMING TONIC

IMEDIA means NO MORE GREY HAIR

ASK YOUR HAIRDRESSER or a brochure entitled "Eternal Youth for Your Hair" sent post free on request to C. Nestle & Co. Ltd., 48 South Molton St., London, W.1

one lamp stood two men: the Mullah and beside him a tall man whose eyes glowed dully like smouldering fires.

The five figures stood before him, stood panting.

"Are the Kafirs dead?" The voice rolled boldly, dominant.

"Aye, hazur," came the meek answer.

"It is well. Thou hast freed the centre of Waziristan. To-morrow thou shalt march on Razani. Thou shalt not rest until the last infidel among the hills is dead. Then thou shalt take the cities of the plains. Thou who follow Red Roy shall be rich, thou shalt sit on thrones of gold and the people shall obey."

"To-morrow thou shalt unsheath the Red Tulwar, the holy Crescent of the Prophet and the border shall burn. The Tenth Tulwar shall lead you." He paused, for noises came from outside the building.

While Red Roy was speaking the camp had slowly awakened. At first isolated shouts had drifted in on the evening breeze; for someone had found men dead, men hanging by cords from tent poles in the officers' lines! Gradually the noises increased until the whole camp was in uproar.

Lumsford sahib, as he stood by the tall fanatic, cursed himself for not taking action earlier; he and his companions could have overpowered the two men easily, but he had waited, waited in the hope that Red Roy would reveal more of his plans.

The noise drew near, until it came as a low-pitched growl, like the growl of a wounded beast, the collective cry of a thousand angry men.

Red Roy strode through the group and stood in the doorway of the mosque. Lumsford just had time to whisper to the tallest of his companions and push him out as the crowd surged round.

"O brothers"—Red Roy held his hand high above his head—"I am Roy the Conqueror. I come to free thee from the oppressors. Thy taskmasters are dead. Killed by my orders." A low mutter ran through the listeners, a rumble of thunder, a portent of a storm that might burst at any moment. "I will lead thee to victory—thou shalt seep the hills of the infidels. And then thou shalt taste the fruits of conquerors. The soft men of the plains are at thy mercy—aye, Bannu shall be yours—Kohat and Peshawar! Gold—silver—and women await you."

Lumsford stood close beside the speaker; he *knew* that the men were wavering. They had run to the mosque to gain protection from the unknown, for devils were loose in the camp. Their officers had gone; they sought that which they trusted next—they ran to their spiritual leader.

But they found the man who claimed to have wrought the evil that had befallen them; one who also offered much. Lumsford could hear the whispers, the indecision that pervaded the listeners.

When would his opportunity come? He prayed for a chance, an opening, to turn the tables on Red Roy before that man had won the men to his side.

"To-morrow thou shalt march, march as soldiers of the Red Army, march on Razani. Before to-morrow's sun has gone, Razani shall be

The Tenth Tulwar

thine. Subahdar!" Roy swung round on Lumsford. "Give thy orders."

Lumsford raised his open palm. All eyes turned on him. It was now or never; he decided to risk all on the possibility of holding the men.

"Return to thy tents, O Turkomanis, and forget the talk of madmen——" He got no further; his three companions had closed round him, but only just in time. Someone shouted "Traitor" and Red Roy dived forward at Lumsford, his eyes blazing and his sword held high.

Riot was just breaking loose, the tempers of the men were fit to bring blows, blows at any and all, when the place was suddenly flooded in white light! All faces turned upwards and all stood stock-still, transfixed. A gasp, a shuddering intake of breath of a thousand men, rose from the crowd.

And another voice roared out from over Lumsford's head; he and his companions were grappling with a raging Red Roy, they could not see the speaker.

"Par-ade. Atten-*shun*." It was Garley's voice and he stood on the mosque roof with the beam of a searchlight full on him, on his scarlet mess-kit. "The evil that was among us has been rooted out. Go thee to the tents and forget the words of madness. Par-ade. Dis-*miss*."

And the 109th Turkomanis fell out from the strangest parade they had ever attended.

But Red Roy fought as madmen fight. A panting knot of tangled humanity was tossed from side to side, a knot whose centre was the lean, fiery Pathan. He fought as a superman; he bit anything he could get his teeth to, his knees struck upward even after his arms were pinioned.

At last he lay bound on the ground, still biting and twisting, his spirit unbroken. And six men stood beside him panting, men who had thrown aside their sheepskin cloaks; Garley was now with them.

Lieutenant Vine Garley assumed command of the battalion on the next morning. His men would have made him into a new saint if he had not insisted on exhuming his coffin and publicly displaying the stones within.

"It isn't all honey to be a saint, I can see," he said. "As it is, some pretty difficult things will be expected of me. And I'm not going to walk by a place every day where a coffin with my name on the lid is buried—it's a bit too much to ask."

The Subahdar of "C" Company left as he had arrived, as a Subahdar, for it is not good always to reveal the processes by which peace is maintained. Some methods may be useful again.

Thus it was that Red Roy stood his trial for treason in Peshawar. He was judged to be insane and placed where he could not harm others or himself.

And ere a year had passed Captain Vine Garley walked between clipped yews. He talked and laughed with a girl in a broad garden hat; he had no thoughts of a time when a curved tulwar appeared to pierce his heart or of when he nearly became a saint—for love is all-sufficing.

END

Moving Water

(*Continued from page 33*)

Sir John grew rather red in the face.

"Since you seem to know so much about it, my dear," he said, "no doubt you'll be able to tell us all who is responsible. Go and talk to Sir James Dunstan; he's our detective, and perhaps he's got more time than I have to listen to twaddle. Haven't you said yourself that Anderson had a half-witted sister? You see? Insanity in the family!"

Joan sighed and went below to dress.

After dinner she found Sir James Dunstan staring moodily over the side.

"Sir James," she said, "may I speak to you for a minute?"

He started and turned round. When he saw who it was he smiled. He had rather a charming smile. "I wish you would," he said. "I'm nervy and depressed and irritable to-night."

"Sir James, I know all about Anderson's death. I found it out. Of course I haven't told anybody, except Uncle John, and naturally he knew already. Sir James, it *can't* have been Anderson. You see, Anderson was such a respectable man. Uncle John says you know all about mental disease. Do you think having a half-witted sister could make anybody kill people?"

"I shouldn't think so. Why?"

"Anderson had a half-witted sister and he kept her and his mother. He wasn't married. Sir James, did you ever see Anderson?"

"Not to my knowledge, no."

"Then you don't really believe it was Anderson at all. You've merely been guessing."

Her eyes, in the half-light, seemed to grow bigger and blacker than ever. She was pale, and a wisp of dark curls suddenly blew down over her face. Perhaps Sir James was less of a convinced celibate than he had believed. Perhaps the changing colours of the summer sea had something to do with it.

"My poor child," he said, "please don't be frightened. Nothing can hurt you, even if it wasn't Anderson."

He put his hand on her arm, protectively. Almost without his volition he bent towards her half-parted lips.

It was only a timid gesture, but the import of it was, alas, unmistakable. Joan backed away with surprise and resentment, and before Dunstan could recover himself, George Conyers appeared.

He looked not too kindly at poor Dunstan, who was feeling several sorts of fool, and then he laughed.

"Come, Joan," he said. "I'll race you three times round the deck, and I'll give you a length start. I'm sure Sir James will excuse you."

By the time Dunstan had thought of an adequate reply they'd vanished.

Insolence, particularly when it touches a man's age, is difficult to cope with. In the very worst of tempers, Sir James wandered aft.

Over the stern rail leaned a portly figure, apparently intently watching the creamy little waves that stretched and curled away in the ship's wake until they were lost in the gathering darkness.

"Ah, bishop," he said. "Good evening."

The bishop straightened himself and turned. "Ah," he said urbanely. "You know, Sir James, I was leaning over this rail and watching the wonderful life and (*Continued on page 88*)

The season of cheer, peace and goodwill

with hospitality at its annual apotheosis, finds much for motor cars to do—luxuriously, silently, satisfyingly, efficiently, yet *ever* so economically, done by the new Ford V-8 on the 112-ins. wheelbase. Why not make your celebrations, your guests', your host's, everybody's, V-8 celebrations? , , ,

A catalogue for a postcard. A really demonstrative trial for a letter or a telephone-call. And back of all Ford products, remember, are Ford Facilities, with fixed, low charges for all-embracive, on-the-spot service.

Prices from £230 to £395, at Works, Dagenham, according to body-style, wheelbase, etc.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

movement in the water. Most fascinating to observe the trail that our keel makes, a wake stretching ever away and away into infinity."

"Do you know, Sir James, I can almost understand a poor fellow watching these waves as I have been watching them and seeming to see them beckoning. . . ."

"If you ask me," said Dunstan with sudden rudeness, "I consider you're getting morbid."

He turned and walked away. In ten paces he paused and looked back; the bishop was still leaning over the rail. "My God," murmured Dunstan. "I wonder."

Purposefully he sought out Sir John Storry.

Sir John was watching a bridge four, but in response to a whisper he came out of the smoking-room. "What is it?" he said.

"John, you know as well as I do that I've no proof that poor Anderson killed Blake and the man Smith. Tell me, what do you know of the Bishop of Cotham?"

"What in thunder do you mean? Surely you don't suspect the bishop?"

"No insanity in his family—I don't mean a senile old ancestor or two, but real madness? Do you know anything about his family?"

"Why, of course I do. All about him and his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, and even what he likes for breakfast. Don't tell me he's your homicidal maniac."

"I say nothing against him. But I found him leaning over the stern rail watching the water, and he told me the waves were beckoning and he could easily imagine a man—er—accepting their invitation."

Storry laughed.

"Rot!" he declared. "The Bishop's a bit pompous, that's all."

"You may be right," said Dunstan, "but my business is to help you solve this awful mystery.

"Nothing happened last night, I know. But how do any of us know that nothing is going to happen to-night? Somebody killed these men—and you seem to have proved that there was no motive in the case of any of them."

"That sounds pretty good from you," said Sir John bitterly. "I thought you'd finally decided it was poor Anderson, and we had nothing more to worry about. Don't you know your own mind?"

"Haven't I just reminded you that I'd no proof? Why, I never even saw the man." His voice rose. "If you want me to help, I shall expect you to listen. Don't forget I came on this trip because I'm tired, mentally and physically. If anybody ever needed a holiday, I'm that man." He paused. "But I'll do my best to help, and I'll do it in my own way."

Sir John grunted.

"Let us eliminate the Bishop, then. What do you know about George Conyers?"

"Don't tell me you suspect him, for goodness' sake!"

"I suspect everybody."

"Very well, I'll tell you what I know of George Conyers. Frankly, it's very little. Joan made me invite him. Anyone who wasn't used to these modern young people would imagine they were engaged, but I've not been told and I don't ask. I do know, however, that he is the son of one of my oldest friends, and if there was ever born a shrewder, more level-headed fellow than his father I should like to meet him. No insanity there. What's he been doing?"

"Nothing—of course." Dunstan had no very clear idea why he had mentioned him. "He seems a bit jumpy and nervous, that's all."

Sir John made a positively violent noise.

"You're the jumpy and nervous one, if you ask me," he said rudely. "A stiff whisky and soda is what you need, James. Then go to bed."

He stamped away.

SINCE Anderson's death, watches had been not so much doubled as increased by volunteers, who were detailed to patrol everywhere with their boots off and keep everybody, except those actually on duty, from the decks.

Sir John, only too anxious to accept Dunstan's theory that Anderson had been the guilty party, took no share in these precautions on the first night. After hearing Dunstan's doubts, however, and after brooding on them, sleep became quite out of the question. At one o'clock he left his cabin and went on deck.

It was the first officer's watch, but the captain was on the bridge. He jumped at Storry's step. Clearly everyone was on edge.

"It's a dark night, sir," said the captain. "I didn't hear you come up."

"All right?"

"Everything's in order, sir. I've got a dozen extra men on the promenade deck. I don't think we shall have any trouble."

"Hum," said Sir John, and went below.

Most of the cabins were in darkness, but a light shone above Dunstan's door. Sir John tapped lightly and went in.

Sir James was reading in bed.

"Do you mind if I come in for a moment?"

"Come in, come in." Dunstan put his book away.

"I ought to apologise," said Storry heavily. "I was a bit short with you this evening, I'm afraid."

Dunstan made a friendly murmur.

"Thanks. I was sure you'd understand. James, I ought to remember you're a sick man, and I do, but you can't stay out of this. I've a terrible responsibility, and I'm feeling bad. When you said it must be Anderson, I was only too anxious to believe you. But now you don't even pretend to believe it any longer."

"No," said Dunstan deliberately, "I don't."

"But you don't really believe it's the bishop or young Conyers?"

"I do believe it is probably one of the passengers."

"My God!"

"I don't actually suspect anyone, at present. If I did I'd ask you to watch that person day and night. The bishop, now. As far as I can see, the bishop is as likely as anybody—and as unlikely. I was struck by the impression the ship's wake made upon him. Have you never heard that such a thing as water moving, as it moves out behind a ship, may exercise a sort of hypnotic influence upon a morbidly sensitive character?"

"Can't say I have."

"It's by no means uncommon. In fact, an article I wrote for the *B.M.J.* last month dealt with just such conditions of impulsive insanity. Sometimes such a thing, if it captures the subject's imagination by some chance, may destroy the self-control of a lifetime."

"But the bishop—why—!"

"I don't say it *is* the bishop. You may be right. He may, as you say, be merely prosy and pompous. But, John, if it isn't the bishop it's some other one of us."

"What had I better do?"

"Don't do anything to-night. I suppose you've got extra men on watch?"

"All over the place."

"Then tell them to keep a special look-out by the stern. If my theory of moving water is correct, that's the danger point. If it *is* the bishop, that's where they'd catch him."

"But the bishop—the man's over sixty, fat, flabby—."

"A madman, when his fit is on him, gets all the strength he needs."

Sir John got up and moved to the door.

"The bishop," murmured Sir John as he went out. "It can't be."

And it wasn't the bishop. He went overboard that night.

IT couldn't have been much more than an hour after Sir John had gone back to his cabin when a chorus of yells roused every soul on board.

From every cabin passengers poured in their night clothes. The captain raced down from the bridge. Aft, two hysterical seamen told their story. Put in plain English, it appeared that they were together, a little starboard of the stern rail, when one of them noticed a figure slowly moving round from the port side.

So faint was it, that they had not time to decide whether they saw anyone or not, when another shadow seemed to seize the first. There was a thud. A vague something went over the rail. There was a splash, distinctly audible on that quiet night, and the second shadow melted into shadows.

They yelled. They ran about. They found nobody, saw nobody. They were literally chattering with terror when the captain reached them, but even a stiff drink apiece produced no more valuable evidence.

When he came, Storry took action. Every man of the crew was mustered in the saloon—every man except the few, vouched for by the officers, who were necessary to keep the yacht on her course.

He dismissed them, and turned to the passengers huddled round the doorway. Some of the women were plainly on the verge of hysterics.

He looked them over in silence, then: "James," he said softly.

Sir James Dunstan came over to him.

"James, I can't see the bishop. Everyone seems to be here except him—and, yes, Dame Mabel. Can you slip out and see if they're in their cabins?"

Sir James hurried away, and Storry forced himself to smile.

"I can't apologise too profoundly for all this," he said. "I don't suppose anybody's guests have ever before been so ill treated on any British ship. If you all desert me in a body the moment we reach port I shall deserve it.

"I can't hope that any of you will sleep much more this night. Steward! Get some tea and some coffee, and get a move on.

"The fact is, I let myself get rattled because, as you know, we had a couple of tragedies, and the result is two of my men get some sort of horrors and start screaming. That's the worst of sailors—too imaginative.

"Well, you'll be glad to hear it was only imagination. Nobody's missing."

A murmur of relief went round.

The tension visibly waned. George Conyers, who, of course, was comforting Joan, felt her little clenched fist in his hand relax. The Professor led his wife to a chair. (*Continued on page* 90)

A New Note in Motor Showrooms

AN elegant shop front for elegant cars. The handsome new showrooms of Jack Barclay Ltd., at 20, Conduit Street, W.1, are an addition to their main showrooms situated at George Street, Hanover Square. These new premises have become necessary owing to their rapidly developing business in Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars; a full range of these, both new and used, are on view. The black background to the front makes a perfect frame for the light walls and floor, which form an ideal setting for the luxurious cars which are displayed therein.

A 1934, 25 h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis fitted with an Arthur Mulliner Continental Sports Saloon of a very attractive modern design with a sunshine roof. A special feature being the general comfort of the body, particularly as regards light and ventilation, whilst preserving its sporting lines. The car is finished black throughout with a chromium plated beading right round the body and down the sides of the bonnet and scuttle. It is upholstered in brown leather, and the interior and exterior fittings are chromium plated.

Officially Appointed Retailers
for

ROLLS-ROYCE
and
BENTLEY

JACK BARCLAY LTD
George St., Hanover Sq., and 20 Conduit St., W.1

ARTHUR MULLINER
LTD.

SPECIAL AGENTS
AND
COACHBUILDERS
FOR

ROLLS ROYCE BENTLEY
DAIMLER LANCHESTER

54, BAKER STREET, W.1
Telephone: WELBECK 5711

By Appointment To His Majesty The King — *By Appointment To H.R.H. The Prince of Wales*

WINDOVER COACHWORK
ON
BENTLEY AND ROLLS-ROYCE CHASSIS

WINDOVERS LTD.
475 OXFORD STREET, W.1
Telephone: MAYFAIR 7043

NEW CARS — GROSVENOR 1641, 1642, 3242

GREEN PARK MOTORS LTD

Rolls-Royce
Bentley
Mercédès
Invicta
Alvis
Etc.

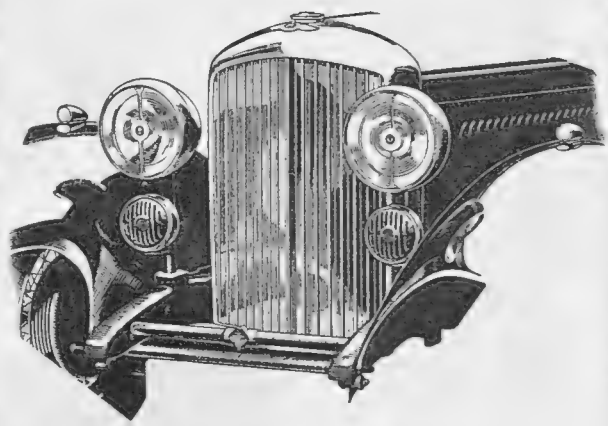
2 & 4, BRICK ST.,
PARK LANE, W.1
(Between Down St. & Park Lane)

USED CARS

The New
3½ LITRE

BENTLEY

THE SILENT SPORTS CAR



The engine, steering, suspension and brakes are absolutely perfection. How can I express my admiration for this new product in more glowing terms than this? I have never driven a car that holds the road so well . . . After the conclusion of my run I came away full of enthusiasm, as the new 3½ litre Bentley is the most amazing proposition which it has ever fallen my lot to handle

Sir Malcolm Campbell in the *Field*

If one has any feeling at all for a beautiful piece of mechanism; if one knows and can answer the call of the road; if one can still in these blase days get a thrill out of motoring for motoring sake—then the allure of this car is irresistible *Sketch*

Previously, high speed has been obtainable only at the expense of comfort, but in this new model the Bentley Company have produced a species of car which has previously been unobtainable

Sunday Referee

BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LTD
16 CONDUIT ST W1 PHONE MAYFAIR 4412

Then Sir James Dunstan hurried in, his face anything but reassuring.

"Dame Mabel is apparently having hysterics in her cabin," he whispered. "But the bishop can't be found."

THAT day nobody any longer attempted to pretend.

Every man and woman was undisguisedly frightened.

The yacht's carpenter worked like one possessed fitting up lights on every part of the decks. The captain—a life-long teetotaller—disgraced himself by getting drunk.

Sir John Storry after breakfast called a meeting of every male guest.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it is useless to disguise the facts. There is a maniac on board. I won't mince my words. Four men have been murdered in the last six days. Now the murderer may be a member of the crew. He may be one of you. But I warn him"—his voice rose—"whoever he is, he's done his last killing.

"To-morrow we reach Havana. To-night I'm having the ship lit up like a Christmas tree. Let that man look out to-night. I'm in command of this vessel now. I have issued arms to the officers, and immediately after dinner I must ask you to retire to your cabins.

"There will be men outside your cabin doors with orders not to allow anyone, man or woman, to leave until daylight.

"If anybody has any objection to make, I shall not consider it. You can take what action you like ashore. I'm responsible for the lives of everybody on board, and I'm taking no more chances. Good day."

A careful summary of his speech was typed and issued all round. Later he sent for Sir James Dunstan, Lord Richard Wyndham and George Conyers.

"I've sent for you," said Sir John, "because I want your help. Don't think I'm trying to share my responsibility; I'm not. My captain has disgraced himself, and, I say again, I've superseded him. I'm legally entitled to appoint myself Master in his stead. I am qualified. I want to know if you will place yourselves under my orders. You will? Good.

"Here's a gun for each of you. You're level-headed men. I leave it to your own judgment how you use your weapons. No other passenger will be allowed out of his or her cabin after nine o'clock to-night. Notices will be posted all over the yacht, and every passenger will personally receive a copy, for which he or she will have to sign an acknowledgment. If any of you come upon a passenger in any part of the ship after nine o'clock, you must secure that person.

"I advise you now to get what rest you can. Sir James——"

Dunstan followed him into his cabin.

"Do you think I'm right?" asked Storry.

"Absolutely. Upon my soul, if I were you I should be half inclined to put every single passenger in irons. But why choose us three—why choose me, anyway, as a special constable? I tell you, John, if there are any more alarms I shall go ashore to-morrow, straight to the nearest hospital, and I shall stay there."

"I know—I know exactly how you feel. But, James, I can't spare you any more than I can spare myself. Give yourself a tablet of something—you doctors know all the drugs. Only for one more night, remember. After to-night, rest for six months. But to-night you musn't fail me.

"You know we're an officer short, and from the present state of the crew it's pretty clear they need not fewer officers than usual but more. Everybody has been warned that I've taken you three on as apprentices. I'd have picked more if I dared, but they'd probably lose their heads. Even the old Professor would probably shoot the wrong man. But, after you and me, who would be safer than Wyndham? They may sometimes make half-wits Foreign Secretaries, but not maniacs. And as a matter of fact Wyndham is very far from a half-wit, in my opinion. As for Conyers, I refuse to listen to your suspicions in his case. The hope of Young Conservatism couldn't possibly murder anybody without first signing a requisition form in quadruplicate.

"Seriously, I thought he might be useful because he's the youngest passenger on board and the strongest."

"Don't forget," said Dunstan, "that I did have a hunch about him, after the poor bishop. It may have been inspiration, or sheer foolishness, but although I was wrong about the bishop, I may have been right about Conyers. Unless the devil himself is on board."

"Then spend your time shadowing him. I gree, it might be Conyers. He's certainly got the necessary strength. The poor bishop! He must have weighed seventeen stone, and he went overboard without a sound."

Most of the women never came on deck at all after midday, and the neatly typed proclamation of Sir John Storry only made the more timid of them drag every available thing to defend their doors, long before dark. Some of them appeared for dinner, however. Fear and excitement are often appetisers.

Joan Barclay, because she was young, and of course for another and better reason, was about as usual. She waited for George Conyers as he came out of Storry's cabin.

"Well," she said.

"I'm a policeman," said Conyers. He patted his pocket. "A policeman complete with gun. I alone—with that sentimental old fool Dunstan and Lord Richard—will be allowed out to-night. I take it, we're the storm troops."

"Oh, George, won't you let me come too?"

"Let *you* come too? You're mad! Nobody will be allowed out of their cabins after nine to-night, and women least of all."

"But he can't do that to us."

"Can't he! The captain is drunk or something and Storry has appointed himself instead. Oh, it's perfectly legal on the high seas."

The agreed signal at nine o'clock was to be a long blast on the syren. At half-past eight—immediately after a brief and early dinner—Sir John called his three adjutants together.

"I don't think," he said, "that we really need worry too much about the passengers' quarters. If it is a passenger, my warning and the elaborate precautions to-night ought to be enough to stop any maniac who's as clever as this one. Certainly there's going to be no amiable fool of a victim wandering about on a dark deck simply asking for assassination. I shall concentrate solely on guarding the decks; and remember we haven't unlimited men and they must get some sleep or they won't be able to work.

A 4½-litre Lagonda fitted with special close-coupled Sunshine Saloon coachwork, as supplied by Gaffikin Wilkinson, Ltd., of 17a, Hanover Square, W.1

"I'll just have a couple of guards to patrol the corridors now and then. You three, of course, must be super-patrols and guard the guards. If there's any trouble to-night, therefore, it's bound to be someone in the crew. Those men who made such a din, Russell and Knapp—how do we know they didn't throw the unfortunate bishop overboard themselves?

"I hope you all got some sleep this afternoon?"

Lord Richard was understood to say he had slept excellently. The others said nothing.

Then the syren blew.

Moving Water

"Well," said Sir John, "have you all got your guns?"

Lord Richard and Sir James Dunstan produced theirs. "Half a minute," said Conyers. He disappeared below.

An imperceptible glance passed between Sir John and Dunstan.

CONYERS'S cabin, like every other guest room on the *Etruria*, was large. He switched on the light. His revolver was lying on the bed, where he had carelessly left it. He forced it into his trouser pocket—to the detriment of the trousers—and hurried on deck. He did not observe that a cabin door a few yards from his own was not quite shut.

The deck was a blaze of lights. Every possible electric lamp had been brought into use. The ship might have been en fête. Yet even so there were shadows. It was into one of these shadows that a figure behind him ran. He heard nothing. Ahead came the tramp of patrolling men.

It is not easy to organise a frightened ship's company—when even the officers are scared—into a really intelligent preventive force. Men showed a tendency to huddle together. There ought to have been sentries; instead, there were groups which grew larger, which, as hours passed, grew sleepy.

At times Storry paused and exchanged a few words with Lord Richard or Dunstan or Conyers. He smiled, however, to see that where Conyers went Dunstan was never far behind. The sea and the sky were black as ink. The weather was perfect and still.

That hour before dawn is not really darkest, but it is the hour when human energy is at its lowest. On the *Etruria* men were sitting in various degrees of drowsiness. Sir John had just paid his twentieth visit to the cabins. Lord Richard, his revolver on his knees, undisguisedly slept.

George Conyers, stifling his fiftieth yawn, approached the stern rail and looked over at the hurrying water. There was the ghost of a sound behind him. Did he hear it? He yawned again and, turning, there was the sweep of an arm above his head.

From a hundred miles away he heard voices and hurrying feet.

SIR JAMES DUNSTAN was overpowered in the act of attempting to throw George Conyers overboard.

Undoubtedly Joan saved him—Joan, who had dodged from shadow to shadow, who had never left Sir James and the man she loved out of her sight. When Storry and half a dozen of the crew reached them a second later she was clinging desperately to the madman's arm.

In his right hand was a heavy wrench. Of course, that explained why his victims had offered no resistance. The revolver was safely in his pocket. There was fresh blood on the wrench, Conyers's blood, for Joan's snatch at his arm had not been strong enough entirely to stop the blow.

Later they found other stains on the wrench, and stains on Dunstan's clothes.

Well, they got the irons on the poor fellow at last, though it took six men to do it. By daylight, just before they reached Havana, he died—of cerebral hæmorrhage.

END

Hollywood Has Them All!

(*Continued from page 17*)

there, against the exactly right kind of background—much less bother than taking a company to China or Japan or Java. If big trees have to be provided, there is Sequoia, north of Hollywood, where some of the world's most majestic and gigantic trees are standing ready for the kind attention of the camera. Location managers have been heard to breathe heartfelt blessings on Sequoia, for big trees are likely to be a snag that takes some surmounting.

If Spanish bungalows are wanted, with those red curved tiles and white walls and cactus plants outside the doors, there is the ever-pleasant Agua Caliente, just across the border in Mexico. Four hours gets you there by road; and San Diego, with its harbour and battleships, is close at hand. Caliente offers a racecourse, too, and a golf course. It was there, on the racecourse and in the actual bungalows attached to the big hotel and casino, that most of "The Champ" was made. The hotel servants were used in the film, and the bungalows needed only the addition of lights and cameras to be all ready for use. Film players have developed the habit of murmuring "If you must send me on location, *please* let it be to Caliente!"

Either that delectable dwelling place, or Palm Springs in the desert, would be voted the most popular of all locations for film making. At Palm Springs, El Mirador Hotel has seen the coming and going of many stars; "Follow Through" was not the only film to be manufactured entirely in the gardens and round the swimming pool of that most admirable hotel. There, again, it is only a question of a few hours for everyone to be on the job, ready for the cry "Let's go!"

Where could a film producer in England hope to get so much, with so little exertion? It is largely the infinite variety of its surrounding country that has made Hollywood the world's greatest film-producing centre, and will continue to give it supremacy. For Hollywood Has Everything.

END

THE SUBSTANCE OF PERFECTION

THE CARES OF THE DAY HAVE BEEN LAID ASIDE . . . GOOD FELLOWSHIP AND UNDERSTANDING HAVE THEIR HOUR . . . AND ONCE AGAIN PLAYER'S COME INTO THEIR OWN

PLAYER'S

PLAYER'S *"MEDIUM"* NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
100s BOXES 4/8d
FLAT TINS OF 50 2/6d

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

N.C.C.176.B

"To think that only 9 months ago I looked like this."

Lost 47 lbs. Fat

No strict diet: Just halved her consumption of bread and potatoes and took daily dose of Kruschen Salts

Women do not like to hear unflattering things about themselves; neither do they like to admit to themselves any unflattering truth. But, to-day, many women have the good sense not to blink facts when their mirrors say: "You are getting stout." They realise that a roly-poly overweight woman can't possibly wear the new flattering styles. But they realise, too, the danger of freak diets and poisonous drugs. Naturally enough, therefore, hundreds of thousands of them have turned to the *natural* treatment—to the treatment which actually builds up health whilst it is melting away the ugly fat. They have turned to Kruschen Salts.... Read this letter:

"My weight was 12 stone 11 lbs. when I commenced taking the Kruschen according to directions nine months ago, and when I was weighed last Monday I just turned the scale at 9 stone 6 lbs. My height is 5ft. 6 ins., so you will see I am now normal for my age and height, and feel 100 per cent. better in health. I cannot say I have altered my diet—I just halved my consumption of bread and potatoes. My praise of Kruschen will never alter."

(*Mrs.*) *E. M., Hants.*

The formula of Kruschen Salts represents the residual salts of those famous European Spas whose waters have been taken from time immemorial for obesity. These salts ensure a perfectly natural clearance of undigested food substances and all excessive watery waste matter. When this wastage is allowed to accumulate the body's chemistry is liable to store it up out of the way in the form of fatty tissue. Once Kruschen Salts get into your blood disfiguring fat commences to melt away from your ankles and calves; your double chin commences to vanish, hips become slender; you won't lose 4 or 5 lbs. a day, or anything foolish like that, but almost before you realise it pound by pound disappears—until you finally have the fashionable figure you have always desired.

Get a 1/9 bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS at your chemist's (lasts four weeks), and take half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning.

HOW TO HAVE

Lovely Hands

Anne Grey Shares a Secret.

Cold weather spells disaster to many otherwise beautiful hands. But a new preparation has been discovered, by which rough hands or even badly chapped hands can easily be remedied. It is called VELDEW, and just before retiring for the night you rub a few drops into the hands—not a two minutes' job. "I think Veldew is a wonderful discovery," writes Miss Anne Grey, "just a few drops well rubbed into the hands last thing at night takes up so little time and keeps the hands as soft and smooth as satin." Veldew is a beauty specialist's recipe. A two months' supply in a dainty toilet flask costs only 2/-; or there is the trial size at 1/3. Any good-class chemist will supply you.

Miss Anne Grey, who recently appeared in the Twickenham Studios production of 'The Wandering Jew,' discloses herethe secret of hand beauty.

Rhapsody in D Major

(*Continued from page 27*)

in rather an outré get up, smiled and said graciously:

"Yes. D'you want me?"

"I want to speak to you in private, please. Will you come to my tent?"

The woman was smiling and polite, but "Danger" might have been placarded on her.

"Why, certainly," said Bryony. "But who are you, please?"

"I'll answer any and every question—once we're in the shade."

In a semicircular wicker-work chair in the cool gloom of a turquoise and gold square tent with tasselled awning and silky floor-covering, Bryony sat down and looked expectantly at the woman, who leisurely lit a cigarette in a long scarlet holder, then said:

"I'm Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Wheatley."

"Wyndham's mother?" asked Bryony eagerly.

Mrs. Armstrong winced, erased an ageing scowl and snapped:

"Certainly not. His wife."

Diana Armstrong's watchful eye perceived the havoc of her reply. Bryony blanched and her lips shivered and suddenly she looked older and more sapient.

"His wife," repeated Diana, amazed that Bryony hadn't banally echoed, "His wife!" but careful to betray no emotion whatever. "Of course I know about your little—shall we call it affair?"

"Do," said Bryony with devastating effect.

"You mean to infer that it's nothing to you?" exclaimed Diana. "Then let me tell you that's where you're making a very big mistake. At first I looked upon it as one of poor Wyndham's inane and innocent little entanglements. I'm not a jealous woman. It's not in me, thank Heaven. But when a woman's been married for her money, she does expect her husband to—respect certain rights that are hers by purchase. Wyndham has run through practically all my money—you and your like assisting. The worm has turned. Lately I've employed a detective."

"He's discovered nothing about me that I'm ashamed of," said Bryony quietly. "I'd no idea that Wyndham was a married man."

"You wouldn't. None of you do. He keeps the news as a *bonne-bouche* till the end. But I should have thought any decent-minded girl would be ashamed of lying in a married man's arms till one-thirty in the morning on the top of a tower."

"Why especially on the top of a tower. I wonder?" speculated Bryony, frowning.

"I see you've hoodwinked him completely!" burst out Diana. "He's been begging me to forgive and forget. He says none of it's been your fault. I see you're not so unsophisticated as he thinks. You'd better draw a breath and think things over. It's no time for flippancy, let me tell you. For months I've been determined no longer to put up with Wyndham's treatment of me. So soon as I heard from the detective that you'd been to Monte Carlo and so on, I began to perceive that here was my opportunity. Miss Wheatley, I'm going to divorce Wyndham."

Bryony was leaning back in her chair, staring out to sea.

"Have you a cigarette to spare?" she asked.

"You don't seem to understand," said Diana, holding out a gold-dipped cigarette case, "I mean to divorce Wyndham—and cite you."

"But that would be absurd," said Bryony, taking a cigarette. "Thanks."

"Why absurd? Have my lighter—just press the button."

"How neat! And it actually works! A rare first-timer! Absurd, Mrs. Armstrong, because we've done nothing wrong—ever."

"And you expect me to believe that? So it was for you to be able to do nothing wrong at leisure and in comfort and *sub rosa* that Wyndham arranged for the use of that villa that's to let?"

"That villa—isn't his?"

"Gracious, no! He has pauperised me, as I've told you. We live in rooms. He interviewed the old caretaker two days ago. He had the estate agents' boards removed and the temporary use of the tower top in exchange for a pourboire of twenty lire."

Diana gazed at Bryony and realised that she was deep in thought, but gathered nothing more.

"Nothing wrong!" she went on. "Don't be crass, Miss Wheatley! What jury, I ask you, would believe that? Why even before your little romantic alfresco meal you were sprawling on Wyndham's knees!"

Bryony blew a smoke-ring.

"Oh, no!" she said, and blew another. "I never sprawl."

(*Continued on page 94*)

SELL YOUR GOLD and Valuables

WHILE PRICES REMAIN HIGH

WE pay by far the HIGHEST PRICES for Gold, Silver, Sovereigns, Jewellery, Precious Stones, Dental Plates (not vulcanite), Sheffield Plate, Antiques and valuables of all kinds.

NOTHING TOO LARGE—
NOTHING TOO SMALL

We have £250,000 at our disposal for any business within our range. Cash or Banknotes forwarded per return of post.

Forward by Registered Post or Registered Rail

DO NOT DELAY—

To-day's Peak Prices may NOT occur again

BENTLEY & CO.

The Largest Dealers of the kind in the World

65, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

DON'T WASH
BABY'S HAIR use NESTOL
Rub baby's scalp with NESTOL daily and the little darling will soon have those much desired curls. Thousands of mothers are using Nestol with wonderful results; why not you?
A month's treatment costs 3/6. Boots, Lewis's, Timothy White's and all good chemists and hairdressers sell it. If any difficulty write direct to:
NESTOL
CURLS & CLEANSES
C. NESTLE & CO. LTD. 48 SOUTH MOLTON ST. LONDON, W.1.

DON'T BE VAGUE

ORDER HAIG

Right and Left

Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

A Book that solves all your

HAIR PROBLEMS

SEE BELOW

'THE HUMAN HAIR'

HOW TO KEEP IT IN HEALTH

HOW TO TREAT IT IN DISEASE

With some observations on the Rational Treatment of the skin and Complexion.

By Prof. HARLEY PARKER,

HAIR AND SKIN SPECIALIST

(Press Correspondent on Hair Culture).

Author of "Scalp and Facial Massage," "Uric Acid and the Hair," "The Hair and the Nervous System," "Alopecia Areata," "Anæmia and the Hair," "Beauty Quest," "The Lady's Toilet Table," etc.

CONTENTS:

Why the hair falls off or turns grey and the remedies.
How the hair grows and how to quicken its growth.
The effects of "shingling" and of the "permanent" wave.
How "nerves" and uric acid react upon the hair.
The treatment of scurf and scalp irritation.
Scalp massage and electric "stimulation," etc.
Skin diseases that affect the hair.
Diet and hair health.
On washing, brushing and singeing the hair.
The effects upon the hair of sea bathing, of the sun's rays, and of excessive perspiration.
The after effects of influenza upon growth and colour.
The care of children's hair.
Microscopic examination as an aid to the detection of hair disease.
The treatment of dry and of oily skins.
The smoothing of wrinkles and face lines.
Prevention of freckles and sunburn.
Eradication of blackheads, pimples and eruptions.
Care of the hands, nails, eyebrows and lashes.

PRESS NOTICES.

"Everybody should read this little book."
—*Scotsman.*

"The new facts related by the Professor have come upon us as a kind of revelation."
—*The Guardian.*

"The precepts he lays down for the management, preservation and restoration of the hair are at once simple, lucid and convincing."
—*Medical Record.*

Price 6d., post free, from

J. HARLEY PARKER (Desk 31),

117, St. George's Road, Belgravia, S.W.1.

Free Consultations Daily. *'Phone: Victoria 2215.*

Suitably adapted electric, and other, treatments given.

DUMAN'S

DARK-LASH

MAKES BEAUTIFUL EYES

IT IS THE FINEST LIQUID COSMETIC FOR EYELASHES. NO OTHER COMPARES WITH IT.

WATERPROOF. — IT DOES NOT RUB OFF OR STAIN BY BLINKING.

MADE IN 4 COLOURS.

BLACK (for Spanish Brunette). **BLUE** (gives beautiful Blue-Black sheen, for Blue or Grey eyes). **BROWN** and **DARK BROWN** (for Blondes and mid-colouring).

PRICE **2/9**

Obtainable from all Hairdressers, Stores and Chemists.

"How clever of you!" ejaculated Diana. "I've always longed to be able to put one ring through another like that! But your calmness isn't really much help. I only told you of my intentions because—"

Mrs. Armstrong broke off.

"Go on," said Bryony. "I'm frightfully puzzled about that."

"Look here," said Diana brusquely, "you've taken this in a most extraordinary way. Did you know he was married?"

"I wouldn't have ever spoken one single word to him if I had!" answered Bryony, and her voice and aspect carried full conviction.

"I'm sure you wouldn't!" declared Diana warmly. "It's because I felt sure you were—a nice girl that I determined to see you, that and because I can't help thinking of your poor old grandmother. I hope I'm not a romantic. I'd hate to be swayed by sentiment. But I find it difficult to get that poor old thing out of my mind. Wyndham says she's an invalid and—well, I'd just hate to upset her so terribly. Besides—"

Bryony was no longer lying back in her chair.

"Go on," she said excitedly, hopefully. "Please go on!"

"Well, he tells me she's old-fashioned and strict. I know you're her only near relation. No wife in a position like mine has to consider the other woman, of course, but the punishment ought, as it were, to fit the crime. The fault was Wyndham's. He has behaved abominably. I give you that. You aren't really to blame, and for you to have the beastliness of being dragged through the Divorce Court would be undeserved punishment enough, while to—well, p'raps to shock your old grandmother into her grave and to be cut out of her will would be—I can't help admitting it—grossly overdoing it."

"It's amazingly kind of you," murmured Bryony, "and of course I agree with every word you've said, but I don't see—quite—how—"

"It's a problem, I know," said Diana, as Bryony hesitated. "But every problem has a solution. We—"

"Except a few," put in Bryony; "like squaring the circle, for instance."

"Squaring the circle!" repeated Diana and sat bolt upright, glaring out to sea. "Squaring the circle! I don't know what you mean, but it gives me an idea. Miss Wheatley, I know you've been dragged into this business through no fault of your own. But if I—I overlooked it, I'd be done out of getting my freedom through no fault of my own too. So if I'm to be magnanimous—and I'm not a magnanimous person—I feel I ought to be compensated."

"How?" asked Bryony.

"Of course money really compensates for nothing," declared Diana. "Someone runs over you and you lose a leg and get fifteen-hundred pounds, say, but who would be a dot-and-carry-one to the end of the chapter for a few miserable pounds? And yet what other recompense is there?"

"You suggest my—buying you off?"

"I suggest neither of us being more offensive than is absolutely necessary," said Diana sharply.

"How much d'you propose?"

"I don't want to be at all hard. I dare say your grandmother keeps you pretty short. But I'm sure you could raise, say a couple of thousand pounds—on account."

"Well, yes. That would be easy enough. But—on account?"

"Till you come into your grandmother's money. Then, p'raps—another couple of thousand, d'you think?"

"Before we go further into the matter," said Bryony, "I'd like to be quite certain of a preliminary or so. I know you're too much of a woman of the world to be offended, but, first, how am I to be sure you're really Wyndham's wife?"

"If you'll wait here I'll go back to our rooms and bring you the certificate, the photographs taken on our wedding-day, newspaper-cuttings and so on. It won't be difficult to convince you, I assure you."

"And how am I to be sure that when the money's paid—?"

"Miss Wheatley!"

To Smokers of Oriental Cigarettes

IN our Christmas Number the price of Cherif cigarettes was inadvertently given as 2s. for 20. This should have been as follows: the small Cherif cigarette, specially made for women smokers, costs 8s. per 100. The large Cherif, a super cigarette for men, costs 12s. 6d. per 100. They are hand made of the purest Turkish tobacco, and imported only by the Anglo-Egyptian Tobacco Co., Ltd., 93, Regent Street, London, W. (Regent 4586.) Supplies of 100 or over sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom upon receipt of order and remittance.

Rhapsody in D Major

"Well," Bryony defended herself, "your husband hasn't proved so very trustworthy, you know."

"Poor dear, it's not in him," said Diana, sighing. "But I'd sign any paper you care to draw up."

"I'd like to see Wyndham," said Bryony. "I'd like to talk things over with him. He never meant to get me into this mess, I know."

"Well, I expect he's on the beach somewhere. But you won't, of course, mention the question of—squaring the circle, will you? He's so rigid. He'd think it not done or something."

"Blackmail almost. I expect he would. Of course I won't mention it. It's between us two."

Mrs. Armstrong rose, sauntered to the fringe of the silk mat, then cried:

"Wyndham! Why, there you are! I've been having a chat with Miss Wheatley. I've just got to go back to the rooms to get something to show her."

When his wife was out of ear-shot, Wyndham turned to Bryony and said, looking pallid and utterly miserable:

"I told her it was no fault of yours. I swore that. Bryony, what's up? You look so different. I didn't expect you'd ever speak to me or even look at me again. I've been such a blazing cad. But there you sit, staring at me, smiling!"

"Come in and sit down," directed Bryony. "That hag's been lying like a hatter. But I mean to get the truth—all of it—out of you. No, don't manœuvre the chair into the shadow. It's cards on the table, my dear. Now, first: is that gaudy trifle really your wife?"

"Yes," he answered, seeming dazed with surprise.

"I'm glad you look ashamed of yourself. She says you married her for her money—"

"That's a lie. She never had any. She blazed through the little I had."

"How did she trap you into marrying her?"

"That's a long story. But, Bryony, you're altogether different. You—"

"Did *you* think out this plot to entrap me?"

He managed to look utterly bewildered and to say hoarsely:

"I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, come off it!" she ejaculated. "Don't think I don't see through all this. You two are working together. You think you've landed a tin can—that in my old-fashioned slang is a mug who's made of money. Let me in on this. What's the low-down?"

Bryony leant back laughing.

"It's better than any play!" she cried. "Your face! Wyndham, you've a lot to learn and so has your wifely accomplice. She's rotten, dear boy. She stinks of adventuress at fifty yards. So you're not the Wyndham Armstrong who was at Marlchester?"

"I am. But—"

"You the only son of Gilt-edged Armstrong, the millionaire bucket-shop keeper? I don't believe it."

"Because your Who's Who must be twenty years out of date. Look here, Bryony—"

"My Who's Who," she broke in, "was a man in the lounge of the Méditerranée—an old Marlcastrian. A fortnight or so ago you were dining there with some people and he spoke about you to a girl who picked him up that night—myself. Remember him?"

"Old Tommy Scammell that was. I had a yarn with him the next morning—ran into him on the platform just before his train left. A dear old scout. Been out East for the last ten years. He'd never heard of my father's crash. I put him wise about it and borrowed a pony almost simultaneously. But tell me what's—?"

"Well, well, well, well," quoted Bryony in her deepest tones. "That's a blot on my escutcheon. I drank it all in. That day we met, I'd heard you'd gone to sell a peach farm to somebody and I waylaid you. I thought you were Mr. Midas. Let me do the putting you wise act. When Wheatley's Weed-Killer was sold to a limited liability company eleven years ago—when I was seventeen—my grandfather bust all the money on being a sugar-daddy to a pretty child in the Ragality chorus and Granfan and I were left penniless."

"I don't get you," said he very slowly, apparently—to use an unusual word for state of mind most unusual in him—obfuscated.

"I cart dear old Granfan around because there's nobody else to do it and I love her. She lives on me and I live, and have lived since I was seventeen, like you—on my wits. Sometimes I've got along by means as cleanly as playing bridge with rich old fools; sometimes, if I'm desperate, by dirtier methods—though never by blackmail like you and your wife. Directly I saw you in that car—stolen, Wyndham?—I liked you. At that tea place, I liked you better. Every day I went on liking you more and more, but I'd set out to marry Gilt-Edged Armstrong's only son, whether I liked him or not."

"You're—crook? (*Continued on page 96*)

What is Your Beauty Problem?

CLEANSE THE PORES OF IMPURITIES AND BLEMISHES WILL DISAPPEAR

THE keen touch of winter is apt to parch and dry the skin, and it is essential that the pores should be clear and free to breathe if the complexion is not to suffer. Percolating deep into the pores, Innoxa Complexion Milk thoroughly cleanses them of all impurities and softens, whitens, and preserves the fine texture of the skin. Prices 21/-, 11/6, 6/6 and 3/6 per bottle. Post free in U.K. only.

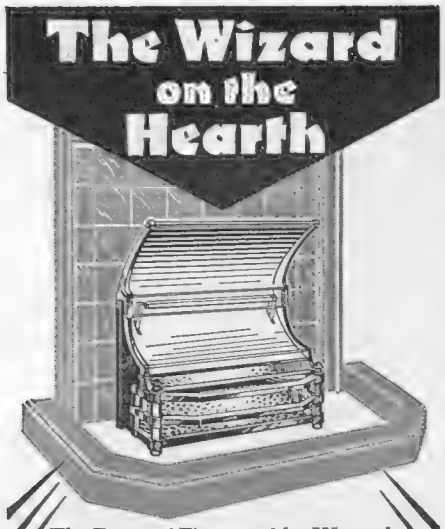
AN INVITATION DURING JANUARY

FREE CONSULTATIONS ON THE HOME TREATMENT OF THE COMPLEXION WILL BE GIVEN DAILY FROM 10.0 TO 5.30 AT THE INNOXA SALON · 38 OLD BOND STREET · LONDON · W · 1

Innoxa
BEAUTY BY CULTURE

Telephone: REGENT 3762

Scientific



The Ferranti Fire provides Warmth like Magic—the heat is projected further—it will warm you even at the other side of the room—the lower portion of the room is flood-heated with radiant heat a minute after switching on—no need to wait for room to heat up—immediate heat comfort is available on account of enormous heat yield (68%).

Coloured Brochure F 6 giving fullest particulars of these remarkable Fires —post free.

FERRANTI
Radiant
ELECTRIC FIRES

FERRANTI LTD., HOLLINWOOD, LANCS.
London Address: Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2.

LILIA

Points the Way to Healthy Freedom

To all those women who read "Britannia and Eve"

Sanitary protection of a really comfortable and hygienic nature is so vitally important to a woman's health—and to her enjoyment of life—that we would like to call your attention to a little booklet on this subject. It is written by a woman doctor attached to one of London's great hospitals. It contains much useful information for you—information which, you will readily understand, it is hardly possible for us to give you here.

You may want, too, to try the towels we have so carefully made (and keep on, and on, improving) under the direction of this same woman doctor — who keeps us in touch with the intimate problems of women's health and the latest discoveries of medical science for their alleviation. So ask us to send you samples—unless you are one of those happy women to whom Lilia has already opened up a new path to Health and Freedom.

If it is only the booklet you require just send us your name and address on a postcard. But if you would like the samples, too then send stamps or P.O. to the value of 1/3.

L I L I A

THE BRITISH SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWEL

Standard size, 1/- per carton of 12, with loops (or without them).

Awarded Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene

I don't believe it! I don't believe a single word of it!"

"So crook," said she, smiling, "that unless I make a get away from the Méditerranée within twenty-four hours I'll do twenty-four years or so in the big house before they'll think I've liquidated my account there. So give my regards to the wife and ask how a biter feels when bitten."

She stood up, but it was evident he didn't believe her. Calmly she answered his swift questions. At last he muttered, convinced and crushed and miserable:

"*You—crook!*"

"So you ensnare and the wife opens the trap on payment!" she observed. "Find it paying?"

"Never done it before. Diana suggested it—"

"Adam! The old Adam! Still I thought—I hoped it was like that. But I'll say one thing for you as a man though it discredits the crook. You were terribly ashamed of yourself last night."

He nodded and swallowed as though choking.

Solemnly she held out her hand and said:

"Good-bye, Wyndham. You did your part splendidly. I'm not often bamboozled. You're a prince at the game. I'd decorate you with the Blue Ribbon of the Sharp if I could."

He took and held her hand and said earnestly:

"Bryony! I felt such a swine. I did. Really I did. An out and outer. You know it. Last night you saw how I felt. I love you. Whatever's sham and a lie and crook about me, that's true. Up on that tower I thought I ought to have a bullet put through my skull. I—"

"So unhappy up there as that?"

He nodded, his eyes dark with shame and his jaws clenched tightly.

"I wasn't," said she. "I was happy up there—happier than I've ever been in all my life or ever even hoped to be, so happy that I could have cried, with only one sorrow knocking at the door—that I wasn't worthy of you, that I'd vile secrets I'd got to keep from you, that you were sweet and I was—loathsome."

"Bryony! And I knew I was the foulest friend and knew you were an angel! I could have kissed your feet as they kicked me back into the gutter. Out of all the lies, one truth stands out. I love you—frightfully."

"Oh, Wyndham!" she exclaimed. "It's we two who ought to have been partners! Why, together we'd be invincible—we'd be the *IT* in Hitler!"

"Then—be my partner! I've been in hell. Everything's growing light. I thought I'd never see you again. Bryony, let me take you away."

"Why—certainly!" she cried and laughed and fended him away and cried, "Wait, darling! Not now. We've work to do. Business first, sweet. We'll fetch Granfan in the car—just for a little run in the sun—and be over the frontier in a few minutes. Got a pencil, darling, and a half sheet?"

He produced both after much fumbling.

"Dear Mrs. Armstrong (Bryony scribbled) We've gone to get the money. Shan't be long.
Yours sincerely,
BRYONY WHEATLEY."

Perhaps they were still trying to get the money at Biarritz last summer, both very tanned and looking exceedingly happy and prosperous. But they were moving on, for the attendance at their gay roulette and baccarat parties had fallen off tremendously since somebody nicknamed their delightful bungalow D Major—a key, as explained to the unmusical, in which you play with two sharps.

END

Rhapsody in D Major

Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.
2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND SEVENTIETH SERIES

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best refusal in about 300 words of a husband asked by his wife to buy her a new dress.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia and Eve" not later than first post January 15th.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—January 15

HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIRST SERIES

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best triolet written round a domestic upheaval.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia and Eve" not later than first post January 29th.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—January 29

Results of 164th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

Awarded to "J. A. B."

Hon. Mention: M. Asher, "Skerryvore," Victoria Tyrrell, Gertrude Pitt, Joan Weston, Enid M. Norman, H. M. Hancock, Mary Hughes, Kathleen Nichols.

Prize-winning Entry:

REQUIEM.

Whither is my belovéd gone?—
Never so far
But I shall find the darkness
Pierced by a star.

Whither is he turned aside?—
Surely turned home
Where there is a garden
And where I shall come.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best nonsense verse connected with any aspect of motoring.

Awarded to "Lweno Notwali."

Hon Mention: "E. May," Alice Georgano, B. Gibbs, G. Phillpotts, Kathleen Nichols, "G. G.," S. Stanstead.

Results of 165th Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to Penelope Bowers

Hon. Mention: Edgar Pasfield, May Belben, Esther Raworth, Kathleen Nichols, Gertrude Pitt, Joan Weston, Margaret R. Watson, L. P. Dendy, Joan D'Echo, Pat Greer, M. Aldred, "E. G. Y.," Julia Binfield.

Prize-winning Entry:

EXILE.

I never saw your summer,
Yet I have known it in summers otherwhere
And beyond these green pathways
Your golden hills are bare.

There were fleet waters
And a heron's grey wings on the day I knew.
O land, be very lovely
When I come to you.

I take your summer with me
Where mists come clinging and the drifting rain.
In the time of the wild roses
I will come again.

And always most precious,
I go under suns of other lands
The snow of your high places
Holding in my hands.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best letter refusing an offer of marriage.

Awarded to Gwendolen Whitcombe

Hon. Mention: D. Avril, D. G. Holland, A. V. Williamson, "Margery," R. F. Pickwoad, "Lweno Notwali," E. G. Robins, "Ro," M. C. Anderson, B. Richardson, Evelyn Ash.

The "CUMBERLAND"

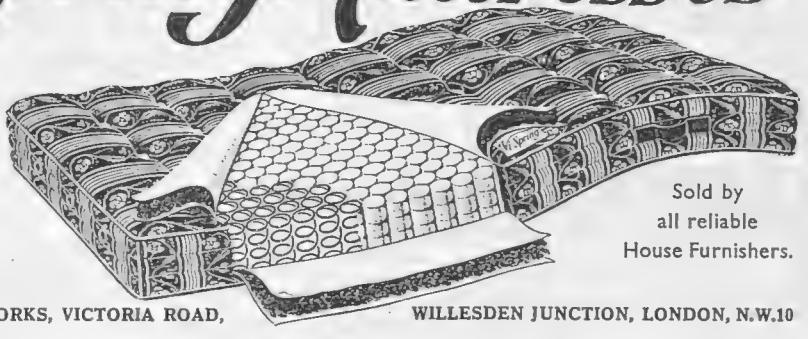
AT MARBLE ARCH, LONDON

the largest Hotel in Europe installs 1299

Vi-Spring Mattresses

To ensure that visitors always enjoy nights of sound, refreshing sleep the Cumberland Hotel is equipped with Vi-Spring Mattresses.

For over 30 years the 'Vi-Spring' has been acknowledged as the world's most comfortable overlay mattress. Equip your beds at home with the 'Vi-Spring' and enjoy that standard of bed-comfort that has led Messrs. J. Lyons & Co., Ltd., to adopt this famous mattress for the Cumberland Hotel.



Sold by all reliable House Furnishers.

Write for beautifully illustrated Catalogue, sent post free on request to Sole Manufacturers:—

Vi-Spring Products Ltd. 97 VI-SPRING WORKS, VICTORIA ROAD, WILLESDEN JUNCTION, LONDON, N.W.10

Are the few shillings you save worth while?

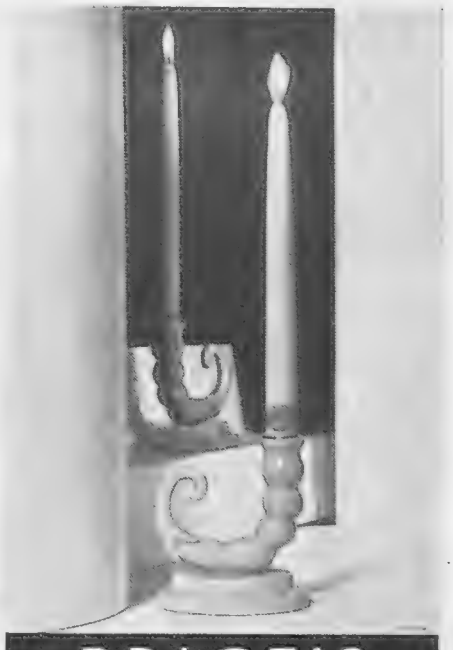
You can buy a cheaper carpet sweeper than a Ewbank but are the few shillings you save worth it? A Ewbank is made to give you perfect satisfaction for years. Its efficiency does not wear away and that's why nearly all the women you know use a Ewbank. The latest Ewbank has many exclusive features. Ask your dealer to show them to you.

Ewbank

Ewbank 'Success' 30/-

Other models 'Empire' 28/- 'Merit' 23/6

Write for the "Book of Ewbank" to Dept. S.165 Ewbank, Accrington, Lancs. or to Pollitt Ltd., 58-62, Pitfield Street, N.1.



PRICE'S Venetian candles

Let them play with

H A R B U T T ' S

Plasticine

—and be happy!

Write for Prices to Harbutt's Plasticine Ltd., 227, Bathampton, Bath

---

MISSES

MANN & SHACKLETON

Give utmost value for any kind of Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's discarded or misfit garments. Furs, Linen, Underwear, etc. Old Gold Jewellery in any condition. Send by post or rail. Offer or P.O. sent by return. Estd. 1860. *ONLY ADDRESS:*

FERN HOUSE, NORBITON, SURREY.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/- & 4/-

Miss Lili Damita says—

"No woman should be without 'Kirbigrips,' they give the well-groomed head that final touch of perfection which means so much."

See you get the genuine "Kirbigrips"—lighter, smoother, less visible and of much greater strength and lasting grip—a product of British Steel. No sharp edges or rough corners anywhere.

Ask at your Stores or Hairdressers for

The NEW ROUNDED

KIRBIGRIP

Monthly Sales 14,000,000.

Supplied plain or waved, silk or shell covered or paste set for evening wear.

Made in England by the Patentees:

KIRBY, BEARD & CO., LTD.

Birmingham, London & Redditch.

Patentees of the Kirbigrip Setters.

MATERNITY FROCKS

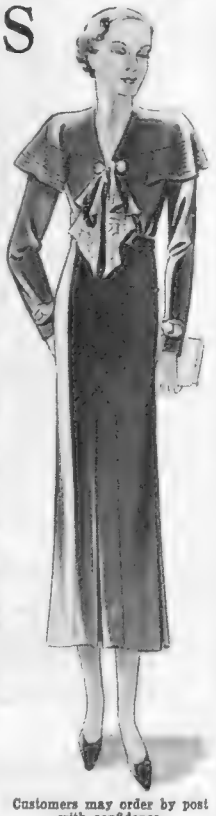
We have recently re-organised our Maternity Department and in consequence our models are smarter and more attractive than ever. Call at our showrooms or write for Catalogue "M."

Model BB.102.

Smart Maternity Frock in wool crêpe-de-Chine in Wine, Bottle, Brown, Navy, Black. Can be expanded as required.

3 Gns.

Also in rough-finished marocain in Green, Wine, Nigger, Navy, Black, 3½ *Gns.*



EXPECTANT MOTHERS and MOTHERS WRITE for THESE CATALOGUES

Sent free in plain envelope.

M.—MATERNITY WEAR (*Frocks, Coats, Belts, Corsets, etc.*).

A.—EVERYTHING FOR THE EVENT (*Layettes, Cots, Baths, Baskets, Accouchement Requisites and Baby Clothes up to 12 months*).

C.—CHILDREN'S FASHIONS from 12 months upwards (*Coats, Frocks, Hats, Suits, Shoes, Underwear, etc.*).

F.—NURSERY FURNITURE (*All Nursery Furniture and Furnishings, including Cribs, High Chairs, Play Pens, Beds, Bedding, Rugs, etc.*).

P.—BABY CARRIAGES (*Pram Rugs, Pram Bags, etc.*).

X.—CHILPRUFE FOR CHILDREN.

Customers may order by post with confidence.

Agents for Harringtons Squares.

TREASURE COT

COMPANY, LIMITED

(Dept. S.V.48), 103, Oxford St., London, W.1

(*Only address*) (*Flynn's*)

Lost Landmarks

(*Continued from page* 39)

West Australia and to the Kintore and the MacDonnell Ranges across the border. And now look what happened—Noogi got out with his camels and left him to die. Even with his sight, the odds would have been against him, without grub and water, Lint thought. And a sullen anger worked in him. He wanted to live instinctively, but he also wanted to live so that one day he could find Noogi and square accounts with him.

A sudden whir of wings overhead and shrill parrakeet cries interrupted Lint's thoughts, and almost simultaneously he smelt something in the air—moist, sweet like rain. It came to him tantalisingly on the breath of the wind, and passed away again. But he knew it was not rain. He thought it was a waterhole, and his heart quickened with the thought—the pulse of it beat in his dry throat as he hurried on, stumbling and crashing into rocks, barking his shins and his hips and skinning his knees when he fell. Then he steadied his wild rush, and listened for the birds again. He must be careful, or he would pass the water. He listened for the birds and lifted his head, smelling the wind.

The smell of the water came to him transiently with every freshening of the light breeze against his face. The water was upwind; he had that much guidance. And also the sound of the birds; they seemed to be fluttering about among the rocks ahead. Lint went on painfully, feeling his way toward the source of the water-smell and the sound of the birds.

Then, as he felt along a rock wall that terminated abruptly, there came another whir of wings in a stronger, more lasting sound than he had heard before. And his heart jumped again, for he knew what it was—not the wing beats of birds in straight flight, but the rising of birds from the ground. He could tell this by the prolongation of sound in the one place as the birds, startled evidently by the sudden sight of him, rose in successive waves. Lint staggered on wildly toward where he had heard the sound.

But, after a few paces, the realization entered his fevered brain that rock holes were often deep, like a well, with the surface of the water considerably lower than the rim of the hole. On the other hand, the surface of this waterhole could not be very far down, else the birds would not have drunk there. He felt his way with the butt of his rifle. The brass guard grated on stone, and more stone—and then met no resistance, so that he overbalanced in his weakness and fell forward heavily. His knees and his left arm and his chest struck rock, but his head touched nothing, though as it jerked downward with the force of his fall, his chin grazed a rough edge of rock. He had the feeling of lying on the edge of a precipice, and his rifle, to which he had clung with a stubbornness that had grown like a habit during his travail in the desert, hung downward from his outflung, bent arm. There was a drop of at least his rifle length before him.

Holding the rifle by the muzzle end of the barrel, he let it hang down as far as he could and moved it with a pendulum action. It touched nothing that sounded, yet something seemed to impede it. He pulled it up slowly over the rim of rock and felt the butt.

It was wet.

Lint nearly went crazy. He caught himself just in time dragging his body over the rock ledge in an effort to get to the water. He must find a place where he could reach it without risking a fall over the ledge. Painfully he crawled along the rim, feeling it shelve downward. After an eternity of thirst pangs, he found a place where he could reach the water.

Avidly he cupped it up in his hand to his mouth, but the inadequacy of this method to cope with his thirst quickly was impressed on him. In his craving he wanted to plunge his face in the water and drink, and tried to lean out over the ledge and get his mouth to the water, but he could not reach it. He tore off his hat and dipped it in the water and conveyed the crownful to the rock ledge. He thrust his chin and mouth into the water and drank greedily. But the water spurted out of the ventholes of the hat meanwhile and trickled back over the rock ledge and he only got about half of what he dipped up. He cursed the rock ledge and the necessity of dipping the water up in the leaky hat.

But the rock ledge and the slowness of his drinking, together with his weakness, saved him from drinking too much and sharing the fate of many who have found water at the eleventh hour. The clouds of exhaustion that had been fogging his mind now thickened, and he fainted or slept. He didn't know which when he found himself conscious again.

He stirred stiffly, and was reaching down to the water again with his hat when he was struck by the fact that his thirst pangs were not so fierce now. The water he had drunk had had time to soak into his parched body, was his thought. Making no haste now to drink, he wondered if there was a place where the rock rim shelved down to the water, and started to crawl round the edge in search of it.

After he had progressed ten or twelve yards, he found the water was almost level with the rim. He could reach the water here with his mouth, and he drank, and went on around the edge of the water. Presently the rock gave way to earth—spongy earth. His exploring fingers found growth, the soft moist leaves of what he thought to be nardoo, and the stalks of marshmallows, and stiff, smooth canegrass. Then his fingers were frantically searching for something else—the small round feel of native water melons.

But his search was fruitless, and his disappointment only sharpened his hunger, as did the pulpy stems of the canegrass which he plucked out and chewed. He chewed these avidly, the while his brain, sharpened by hunger, turned upon the significance of the growth by the waterhole, and the cropped feel of some of that growth in his fingers. Game—kangaroos and wallabys—came here to drink. He would have known that even without the growth, once he found that the rock ledge shelved away and that here where he now was the water was level with the edge. Game came here to drink, was the thought that reiterated in his mind, and with his rifle and his belt of cartridges, even if he could not see, mightn't he get some meat? He would hear the game come to the waterhole and drink—hear the rustle of the canegrass. If he took his bearings carefully and trained his rifle on the approach to the waterhole, he might get a kangaroo. It was a chance.

He knew it would be difficult to conceal himself when he couldn't see what cover he was taking. He felt about and found a boulder, but that wouldn't do. He needed something that would hide him, and yet which he could shoot through. Growth. He thought of the canegrass and felt about till he got back to it, and lay down in the grass; but he decided he might be in the track of game coming in to drink and scare it away before it reached the canegrass where he would be able to hear its rustling movement, so he shifted his position. He shifted from several tentative positions, till finally he was worried about leaving so many tracks. Then he discovered he'd lost his bearings.

He felt weak again, and sat down for a spell on a rock his shins brushed against, while he tried to recover his bearings. There was a little wind blowing, and that had been in his face when he came away from the waterhole. But the wind seemed to come from different directions. He thought this was because it was blowing among the rocks; these deflected it and made it erratic. There was only one place it seemed to come steadily from, and yet this seemed not the wind itself, which was spasmodic in little light gusts, but a steady draught. It was as if it came through a pass in the rock walls about the waterhole. The fact that he had earlier noticed that the earth that formed part of the rock waterhole's edge led away in the direction of that steady draught strengthened this belief.

Lint rose to make another attempt, guided by the steady current of cool air, to get back to the canegrass; but he took no step forward. As he stood by the rock he heard a sound where he believed was a pass in the rocks. Something was coming in through the pass, quietly. Lint dropped suddenly behind the rock where he had been sitting. There was no time now to find any other cover.

He rested his rifle over the top of the rock, and pulled off his hat so that his head would be less noticeable as he snuggled his rifle against his shoulder. He remained motionless, trying to define the sound. It was almost the sound of a man walking with his boots muffled in dust—the sound, he thought, of a slow-moving *boomer* kangaroo.

Lint felt the bandage about his eyes slip a little; he had shifted it when he had pulled off his hat. He yearned for sight and thought that now with the sun no longer stabbing his eyes with light, he might be able to see a little. He moved his head so that the loosened bandanna slipped down further; he felt it suddenly slip right down over his face and fall about his neck. But his sight was no better. Everything was blurred, shifting nebulously. He could define nothing.

He gave his attention to the sound again. It had come on—the muffled sound of a slow-moving kangaroo. But was it that? It was curiously like—— His puzzled mind was suddenly diverted by another sound, nearer to him and to his left. A stone had rattled. He listened, but heard nothing else, yet he had a sense of something moving near him.

Then Lint's startled body suddenly froze. Something soft and warm—a hand—had been put over his mouth, (*Continued on page* 100)

LONDON'S LATEST LUXURY FLATS

Small, Convenient, Inexpensive

You are invited to inspect the most modern, best appointed labour-saving SMALL FLATS in Central London.

Ideal homes for the business man or woman ; an ideal *pied à terre* for the country resident.

Select position, within two miles of Piccadilly, four minutes from Sloane Square and South Kensington tubes, one minute from bus routes, and close West End main shopping centres.

Electric lifts ; telephone for each flat ; garages for resident's cars ; central heating ; constant hot water ; private balconies.

ONE ROOM FLATS from £90 TWO ROOM FLATS from £140
(DAINTY KITCHENETTE AND TILED BATHROOM INCLUDED).

Complete furnished flats on view. You will be charmed with these modern miniature luxury flats. Come and see

SLOANE AVENUE MANSIONS
Sloane Avenue, London . S.W.3 - Phone: Kensington 3434

Or write for brochure to
CENTRAL LONDON PROPERTY TRUST, LTD.,
7, Pall Mall East, London, S.W.1. 'Phone: Whitehall 2022.

DON'T WASTE MONEY!

WHY PAY 2/- PER DAY

for coal or gas when we can heat your room, office, shop or garage with perfect safety for

TWOPENCE?

Write for full details of this

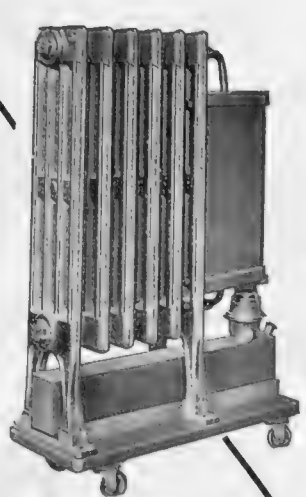
HEATING MIRACLE

Prices from **£6 : 17 : 6**
Carriage Paid London Area only.

SERVICE

Write to Dept. L.115 for free expert advice on all heating problems.

THE INTEROVEN STOVE CO., LTD.,
(Dept. L.115), 156 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.



---

from infancy to old age,

in sickness and in health, *Bed time is Benger time!* Since the first medical sage advised the unrestful never to go to bed on an empty stomach, the world has learned the soothing and sleep inducing effect of Benger's Food. The Medical Profession especially recommend a cupful of Benger's Food taken in sips when overtired.

Why Benger's is distinct from any other food obtainable is explained in the Benger Booklet. Please write for it, post free. Address Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.

BENGER'S Food
Reg. Trade Mark

Bed time is Benger time

FROM A DOCTOR:
"Benger's Food is the finest thing to go to bed on."

298f

The best people have the Liqueur-Newberry Habit

Meltis

NEW BERRY FRUITS REGISTERED
with Fruit Liqueur Centres

Six flavours
GOOSEBERRY
TANGERINE
RASPBERRY
GRAPE FRUIT
LEMON FIG
2/6 boxes
1/- cartons

MELTIS LTD • BEDFORD AND LONDON

It keeps us young with the youngsters...

~and us~ young with the old-uns

That's the great virtue about Shredded Wheat It is liked. It is enjoyed by all. Its pure whole wheat nourishment helps the children to build up sturdy limbs and healthy bodies. It gives the grown-ups the energy and strength they need for their daily tasks. And it makes an ideal breakfast for the whole family. Just warm the milk, pour it over Shredded Wheat, add sugar, and there is a hot, sustaining breakfast all ready. Try it for lunch and supper too. 8d. per pkt. (In U.K.)

SHREDDED WHEAT

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO. LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS.

BE A SUCCESSFUL ARTIST

There is Joy and Profit in Creative Art.

Copy this sketch for free criticism.

WOULD you like to be able to draw—to sketch—to paint? The ability to draw is a more common gift than is generally supposed. Many possess it, but only a few have acquired that training and technique which is essential to success.

By the JOHN HASSALL WAY you can learn to draw in your leisure hours at home through the post, easily and without hindrance to your present occupation.

Send a copy of the accompanying sketch (or an example of your original work) together with coupon below, and you will receive in return a free but expert criticism of your artistic ability, and a presentation copy of the handsome illustrated brochure which tells in detail all about the JOHN HASSALL WAY, what it is, what it has done, and what it can do for you. Send now.

COUPON—*Post Now!*

Please send me—without charge or obligation—a copy of the Illustrated Brochure, "The John Hassall Way," and free criticism of enclosed sketch (my own work).
H9/1.

NAME.....
(In Capitals)

ADDRESS.....

Brit. & Eve, Jan. 1934.

Age (if under 21).....

The John Hassall Correspondence Art School,
Dept. H9/1, ST. ALBANS.

Lost Landmarks

while he felt the barrel of his rifle shift slightly on the rock, as if its aim had been redirected. Then the hand went from his mouth; he felt a figure crouch beside him in the shelter of the rock.

Lint's brain was in a whirl of bewilderment. He wanted to speak, but the hand at his mouth had warned against sound, and he thought of the redirected barrel of his rifle—his unseen companion evidently meant to help and not to hinder him. Did he know he was blind? Had he seen the bandanna slip down from his eyes? Yet if the other knew he was blind, why didn't he himself take the rifle? He could do more good with it. Lint wanted to tell him so, but again remembered the warning hand. Also, the sound off there beyond the muzzle of his gun was nearer now. Nearer and even more like the dust-muffled footsteps of a man.

The sound suddenly ceased. There was a long silence. Lint remained motionless behind his rifle.

"All right," a voice said out of the silence, "you've got the drop on me. What's it all about?"

Lint maintained his impassive immobility, even when the unseen figure at his side spoke suddenly with a familiar voice—Noogi's voice:

"Make him stick'm up his hands and stand still," Noogi whispered. "He not know you not see; you been got him with big bluff."

Lint's voice rasped the required order, and he felt Noogi rise from his side and slip away.

He heard his footsteps stop, and from the silence came the protest:

"I don't let no Abo fleece me of my weapons. What the hell's it mean?"

"The hell you know what it means," Lint answered. "You drop your hands or move an inch and you're dead."

Lint heard a thump in the earth near the rock as Noogi threw the man's rifle toward him. The lesser sound of the man's revolver followed. Then the unseen figure sneered:

"So I stick my arms up, do I? All right, they're up and they won't be roped behind me either."

"Try any tricks and I'll drill you."

The man's voice suddenly was heavy with defeat as he snarled helplessly: "Blast you, if it wasn't for the rifle you've got trained on me I'd break this nigger's neck!"

Lint felt Noogi marching beside him, guiding fingers lightly touching his wrist. Before him he heard the sullen walk of the man whose arms Noogi had bound to his back.

They marched on steadily against the cool draught that Lint felt came through a pass in the rocks. The ground shelved under him, and they went down till the earth flattened out and the foliage of sparse trees brushed Lint's shoulders.

Then there came to Lint's nostrils the unmistakable, familiar smell of camels.

"He leave them here," Noogi explained, "so he go to the waterhole and see if anybody is there first. But he not very much expect anybody to hide behind rock with gun. So now he is roped up good with rope he used to tie me up before I get away. I get pack rope now and tie up his legs. In the morning I tie him on camels, and we trek to Wiluna."

"Yes, Noogi." Lint turned his unseeing eyes on him. "How did you know I was blind there by the waterhole?" he demanded.

"I track you, boss. Tracks show you not walk like feller who can see."

"You tracked me—where from?"

"From old camp, boss. Thass feller come up on camp and get'm drop on me. Him only have two feller camels in scrub and him steal'm your camels and outfit, and take me prisoner with him. But I get away, and go back look for you. You been go, and you trek lot in night time when I not see tracks, but I see tracks in daytime, and track you to waterhole, thass all."

"All?" Lint said slowly. "I reckon it's plenty."

END

A Sale Opportunity

AQUASCUTUM of 100, Regent Street, W.1 celebrate the opening of their new Fashion Garment Department by having a Fashion Sale of special note. In a spacious satinwood room you will find everything to partner your new spring suiting—of which there is an immense selection from 50/- in tweed, hopsack and all the new novelty materials, to specially modelled hats at 25/-. Extraordinary value is offered by hand-spun Galloway Reel scarves at 10/-. Fascinating jumpers with all the latest vanities in colour and cut from £1, as well as entrancing dresses from £5 are only some of the bargains to be obtained at this Fashion Sale.

Inspiring Confidence

Natural reserve and modesty make it impossible for the average woman to discuss some subjects with even the most intimate friend. To such women the knowledge that Cephos as a remedy for periodical distress can be purchased without fear of embarrassment is a consolation. For it was originally prescribed for Headaches, Rheumatism and all nerve troubles and is widely advertised and sold for these complaints. It inspires confidence also to know that Cephos is actually the prescription of a famous specialist and is not a harmful drug.

Supplied by Boots, Timothy White's, Taylors and all chemists and stores in powders or tablets 1/3 and 3/-. Single powders 2d. each.

Cephos

FREE That you may try it without expense write for a trial sample. All enquiries are handled in strictest confidence by the Lady Supervisor, Dept. 2T.

CEPHOS Ltd., Dept. 2T, Blackburn

CILOREAL

FOR DARK & LUSTROUS EYEBROWS & LASHES

CILOREAL complete with Big Palette and full instructions. 4/- post free or from High-class Chemists & Hairdressers

Do not envy those with fascinating Eyebrows and Lashes. Permanently tint yours with CILOREAL, in a few minutes yours will look just as lovely. CILOREAL is guaranteed harmless and is not affected by Sun, Rain or Sea Bathing.

Descriptive folder sent on request to C. Nestle & Co. Ltd., 5, Cloreal House, 48, South Molton Street, W.1.

'Beauty Sleep'-EVERY NIGHT

The surest way to retain the set and beauty of your waves, is to wear a "Ladye Jayne" every night—thereby economising in visits to the Hairdresser. The "Ladye Jayne" is faultlessly cut to a registered design. It fits perfectly, and keeps the waves gently but firmly in position. IT MUST BE A "Ladye Jayne."

Always look for the Tab marked—"Ladye Jayne" Regd. Design.

Many charming designs from 1/- to 6/6. From Hairdressers and Stores (including Harrods, Selfridges and Boots, Ltd.).

WEAR A Ladye Jayne SLUMBER HELMET

BY APPOINTMENT

SALE

of

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

BY APPOINTMENT

"AQUASCUTUM"

OVERCOATS and RAINCOATS

The famous Sale is an exceptional opportunity to secure genuine "Aquascutum" coats at greatly reduced prices. A large number are offered at *Half Price*. The example illustrated above is the famous "Aquascutum" 'Teddy Bear,' the most luxurious pure Camel Pile Coat the world can produce. Extremely light, wonderfully warm. The perfect travel and country coat. Usual price 14 guineas. **Sale price 10 guineas.**

Other Sale offers include:
OVERCOATS from 50/-, WOMEN'S SUITS rom 50/-.
RAINCOATS from 50/-, and MACKINTOSHES from 21/-.

Aquascutum Ltd.

100, REGENT STREET LONDON, W.1

PYORRHŒA?—not me!

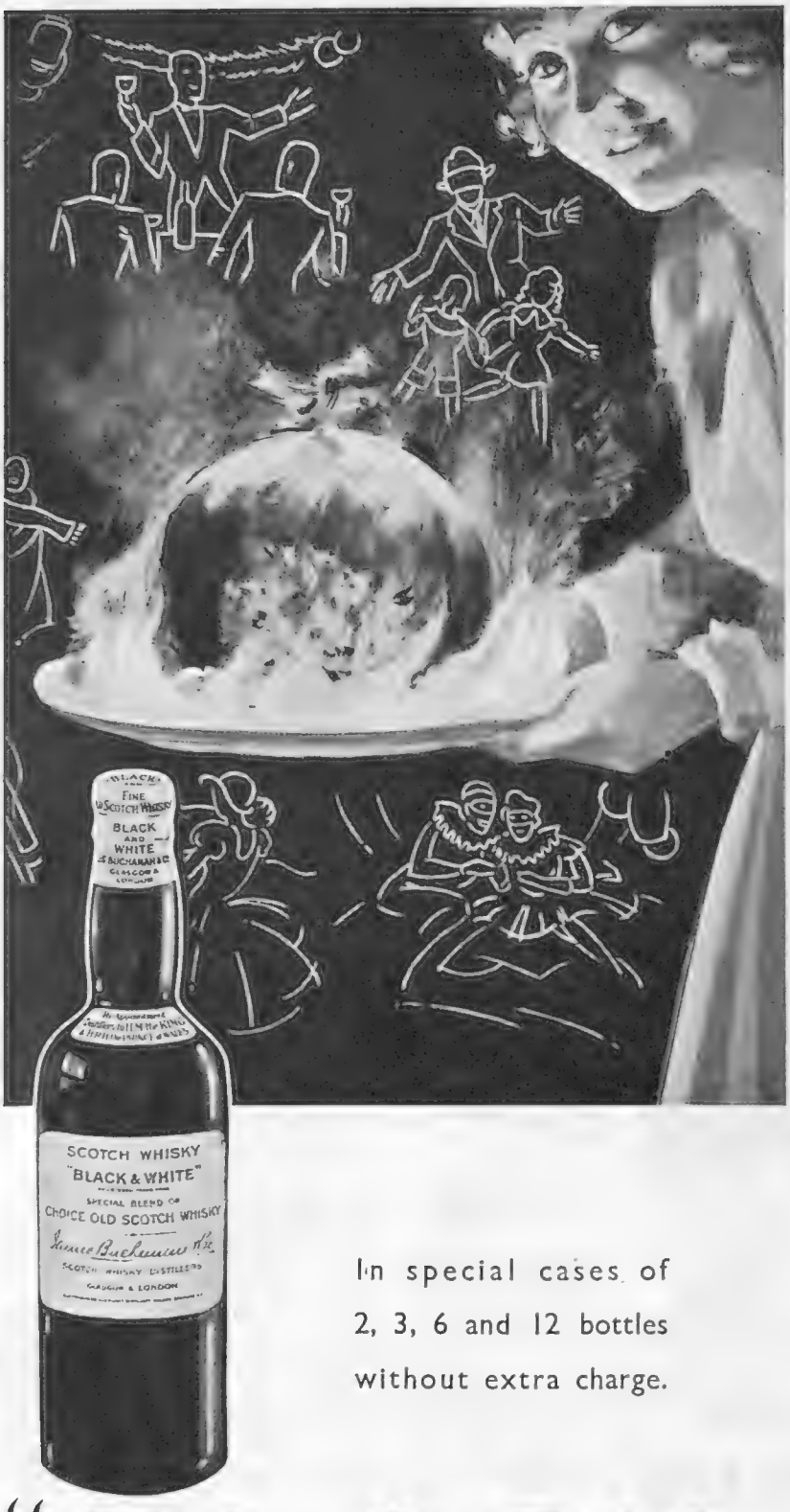
It isn't just luck that he's healthier and happier than the next man. He uses Forhan's for the Gums, and Pyorrhœa has no opportunity of poisoning *his* system. Every day for years he has massaged his gums with Forhan's, and *his* teeth are safe. Yet four out of every five over forty stand in danger of Pyorrhœa. No one can afford to neglect the gums. Get a tube of Forhan's for the Gums to-day; at all chemists.

Forhan's

FOR THE **gums**

FORHAN'S LIMITED, ALDWYCH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

FOR THE FESTIVE SEASON



In special cases of
2, 3, 6 and 12 bottles
without extra charge.

"BLACK & WHITE"
SCOTCH WHISKY

Thirty Years *of* Flying

(*Continued from page* 41)

sea, with not a ship in sight, expecting any moment that his engine might fail. Just when he was about mid-Channel it did begin to overheat, and he feared the worst. But then, luckily for him, a rainstorm beat down and cooled his engine, and he was able to struggle on and reach the cliffs of Dover.

As he passed inland near Dover Castle gusts assailed him, and he made a rough landing which damaged the under-carriage of his machine. But that mattered little at such a moment. Bleriot's triumph had won him fame.

When Bleriot flew the Channel I was engaged in testing a helicopter, or vertical-flight machine. But after that Channel flight I decided to abandon my own experiments for a time, and go to France with a view to buying an aeroplane and learning at once to fly.

It was with this intention that I was present at the Rheims flying meeting—the first of its kind in the world—which was held in August, 1909.

On the first day, I remember, conditions were not too good, the ground being heavy after rain, and the wind high. But the immense crowd saw a number of flights. Lefevre, in his Wright biplane, made a circuit in a wind of 20 miles an hour. On the second day Paulhan flew 34 miles. After this Latham made a flight of 96 miles. Farman won the Prix de Champagne, flying 112 miles without alighting, his biplane being equipped with the famous Gnome rotary motor, which on this occasion achieved its first public triumph. To-day, one may mention, the non-stop aeroplane record stands at 5,657 miles.

The first international Gordon-Bennett speed contest was flown at this Rheims meeting, being won by Curtiss for America at 47 miles an hour—rather different from the 423 miles an hour of the present world's air speed record! Some of the other events in a never-to-be-forgotten week were Farman's victory in the passenger prize, carrying two people for 6 miles: Latham's height record of 500 feet—as compared with to-day's record of 43,000 feet; and the remarkable exhibition flying of Lefevre, who manœuvred his Wright biplane in a way which delighted the crowd.

EARLY in 1910 I made up my mind to attempt to win the £10,000 prize for an aeroplane flight from London to Manchester. I went to Mourmelon, in France, and learned to pilot a Farman biplane. A machine of this type, fitted with a 50 horse-power Gnome rotary motor, I purchased from Mr. Henry Farman, and in it, at Mourmelon, I was one of the first ten aviators in the world to fly for an hour without alighting.

It was on April 21st, 1910, that I made my first attempt to win the London-Manchester prize. Ascending from Park Royal at 5.17 a.m., I flew in round the gasometers at Wormwood Scrubs, this being necessary, as prescribed in the rules. Then I flew for 83 miles across country to Rugby, landing here at 7.14 a.m.

After a rest at Rugby I started again and headed for Manchester, with only 93 miles still to fly to win the prize. But wind and engine trouble brought me down near Lichfield after I had flown a total distance of 117 miles. It was here, while my machine was standing out in a field, that it was blown over by a strong wind-gust and badly damaged.

It was at this juncture, while I was superintending the repair of my machine, which had been brought for the purpose to the airship shed on Wormwood Scrubs, that M. Louis Paulhan reached London as a competitor for the London-Manchester prize, bringing with him a Farman biplane which had its lower plane curtailed in order to attain greater speed and higher altitude. The result of his appearance on the scene was that dramatic air contest between us which aroused the interest of the world.

On the evening of April 27th Paulhan, in spite of a gusty wind, left Hendon, where he had housed his machine, at 5.31 p.m., and flew in a first stage to Lichfield, 117 miles on his journey to Manchester. Immediately I heard that my rival, a more experienced pilot, had decided to brave the wind, I had my own machine brought out, and ascended from Wormwood Scrubs at 6.29 p.m. But with an hour's less daylight than Paulhan, and with a slower machine, I was compelled by gathering darkness to descend at Roade, 60 miles from my starting point.

After a few hours' rest, and a consultation with my friends, I decided to make up my lost ground by attempting the world's first aeroplane flight by night. A strange experience that was! Rising from a small field at 2.54 a.m., in complete darkness, I had to judge my ascent by the aid of a line of bicycle lamps which volunteers were holding to indicate the position of a hedge at the end of my take-off. Once aloft, I saw the lights of Roade station just beneath me. Then my engine spluttered and misfired, and for a moment or

so I was afraid that it was going to stop. Fortunately for me, though, it soon began firing regularly again, and I managed to grope my way through the darkness until dawn, following the headlights of motor-cars and the lights of the railway, for in those days we had no compasses, altimeters, or instruments of any kind to help us. Then, however, a gusty wind, growing in strength, forced me to descend at 4.14 a.m. at Polesworth, 10 miles short of the spot where, on the previous evening, Paulhan had alighted. Paulhan, meanwhile, rising at dawn from Lichfield, succeeded in reaching Manchester and winning the prize.

THE wind, in those far-off days, owing to the comparatively slow speed of our machines, was much more of an enemy to the airman than it is to-day. I remember that when making one flight, in that same year of 1910, my low-powered, slow-moving biplane was caught by powerful wind-eddies and twisted round three times in the air. Another airman, at about that time, was caught in a sort of whirlwind and his biplane turned completely upside-down at a height of 1,500 ft.; after which the upturned machine came falling earthward rather like a big kite which has broken away from its string. These were in days long before the parachute. That pilot clung desperately to whatever he could catch hold of and, as the craft was swept by the wind towards a ploughed field, he jumped just before the impact with the ground and, landing on his feet on soft soil, suffered nothing worse than a shock and some bruises.

As for speed in flying, we simply dawdled through the air in those days, as compared with the present time. When I saw Curtiss win the first Gordon-Bennett race at Rheims in 1909, his speed was only 47 miles an hour; and when I won that contest in America the following year the speed of my 100 h.p. 14-cylinder racing Bleriot was only a fraction over 60 miles an hour.

In contrast with the 60 miles an hour speed at which I won the Gordon-Bennett race in 1910, Flight-Lt. Boothman won the Schneider Trophy for this country in 1931 at 340·08 miles an hour, while Italy has now taken the world's speed record to 423 miles an hour.

NO romance in flying is greater than that of the aerial mail. It is a subject of particular interest to me, personally, because it was on a summer's afternoon at Blackpool, in 1910, that I carried out the first demonstration in Britain of the possibility of flying mails across country in a heavier-than-air machine. After a small bag had been filled with specially marked letters, this was placed in my aeroplane, and I made a short cross-country flight under conditions which were by no means favourable, there being a gusty wind blowing at the time.

That pioneer test we organised at Blackpool was unofficial. In the following year, 1911, some of the pilots of my Company were able to carry out, from the London aerodrome, a series of trials which were sanctioned officially by the Post Office, and during which 130,000 letters and postcards were air-borne between London and Windsor.

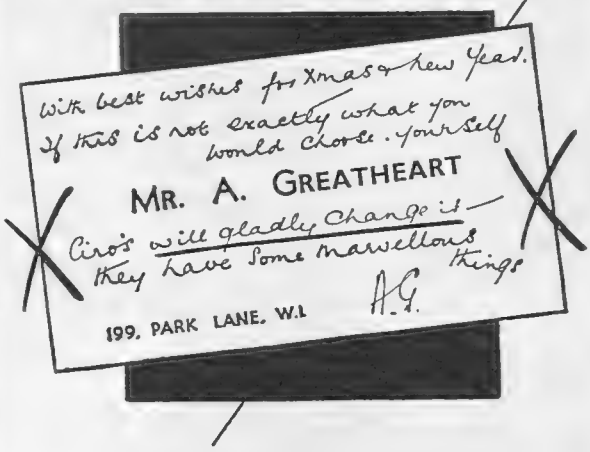
The next big landmarks came with the trans-atlantic flights of 1919. That magnificent pilot, the late Mr. Harry Hawker, carried a bag of letters with him in the biplane in which, after ascending from Newfoundland on an ocean flight of 1,900 miles to Ireland, he made a compulsory descent, owing to water-cooling trouble with his engine, far out in mid-Atlantic. This precious bag was retrieved afterwards from his drifting and abandoned 'plane, and the letters it contained —some of them stained by sea water—now form much-prized specimens in the albums of that army of air-post collectors which is growing rapidly day by day.

Our first thirty years of flying have passed. Now what lies ahead? Well, those of us who have seen aviation develop, and are watching the trends of progress to-day, are convinced that the world will be a far better place to live in when we reap the full advantages of the aerial conquest, as we shall do when flying becomes universal and the world is girdled by high-speed routes. Rapid travel is of vital importance. It is the personal touch which means so much. We need to know each other better. We need to be as at home in foreign capitals as we are in our own, and in this respect air transport is the greatest of all removers of artificial barriers.

There is a vast psychological importance about flying and its future progress. Narrow-minded views cannot survive the tolerant opinions travellers begin to form when they "drop in" constantly by air at towns and cities in foreign lands. The ideas of the air passenger cease to be national; they become international. "Transportation is civilisation," as Kipling has told us. The lesson of our first thirty years of flying is that in long-distance air transport, developed on the widest scale, we now have the "Open Sesame" to a great new era in the world's history.

YES

WE WILL GLADLY


With best wishes for Xmas & New Year.
If this is not exactly what you would choose yourself
MR. A. GREATHEART
Ciro's will gladly change it—
they have some marvellous things
A.G.
199, PARK LANE, W.1

It may happen at Christmas that a present you receive is not precisely what you yourself would have chosen. If it is

"Something from Ciro's,"

beautiful it will unquestionably be, and in perfect taste. But sometimes Sapphires go to one who loves but Emeralds. Or Diamonds, where Pearls would be more welcome. If this has happened to you, accept now the assurance of Ciro's willingness to make any desired exchange. Just bring it to Ciro's.

Latest edition of Ciro's Catalogue of Pearls & Jewels No. 15—free for the asking.

Ciro

48, BOND STREET, W.1.

128, REGENT ST., W.1. • 120, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2.

MANCHESTER • LIVERPOOL • LEEDS • SHEFFIELD • BIRMINGHAM
BRISTOL • CARDIFF • EDINBURGH • GLASGOW • DUBLIN

BREVES
LALIQUE
GALLERIES

To those who take a delight in beautiful things, the advent of the new year furnishes a timely occasion to add to a collection —or to begin one.

Messrs. Breves have assembled at their new galleries at 4, New Bond Street, an array of exquisite Lalique glass, Italian ceramics, Danish porcelain and Parisian bronze.

The choice is wide and prices ascend by easy stages from a modest 10/-. Visitors who come to see this attractive display may be assured that nobody is pressed to buy.

4 NEW BOND ST., W.1.

Winter Sport *in* Norway

The Home of Ski-Running

NORWAY has taught the world to ski. In Norway people use ski because they have to. It is the only means of foot progression over the snow-covered forest tracks and across the humped undulations of the wintry mountain slopes. In such an environment, where ski-running has the stiffening of stern, utilitarian qualities, its purely sporting aspect gains additional glamour.

The Norwegian winter sports season lasts from the end of November until late in May, and divides into two natural periods—the season of the valley resorts and the *höifjell*, or mountain season.

For the lower-lying centres in the great valley regions of Valdres and the Gudbrandsdal, and in the vicinity of Oslo itself, late December until the early part of February is a delightful time.

No capital in Europe has such facilities for winter sports within short distance of its centre as Oslo. The city is ringed by forest-covered slopes, which spread in one direction into the beautiful region of forest and lake and stream known as the Nordmarken. Here one can spend day after day on ski, always exploring new ground.

For tobogganing there is the famous "Corkscrew" run, which begins high on one of the slopes two miles out of the city. It can be reached in a few minutes by electric railway. Starting on the edge of the forests, close to a snug log-built restaurant which provides good fare, huge birchwood fires and a dance orchestra, the run does not end until the first tramlines of the suburbs come into sight.

THE most famous mountain resorts of Norway lie along the two great railway systems of the country—the Bergen and the Dovre lines. In its 300 miles' journey from the capital to the great port on the west coast, the Bergen railway climbs to a height of over 4,000 ft. Such stations as Finse, Haugastöl, Gjeilo and Ustaoset are situated in perfect ski terrain. On the Dovre route, Fefor, Fokstuen, Hjerkinn and Opdal—to name but a few—are prominent.

Norway is the only country in Europe in which long ski trips, lasting a fortnight if desired, can be undertaken without danger. Far less precipitous than the Alps, the Norwegian mountains are flanked by rolling expanses of snow-covered moorland which form ideal contours for extended runs. Chief among these vast plateaux is the Hardangervidda, along the edge of which are dotted most of the best resorts on the Bergen railway. In March the northern latitude gives these centres 15 hours of brilliant daylight, which increases to 20 hours before the end of the season in May.

START of the Ladies' Race in the Nordmarken, near Oslo, Norway

ANOTHER great Norwegian winter sports area is the Jotunheim—reached by the Valdres railway from Oslo. The dazzling peaks of the Galdhöpiggen and the Glittertind dominate all the region.

If time allows it, the ideal way to take a Norwegian winter holiday is to begin with the valley resorts and move with the calendar to the mountains, where Easter forms the peak of the season.

Routes: to Oslo by the Fred Olsen Line from Newcastle. A forty-hour journey, with the last twelve hours along the coast of southern Norway and up the magnificent scenery of the Oslo Fjord. To Bergen by the B. and N. Line from Newcastle. The fastest steamer on this route does the journey to Bergen in 21 hours. Inclusive prices from England and back from £15 10s. for 17 days.

EASTER Ski-ers in the Möre district, N.W. Norway

Lilla
HAND-SMOCKING

COSY MATERIALS for the WINTER

"LILLASCO"

A very hard wearing wool and art silk material specially selected for its durability.

Colours: Light and Dark Saxe, Grey, Purple, Browns, Brick, Wine, Green, Navy, Royal and Black.
No. 394a £4 . 14 . 6

All Wool Figured "LILLAINE"
A delightful design in four combinations of colours on Saxe, Brown, Green and Black background.
This material, being all wool, is cosy, warm, but light and is particularly suitable for home wear.
No. 394a £4 . 7 . 6

Wool Stockinette and many other delightful materials from
£4 . 7 . 6
Made-to-measure. Outsizes extra.

Can be sent on Approval upon receipt of the usual references or deposit.

No. 394A

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE "A" with patterns free on request.

LILLA 7 Lower Grosvenor Place, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1. Phone: Vic 1751

The Newspaper Man

(*Continued from page 7*)

about this," he asked. "I'm an English newspaper man."

The correspondent had laughed—and that had hurt him.

"Fancy coming all this way about a paragraph like this," Fawcett heard.

"But it's a big story," he replied.

"Don't you understand?" asked the local man. "It's a fake."

"That's the second time I've heard that word," he answered. "I don't know what it means."

Then he walked out and slammed the door. . .

FAWCETT seemed to be getting prouder now, as his story proceeded. He had begun it as though he were explaining something casually. Soon, he seemed to grow more important, as he spoke. He seemed, too, to be no longer the narrator of a story, but the justifier of a system of ethics.

Armed with his cutting, he had gone to an hotel, taken a room, engaged an assistant and then started a long round of calls. It took him a week.

The Medical Officer informed him that 446 babies had been born in nursing homes in the city that year.—"It is a common thing in America, though not in Europe," he explained—and told him where he could get a list of all the nursing homes.

That took him a few hours. Next morning, he and his assistant called on all the nursing homes and got 446 addresses. Then they called on 446 mothers.

To each was said, "What is all this about getting the wrong baby?" and to each—panic, merriment, hauteur or some sense of disgust struck each of the women—was produced the cutting.

"Have you ever thought what you would say if I told you that, for all you knew, you were not yourself?" he said, addressing me.

I had no idea. I was sure I was myself.

He persisted. He said that if I had been born in an American nursing home—of course, it couldn't happen in England, where they were more careful—I might be the son of a millionaire without knowing it. I might have the wrong mother. I might be living a life miles above my real station.

Anyway, that was the idea that soon got around Melville, Indiana. It hit, like a thunderbolt, 446 homes.

"I cabled a column story, in a few hours, to London, and soon got a reply: 'Send more. Interview Mayor on scandal.'"

He had done that hours before. The Mayor himself confessed that his own wife had given birth to a child in a nursing home and that, chaffingly, he had warned her that she might get the wrong baby.

"I rather hoped she would," said the Mayor. "The Mayor of a burg like this is only a cheap politician, anyway, and the son of some other father might grow up a better citizen."

And he laughed. . . .

BY this time, the fun had really begun. Melville was afire with the story.

Other London newspapers had wired their correspondents for the facts and they had also begun to run the story in the papers of the town.

We were told of the Town's Meeting, with hundreds of harassed fathers and tearful mothers storming the doors and demanding, what he had never thought of, the Mayor's resignation. We heard of the jokes that went around the city, how children had to be separated from fighting because one had shouted to the other, "You're the wrong kid!"

We learned how, under pressure, the nurses of the maternity wards had admitted that when they took newly-born babies for their bath, they bore no tabs and that conceivably—yes, it was possible three children all born in the same hour might go to the wrong three mothers.

And Fawcett told us of his triumph—the passing of a City Ordinance, which saved the Mayor's job for him, that every child born within the borough boundaries should be tabbed, before it was bathed!

That, though, was not his real triumph. That came when, going back to the office of the local correspondent who had confessed to the invention of the original five-line paragraph, he said to him, "Never waste an idea on five lines! If you must fake, lead the paper with it! Why waste a good lie?"

Oh, yes, and then, of course, when he got home to London, his job was still safe—and he had seen Melville, Indiana!

That isn't the point, though, of the story as I saw it. For it started again when Fawcett had stopped.

"Make a fake a fact," he had finished, reminiscent, going over his story in his mind, laughing, very proud. . . .

"I used to be in a maternity home . . ." It was the woman in the corner speaking. "I say so, because you were so sure it couldn't happen in England. I remember when we were youngish girls, being trained . . ."

And she told us how, just for fun, to test the mothers, they had often changed the babies' ribbons, wondering if the mothers could tell their own new-born, even with the pride of their affection.

"Do you know," she said, "we may often have got them really mixed up, after all? Some of us used to laugh. If the mothers were satisfied, why should we worry?"

Fawcett looked very interested. Was he sensing another column to write?

"Where were you trained?" he asked the woman.

"The Mothers' Rest Home," she said.

Fawcett suddenly looked very scared.

"Heavens!" he cried. "*I was born there!*"

"*Perhaps I'm a wrong baby myself!* . . . still, anyway, I'm a newspaper man."

END

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY

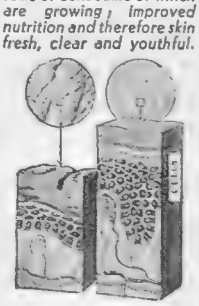
by REJUVENATION OF THE SKIN FROM WITHIN

Really beautiful skin is the creation of Nature and no external application can charm it on to the face. As you grow older the skin becomes loose, wrinkles and crows' feet develop and your youthful appearance gradually fades. This ageing process takes place in the deeper layers of the skin and cosmetics applied on the surface merely conceal the evidence of age. Creams, lotions and powders do not reach these deeper layers and are helpless to induce natural renovation and growth of the skin tissues which are undergoing the process of ageing. If the skin is to retain and regain its youthful beauty the tissues must be revitalised from within.

A discovery which will do more for you than all the cosmetics and face-lifting in the world.

A skin specialist of great repute in the scientific world—Dr. J. F. Kapp—made a discovery which created a sensation in medical circles. After sixteen years of research Dr. Kapp evolved a preparation, now known under the name of W-5 Brand Tablets which is the first and so far the only one to regenerate the skin—rebuild it from within. Its secret is that it enlists the aid of Nature herself in this process of regeneration.

Section on left shows ageing skin: surface wrinkled and dry scales peeling off; poor layer of active tissue, cells shrunk to three rows.
Section on right shows skin after treatment with W-5 brand tablets: surface smooth and firm; rich active tissue; increased rows of cells some of which are growing; improved nutrition and therefore skin fresh, clear and youthful.



W-5 BRAND TABLETS

Price 21/- per box.

A most interesting and absorbing book, beautifully illustrated, explains this important discovery in the most comprehensive manner. **This book should be in the hands of every woman.** It will be sent gratis and post free.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK

which tells you everything about the skin and its REJUVENATION by W-5 BRAND TABLETS.

From John Bell & Croyden, 50 Wigmore St., Savoury & Moore, Ltd., 143 New Bond St., Squire & Sons, Ltd., 413 Oxford St.; also at all branches of BOOTS, Lewis & Burrows, Heppels, and from Harrods, Army & Navy, Barker's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Lewis's (Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester), and from all first-class Chemists, or direct from **GELTY DISTRIBUTING CO., 162, Oxford St., London, W.1.**

FREE 10,000 SAMPLE PACKAGES (FILL UP COUPON)

Send this coupon with 3d. in stamps (for postage and packing) for wonderful book and free sample, to the distributors — Gelty Distributing Co., - - 162, Oxford St., London, W. 1

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

State Mr., Mrs. or Miss *Print in block letters*

The Children's SALON

AND COMPETITION CIRCLE

Patrons:
H.R.H. The Princess Royal,
H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, etc.

For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in Art, Literature, Needlework, Handicraft, etc.

NO AGE LIMIT
MONEY PRIZES

Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890.

Conducted by "LEVANA"

Competition Rules.

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professional may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, October 16th

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Flower Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Christabel Richens, G.C.S. 4465. Hon. Mention: May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523; Margaret McRae, G.C.S. 5978.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 10s. Divided between Z. Forster-Brown, G.C.S. 5958, and May McCoy, G.C.S. 5940. Hon. Mention: Irene Weir, G.C.S. 5985; Gladys Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573; Catherine Baldwin, G.C.S. 5191.

Needlework Competition.—A Novelty. Prize 10s. Awarded to G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5784. Hon. Mention: Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583; M. Barrett, G.C.S. 5993; Ruth White, G.C.S. 5937.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Maud Schwabe, M.C.S. 3140. Hon. Mention: Anne Burra, M.C.S. 3281, Rena Recaldin, M.S.C. 3276; Peggy Horn, M.C.S. 3415; Kathleen Bethell, M.C.S. 3436.

Literature Competition.—Paper on Topical Subject. Prize 10s. Awarded to Mary Gordon, M.C.S. 3368. Hon. Mention: L. A. Taylor, M.C.S. 3423; B. Perry, M.C.S. 3426; J. M. Colyer, M.C.S. 2889; B. Paul, M.C.S. 3341.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 5s. Awarded to Anne Capel, A.C.S. 1590. Hon. Mention: Anne Casswell, A.C.S. 1597; Barbara Barker, A.C.S. 1470; Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Divided between Joan Harris, A.C.S. 1037, and P. J. Orde, A.C.S. 1067. Hon. Mention: Julius Ward, A.C.S. 1447.

Snapshot Competition

First Prize 10s. J. M. Colyer, M.C.S. 2889. Second Prize 5s. Philip Searight, M.C.S. 3421. Hon. Mention: D. A. Hart, G.C.S. 5999.

Award of Prizes, November 1st

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition. — Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Dahlia Anson, G.C.S. 5806. Hon. Mention: G. Burdett, G.C.S. 5987; Christabel Richens; G.C.S. 4465; Margaret Barrett, G.C.S. 5993.

Literature Competition.—A Leader entitled "When Winter Comes." Awarded to Alice Janes, G.C.S. 5996. Hon. Mention: Effie Dundas, G.C.S. 4460; Dorothy Lake, G.C.S. 5908; J. Dunlop, G.C.S. 5793; Martha Walker, G.C.S. 6000.

Needlework Competition—Anything White. Prize 10s. Divided between Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316, and Margaret Barrett, G.C.S. 5993.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Peggy Horn, M.C.S. 3415. Hon. Mention: Anne Burra, M.C.S. 3281; Rena Recaldin, M.C.S. 3276.

Literature Competition.—Four Play Titles. Prize 10s. Divided between Anthony Hern, M.C.S. 3322, and John S. Stafford, M.C.S. 3435. Hon. Mention: Helen Lillie, M.C.S. 3175; J. M. Skinner, M.C.S. 3271; John Crane, M.C.S. 3452; Mary Gordon, M.C.S. 3368.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Design for a Calendar. Prize 5s. Awarded to Patricia Baldwin, A.C.S. 1524. Hon. Mention: Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1322.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 5s. Awarded to Beryl White, A.C.S. 1206. Hon. Mention: Jean Weir, A.C.S. 1462.

Snapshot Competition

First Prize 10s. Brenda Milligan, M.C.S. 3345. Second Prize 5s.: Stella Bull, M.C.S. 3302. Hon. Mention: Olwen Lawton, G.C.S. 5923; Joan Harris, A.C.S. 1037; Carrie Mayne, G.C.S. 4388; S. C. MacLeod, G.C.S., 5855.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

(January—February)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date January 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, February 1st. An Illustration to a Scene from *Hamlet*. No. III. Closing date, February 15th. A Design for a Book Jacket.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, January 15th. A Short Poem. No. II. Closing date, February 1st. A Short Story. No. III. Closing date, February 15th. The Opening Page of a Novel (about 300 words).

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, January 15th. Anything Embroidered. No. II. Closing date, February 1st. Anything in Wool. No. III. Closing date, February 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, January 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, February 1st. A Title Page for a Book of Nature Poems. No. III. Closing date, February 15th. A Design for a Cretonne.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, January 15th. A Lyric. No. II. Closing date, February 1st. Review a Recent Book. No. III. Closing date, February 15th. A Four Lined Verse Suitable for Advertising a Brand of Cigarettes.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, January 15th. A Design for a Dinner Plate. No. II. Closing date, February 1st. A Pencil Study of a Group of Four Objects. No. III. Closing date, February 15th. An Illustration to a Nursery Rhyme.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, January 15th. A Short Poem. No. II. Closing date, February 1st. Describe a Room of which You are Fond. No. III. Closing date, February 15th. A Short Story.

Open to All: Age taken specially into account

Snapshot Competition.—First Prize 10s. Second Prize 5s. Closing date, February 1st. Subject Left to Competitor.

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a { *Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate* } *of The Children's Salon Competition Circle*

(Strike out words which do not apply.)

Full Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Age, if under 20 .....

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon

NEWS OF THE MONTH

I SHALL be most grateful if all intending subscribers to the Cinderella Pantomime Fund will let me have their donations in this week or next in order that we may know as soon as possible how many invitations we can safely send out. If it is inconvenient to send the actual money during the next day or two, a post card promising so much will be of the same service to us in making our plans. Letters expressing a hope to be included are arriving, by every post, from little guests who have enjoyed this day so much in past years, as well as other pathetic epistles from those "who have never been to a pantomime," and will we please take them? Yes, of course, we will, if we have the money! Four shillings—may I repeat it?—covers the entire expenses for one child.

Meanwhile I want to acknowledge with our heartiest thanks donations from the following: The Countess Jellicoe, Miss Margaret R. M. Bone, Marjorie Raphael, Mary Sitwell, Félicité Petters and her sisters, Lavender Dollar, Hilda M. Dunlop, Dora Malfatti, Mollie O'Reilly, Catherine Baldwin, Lily G. Bourdas, Peggy Berkeley, Zenobia Forster-Brown, Dorothy Thornton, Mrs. and Diana Seth-Smith, Nancy and Pamela Dean, Phyllis C. Board, Bertha Richardson, Trixie Ford, Mabel Sanders, Frederica Montagu, Enid Ackerley, Mrs. Janet Roche, Jean Dewar, Beatrice Long, Margaret J. Hill, Vera Horton, Jean Lawes, B. D. Robertson, Eileen Comber, Helen M. Lillie, Pamela Cornelius, Janet White, Carrie Mayne, Brenda Burrill, Doris Mashiter, Daphne Giddins, Hilary Stainer, "Red Wing," M. Ranson, Sybil Stallibrass, Violet P. I. Horn, Veronica Ward, Philip Seawright, Margaret Metherell, Margaret McRae, C. S. Stamper, Maida Webber, Gwendoline and Ursula Moss, Lornac Tudsbery, Sheila Apted, Ursula Paine, Florence McCoy, L. A. Taylor, Margaret Barrett, Margaret Cook, B. Gardner, Rosemary Raphael, Sylvia, Anita and Hazel Davis and Elizabeth Cowtan.

The pantomime, by the way, is to be *Dick Whittington*, at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, and I hear it is a quite exceptionally good one, with Ivy Tresmand and Sepha Treble in the cast.

"Low Tide at Sunset" by Phyllis Board, G.C.S. 4240. A charming snapshot submitted in a recent photographic competition

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS

(October 16th)

Rena Recaldin.—A most satisfactory effort. The design shows considerable ingenuity and is admirably suited for its purpose. If entirely original, you ought to be able to do something with it.

G. E. M. Moss.—The stems are a bit wooden, but the general character of these difficult flowers has been splendidly grasped and the modelling is excellent. But delicacy is wanting.

L. A. Taylor.—You express yourself extremely well at times and then suddenly there are lapses. A little careful re-reading ought to get you over this difficulty. The subject matter of this is first rate and very interestingly dealt with.

Margaret McRae.—Very skilful—perhaps a little too much so, especially in the rose spray. A myopic study of this type is a good exercise if regarded as such and not as a bit of picture-making. Remarkably true in colour. The "Wait and See" verses are amusingly done

The Children's Salon
COUPON

—perhaps a bit too colloquial in idea as well as phrase, but bright and promising.

Daphne Giddins.—The fragile beauty of the leaves would be difficult in this medium for a very practised hand. I would advise water-colour or pencil another time. Very good general effect. The first and third titles are the best.

Joyce Vernum.—As a piece of space filling this is decidedly successful, but except in the buds and leaves I do not think this flower has been conventionalised so that its peculiar characteristics are retained. This point is worth consideration

Ursula A. C. Moss.—The weak ne s the sixth. The rest has charm and originality. You ought to be able to deal with the difficulty I have indicated.

Barbara Barker.—Very unequal work. The mug and cherries are expert if a bit lacking in feeling, but the rest is in another vein and the result rather odd. Try to keep your work all over at the same level as you proceed.

Mabel Sanders.—This begins delightfully, but the theme loses its way a little before the close and the seventh lines disturb the pleasant rhythm. The needlework entry is beautifully done—a most dainty little novelty.

Peter Recaldin.—Not at all badly drawn, but the scrappy paper hasn't been any help to you. Also, where are the reflected lights on the jug and glass? Try to take things a bit farther. You are making very sound progress and should now be able to go another step forward.

D. A. Hart.—Rather too consciously good, but good all the same! The modern method is rather away from a style of this type. Read the third "leader" in the best daily papers to help you in this matter.

Penelope Burra.—Smartly suggested and drawing much improved. Background is a bit unnecessarily hard and lacking in atmosphere, but you are making very steady progress.

Betty Weir.—A good deal of what you say is right enough, but the finish is much too severe in tone. Some modification of these pastimes you could certainly suggest, but such a sweeping gesture as you demand would not be tolerated. The art entry is technically excellent, but the figure isn't sufficiently in keeping with its very mannered surroundings.

Frances E. Thompson.—A bit too understated, although charmingly artistic and excellent as a start. The mounted figures are out of tone with the rest—too defined in a landscape of this dreamy quality.

Anne Casswell.—The group seems to be resting in mid-air. A background is badly needed. Lots of clever work, but rather sharper definition in the centre of the group would have helped the effect and composition.

Betty Smith.—A spotlight may seem cold, but never as cold as this, and the shadow is not nearly strong enough. With more practice you should be good at figure drawing.

V. P. I. Horn.—Your very excellent accessories have more finish and repose than the flowers, which need volume to be equally good. Work so good suggests a reserve of power.

G. Christabel Richens.—A most artistic sketch, charming though swift and slight. Full of delight and uncommonly good.

May McFadyen.—Certainly strong and decorative, but the mixture of flat decoration and modelling is incongruous. Better a flat design throughout relying upon mass form and colour only.

Marguerite Falcoln.—Your toned paper puts the warm colour into the far distance and brings cold tones nearer, not a desirable result for a well-conceived group, not a happy choice.

Marjorie Naylor.—An excellent strong note, but not a good picture for interest. A figure would be useful with so much trunk. Strong work.

May W. Harrison.—The scarlet blooms don't live up to the super-excellence of the purple and white, which are beautifully handled for texture, form and colour. Plenty of clean water is hinted.

Maud Schwabe.—The upper half of your picture is remarkably good. Sky, roofs and skyline most accomplished, but the moving water and foreground need a lot more study. Still, a striking sketch.

Peggy Horn.—A very promising etching, the water rather heavily bitten, but, on the whole, well managed in effect, and with good variety of touch. Extremely well composed.

Kathleen Bethell.—Full of spirit, invention and knowledge, but the audience much too big for their position, the chariot being so near. Welcome, daringly fresh, and clever work.

Cynthia Greaves.—Capital in colour and atmosphere. The surface markings not very convincing in drawing, and middle distance touches a bit harsh. Excellently pictorial.

Irene Smith.—Very well drawn and modelled, but the colour should show sky reflections in the lights, and ground reflexes below. Knees, boughs and pasterns need anatomy. Very good.

Veronica Price-Harris.—The three circles in perspective, top and foot of glass, and plate, don't accord. Otherwise well drawn and very good in colour and tone.

Anne Capel.—A first-rate impression, the big facts beautifully stated. Excellent colour and tonality. Most artistic.

Lella Mackover.—It is never good composition to use the same word frequently and seldom necessary in English, which is so rich in different words having much the same meaning. Otherwise this is interesting work.

Anthony Hern.—You make some good hits—not very subtle ones, but quite sufficiently amusing for the idea. Still, subtlety in such work is not to be despised.

(*Remaining criticisms will be sent through the post.*)

The Children's Salon
COUPON

The IDEAL SUPPLEMENTARY FEED

When natural feeding is failing there is no artificial food which blends more perfectly with the natural milk. Mothers who desire to feed their children need have no anxiety in supplementing with Cow & Gate which, of all Foods, most deserves the title of "Next best to Breast."
We shall be glad to send you a generous FREE sample of COW & GATE Milk Food if you will fill up and post coupon below.
MANUFACTURERS OF THE
Cow & Gate Milk Food
THE ORIGINAL COW & GATE MILK FOOD

COUPON

To COW & GATE, LTD., Guildford, Surrey. Please send me a generous sample of Cow & Gate Milk Food.

My baby's age is ..... *months.*

Name .....

Address .....

.....

B. & E., Jan.

Cow & Gate Milk Food

"The Best Milk for Baby when Natural Feeding Fails."

©529 COW & GATE LTD. GUILDFORD, SURREY.

On Trial (*Continued from page 13*)

his imperturbable good temper and cheeriness his willingness to work long hours, his memory and his suave handling of importunate visiting bores made Sir Daniel most indulgent.

The bye-election came and receded into history leaving Sir Daniel a Member of Parliament; Selwood Chase became no longer so much home as a rare holiday resort; and the busy months passed so swiftly that Denny was astounded when Sir Daniel said one morning:

"You've been with me a year on the third of next month, Denny, and you've not asked for a rise."

"But I will when I feel I earn it," Denny assured him.

"Happy, Denny?"

"Gloriously."

"Well, sometimes you don't look it."

"Liver, sir," said Denny. "The hobnails in it are the only things I got out of Assam."

But he knew why Sir Daniel sometimes found him glum, and he wondered how any man (weaned from flabby Sentiment's demoralising breast and out of her leading-strings) could admit the truth even to himself without a shudder of shame. Still to permit memories of a contemptible little gold-digger to disturb him or even to cross his mind! Still to marvel at his misreading of her character and personality! Still secretly to admire the persistent physical vision of her in the train, and, worse, still wistfully to think of the girl he had thought her to be, the girl she had never been. . . .

His train-girl was best forgotten. She was loathsome. . . .

But on the eve of that "To-day year" Denny could not help being, as Sir Daniel complained, "completely off the spot." Even after her exposure the train-girl had said, "I shall be there. Don't forget, Denny."

He couldn't forget. Her remark had been mere rhetoric, mere defiance. Of course, she wouldn't be there. Keep tryst with a man who had double-crossed her, who obviously despised her, who had told her they would only meet again in Hades?

Yet on the morrow curiosity (Denny called the urge curiosity) made him ask Sir Daniel at eleven for the rest of the day off, took him in a taxi to Paddington and made him hang about the station, watching the bookstall from afar, like a perturbated sharp-shooter.

"Hello!" murmured somebody close behind him.

Denny turned, saw the train-girl, smiled before he knew it, and breathlessly echoed:

"Hello!"

"I didn't think you'd come," said she.

"I didn't think you would."

"That's why we both came, I suppose," she commented, smiling, and then added seriously, "Denny, I thought over all you said. I—tore that cheque up."

The non-presentation of the cheque had long been an impenetrable mystery to Denny.

"May I tell you—everything?" she asked.

"And then some!" exclaimed Denny. "A taxi, lunch, a talk. Let's go."

In the cab she was no longer reticent. She was an actress, she told him. Her stage name was Erica Fearon. Fiona Logan, an actress too, had told her that her people were dead and that she had adopted her in infancy. Fiona had been a darling to her. She had only just got back to England, after a South African tour.

"I sailed the day after we met at La Boustifaille," she told Denny. "Tearing up that cheque was almost the last thing I did in England."

"I ought to have known you would," said he.

"I didn't ever mean it," said she.

"Are you telling me?" quoted Denny. "Don't fash yourself. You needn't tell me what a blind fool I was. Let me see that finger."

"Which?"

"The one that was unfettered. Still naked and lovely! May I kiss it?"

"Did the granddaughter of the Shogun permit such a liberty?"

"She wasn't asked," said Denny, kissing finger, palm and wrist. . . .

They lunched, and he told her his twelve-month's history at her insistence and listened to her account of the tour at his.

Then, after tea, a taxi carried them back to the little flat in the shadow of the British Museum that Erica was renting from a friend.

"We must dine—theatre—sup—dance," insisted Denny, in its knick-knacked parlour. "This is a Red Letter Day."

"A Red Letter Day," she repeated. "And yet you keep looking at me—so funnily. Don't deny it. You do, and I know why. It's because you can't forget I'm a—blackmailer."

Denny stared at her non-committally, then nodded and awkwardly said:

"I can't help remembering that you sort of—tried it on."

"And yet you call this a Red Letter Day!"

"It *is* a Red Letter Day. It's the reddest in the history of Denny Everett."

"And yet you say you want us to be friends!"

"Well, that's not quite candid, I admit."

"I see."

"No, you don't. Not yet. Friendship's not the terminus I'm bound for. Now d'you see?"

"That's madness. You know nothing about me—except hatefulness."

"But I want to know—everything from A to Z."

"Then," she said flurriedly, and her cheeks were red, "I shall break a promise. I'd rather you heard the truth from me than—somebody else. You must have thought it a strange coincidence our meeting on the train, didn't you?"

"A huge one."

"So it was, but not really quite so huge. I'd just found the letters. I was on my way to Selwood Chase too. When you said your name was Everett I was astounded. I got out at Trowbridge because taxis are expensive and a bus from there runs within a quarter of a mile of the house. I meant to give Sir Daniel the letters and—a bit of my mind. Fiona, you see, was a darling and he broke her heart. But he didn't seem interested in my telling off. He said Fiona had said all there was to be said twenty years ago. And then the butler came in and said you'd arrived. That was a shock if you like! Sir Daniel kept you waiting half an hour or more, didn't he? He was talking to me. Next day he called at my flat and handed me back the letters. After that, in everything I did, I—acted on his instructions."

"You mean," asked bewildered Denny, "it was all a put-up job? But that's—preposterous, incredible. What possible object——?"

"Sir Daniel told me all sorts of stories about you—high dives; riding some monster of a horse, Satan by name. And he said you wanted a job. His secretary was getting married and leaving him and—and you might have done for the post, only——"

Denny's eyes glittered as she hesitated.

"Only he didn't trust me?"

"Something like that."

"Did he say why?"

"He said something about a scandal at poker."

"The swine!" ejaculated Denny. "But hang him and his foul suspicions! Erica, you've got to hear the truth about that card-party. I didn't——"

"I know you didn't," she broke in. "Of course you didn't. So he invented a test for you. He wanted, he said, to see if you could conduct the affair like a—a trustworthy man of the world."

"So you lent yourself to an abominable——?"

"Though you rode Satan you needn't get on *quite* such a high horse," she broke in. "I told him it wasn't a test, but merely an opportunity to display your straightness and I helped you, Denny, a whole lot."

"How?"

"Would any real blackmailer accept such an obvious stumer of a cheque? I ask you!"

"Were you—paid?"

"Denny, I shall have to try and hate you if you're insulting."

"Then why on earth should you let yourself be dragged into——?"

"Because he said if you carried the thing through discreetly he'd most certainly make you his secretary."

"And you didn't care what I thought of you?"

"I never dreamt you'd pretend Sir Daniel had sent you to meet me. I never thought for a moment that you'd know I'd any hand in it. I only thought a year hence we'd meet—as we have done—and you'd be his secretary—as you are. That's all."

She paused, eyeing him, and then said:

"And if you're still angry with me you'd—better go."

She was pale and her eyes glittered.

"Don't rag," said Denny. "I couldn't be angry with you whatever you'd done. But old Dan's quite another matter. I've never heard of such colossal, Arabian Nightsy insolence! I shall tell him——"

"You'll remember how scarce jobs are and—and which side the butter's on," she broke in.

"I've forgotten that already," said he.

"Then," she said, flushing, "you'll remember you have a poor little actress friend who's counting on Sir Daniel's well-off secretary to—to give her just one more Red Letter Day. For her sake, Denny. You see, she ought not to have told you anything about it. Promise to keep your temper."

"I'll do almost anything for her sake," said Denny, "but——"

"Please, please, Denny dear!"

"Come here," he commanded.

"Say 'Please, Denny darling' and put your arms round my neck and I'll see what can be done."

A minute later Erica breathlessly said:

"Did I say you could kiss me?"

"Certainly not. But I promised to see what could be done and I saw it and did it and when we're married I'll——"

"Who's ragging now?" she broke in. "Married! Wouldn't Sir Daniel have a fit if he knew we were even friends?"

"*His* business," said Denny, kissing her again.

"And your post?"

"I'll find another. I'm not worrying."

"You'd risk losing everything you've built up—for me?"

"You're what I built and without you there's nothing anywhere."

"Denny, you're terribly silly and sweet!"

Fifteen minutes later Erica said:

"And now if you're taking me out to dinner, dash back and change, darling."

SIR DANIEL was dressing for dinner when Denny knocked at the bedroom door. At Denny's request, Sir Daniel sent his man away and battled paradoxically manfully, with a recalcitrant white tie as he heard Denny out.

"So you think my little test of your character and capabilities insolent?" he asked at length.

Denny glumly answered:

"I can't help thinking so, sir, and saying so."

"But, confound it, my dear boy," expostulated Sir Daniel, "you didn't come to me with the reputation of a little white-haired angel! Far from it. Besides, I'd another—a really urgent reason for trying you out. With those silly effusions of mine, Erica brought me a covering letter from Fiona, the last letter she ever wrote, the poor dear. It contained an item of startling news that completely knocked the breath out of me. Erica was blackguarding me about my treatment of Fiona when your arrival was announced. She seemed so amazed at 'Mr. Denys Everett has arrived,' that I got the little story of your most irregular acquaintanceship in the train out of her. She sat there blushing like a rose. I could see you'd been a fast worker, me boy. I could see she was falling for you."

Sir Daniel swung round on Denny from the looking glass and said deliberately:

"I was—furious."

"You may be again," said Denny, "only more so."

"You'll change your tune," said Sir Daniel, chuckling. "You think you know a lot, but you don't know anything at all. Who d'you think forced me to give you a trial as secretary? I see you've guessed. Yes, Erica. Utterly regardless of my wishes, orders, appeals and all the rest of it, she was off on a year's tour abroad. I had a year to try you out in. How? was the problem. That night the letters put an idea into my head. I called on Erica next morning. I told her I'd stand by you loyally if she helped me in a little experiment—a test of your mettle. She refused. I picked up my hat. She—called me names. I made for the door. I was halfway downstairs when she called me back."

"I must apologise for being so dense," said Denny, "but is all this most offensive rigmarole your defence?"

"It's lucky for you I've someone else to think of besides an impatient young kinsman," retorted Sir Daniel sharply. "Offensive rigmarole! I like that! Insolent! Not a bit of it! I've been a pretty rotten father—but then till I read Fiona's letter I never knew I was one—but I wasn't going to have my only daughter falling for a young rapscallion about whom I knew nothing—except to his discredit."

Denny managed to say:

"You're her——? She's your——?"

"Exactly—though neither of us knew it till I'd read Fiona's letter. Swallow your surprise and come along in to dinner."

Denny collected his wits enough to say:

"I'm dining out."

Sir Daniel slid an arm through Denny's and said:

"I'll lay a hundred to one you aren't."

"Taken in pounds," said Denny.

Sir Daniel led the way to the dining-room door and then said in low tones:

"And by the way, do try and make her understand that Fiona left me before I'd any idea there was any Erica on the stocks and that I'm anxious to give my daughter a good time."

Denny shook his head and said:

"You'll have to think of something else to give her. I've contracted to provide all the good times she'll need. We're getting married, sir, so soon as I can get a licence."

"A very fast worker!" commented Sir Daniel, fingering the door-knob. "Well, I'll buy you one—a special, an extra special one."

Thereupon he opened the door and there beside the flower-decked table stood Erica, who exclaimed:

"Come along in—both of you, please. Few girls have ever had a more trying future to face—being fathered by one stranger and married to another. Let's—get together."

END

ONE-
A TOUCH!

TWO-
A RUB!

THREE-
BRILLIANCE!

To obtain a really brilliant finish to your floors with the minimum of trouble use "Mansion." Quickly and easily this economical wax preparation imparts a beautiful polish that enriches the colour and grain of the woods in Stained or Parquet Floors. It also protects the surface and lengthens the life of Linoleum.

MANSION POLISH

FOR DARK WOODS USE DARK MANSION

In Tins 6d., 10½d. and 1/9. Large Household tin, containing 2 lbs. net. 3/-.

Chiswick Products Ltd., Chiswick, London, W.4.

Index to Advertisers

JANUARY, 1934

All correspondence relating to the Advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

	Page
A	
Allenburys Diet	Cover iii
Alvis Car and Engineering Co.	80
Antwerp—Hôtel de Londres	Cover iii
Aquascutum	101
B	
Barclay, Jack	89
Beetham's Larola	Cover iii
Benger's Food	99
Bentley and Co.	92
Bentley Motors	89
Black and White Whisky	102
B.P. Ethyl	4
Breves Lalique Galleries	104
C	
Car Mart, Ltd.	78
Carr's Biscuits	Cover iii
Cephos, Ltd.	100
Ciloreal	100
Ciro Pearls	103
Cointreau	Cover ii
Corot, Ltd.	1
Cow and Gate Milk Food	107
D	
Dark-Lash	94
Dewar	Back Cover
Dolcis Shoes	73
E	
Ewbank	97
F	
Ferranti Electric Fires	96
Follett, Charles, Ltd.	80
Ford Motor Co., Ltd.	87
Forhan's, Ltd.	101
G	
Genasprin	Cover ii
Goddard's Plate Powder	97
Grant's Cherry Brandy	92
Green Park Motors	89
H	
Haig Whisky	93
Hampton and Sons	Cover ii
Harbutt's Plasticine	97
Harley Parker, J.	94
Hassall Art School	100
Henlys	78, 81
I	
Imedia	86
Innoxa	95
Interoven Stove	99
K	
Kirbigrip	98
Kruschen Salts	92
L	
Ladye Jayne Slumber Helmet	100
Ladye Jayne Wave Clip	110
Lilia	96
Lilla	104
Listerine Tooth Paste	83
M	
Maclean's Stomach Powder	110
Mann and Shackleton	97
Mansion Polish	109
Meltis New Berry Fruits	99
Minty Club Chair	85
Mulliner, Arthur, Ltd.	89
N	
Nestol	92
P	
Perstik	82
Player's Cigarettes	91
Price's Candles	97
Pyrene	80
R	
Radiation, Ltd.	74
S	
Serventi, R.	Cover iii
Shredded Wheat	100
Slendene-Valetta	86
Sloane Avenue Mansions	99
Steinmann, P.	Cover ii
T	
Treasure Cot Co.	98
V	
Vapex	110
Vauxhall Motors, Ltd.	2
Vedonis	84
Veldew	92
Vi-Spring Mattress	97
W	
Wakefield Castrol	76
Watney, Gordon, and Co.	78
Windovers, Ltd.	89
W-5 Brand Tablets	105

CURES GASTRIC ULCERS WITHOUT OPERATION

Mr. Albert Cooper, of 8, Salcombe Avenue, Copnor, Portsmouth, suffered constantly from the worst kind of indigestion for four years. "I tried"—these are his own words—"all kinds of so-called cures without success. Eventually I collapsed and was taken from a local cinema and arrived in hospital where a 'gastric ulcer' was diagnosed. I fully expected to be operated upon. Imagine my surprise when they started giving me Maclean's Powder.

"Only six weeks afterwards, I was discharged cured, and have since enjoyed perfect health in every way and can eat what I like, whereas before I used to hate the very sight of food, which always made me ill. No words of mine can speak too highly of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder."

Whatever kind of indigestion you suffer from you ought to try this wonderful Maclean Brand Stomach Powder at once. Any chemist can supply it, but be sure to ask for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

The 20 MINUTE WAVE-SETTER
IN USE AT HOME
Sold by Hairdressers & Stores. Also Boots', Timothy White's, etc.
IT'S EASY!
Press Clip open and release on the hair.
IT'S SPEEDY!
6D PER CLIP
2 CLIPS ON A CARD
IT'S SURE!
Ladye Jayne WAVE-CLIP
AND RE-SETTER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Britannia & Eve

Published Monthly at 1/-	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
Inland & Abroad	4/6	8/9	17/6
Canada	3/6	7/-	14/-

ORDER FORM

To The Publisher of
BRITANNIA & EVE,
346, Strand, London,
W.C.2

Please send me BRITANNIA & EVE Monthly for.....months commencing with the.....issue, for which I enclose .....

Name .....

Address .....

Date..... 1934

Printed by W. H. Smith and Son, Ltd., The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published monthly by the proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Advertisement Offices, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Entered as second class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd 1879, Sec. 397, P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d. per annum; 8s. 9d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d.; and for Canada 14s. per annum; 7s. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

An outstanding biscuit

BIRD'S CUSTARD CREAM

By Appointment

This is the wonderful new biscuit everyone is talking about. It has a delightful flavour.

MADE ONLY BY

CARR'S OF CARLISLE

IN CO-OPERATION WITH

BIRD'S OF BIRMINGHAM

Obtainable at all leading grocers

© 427

A Beautiful Skin and Soft, White Hands

Skin beauty . . . delicate hands and a radiantly clear face . . . quickly follows the regular use of Larola. Hands that have had harsh treatment or exposure to winter weather instantly yield to the soothing influence of this world-renowned skin emollient, and are made beautifully soft and white. Larola is also essential to the face, cleansing and stimulating the pores of the skin and imparting a petal-like softness. Larola makes an ideal powder base.

BEETHAM'S GLYCERINE and CUCUMBER, world-renowned for its beneficial effects on the skin. **1/-, 1/9** and **2/6** a bottle.

BEETHAM'S

Larola

1/6 and 2/6 a bottle

From all Chemists and Stores, or post free in U.K. direct from

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

Write for a copy of the interesting and informative Larola booklet, "The Cult of Beauty," sent free.

THE WONDERFUL PREPARATIONS OF DR. DYS

THE first witty trait in a woman is the youthfulness in her face.

DR. DYS'S BEAUTY PRODUCTS

are the oldest established beauty preparations. (Over 60 years' successful reputation.)

ROSÉE DE BEAUTÉ: tonic properties, incomparable for the skin and cleansing the pores.

CRÈME DU DR. DYS: curative, fixes the powder, to be used after the Rosée de Beauté.

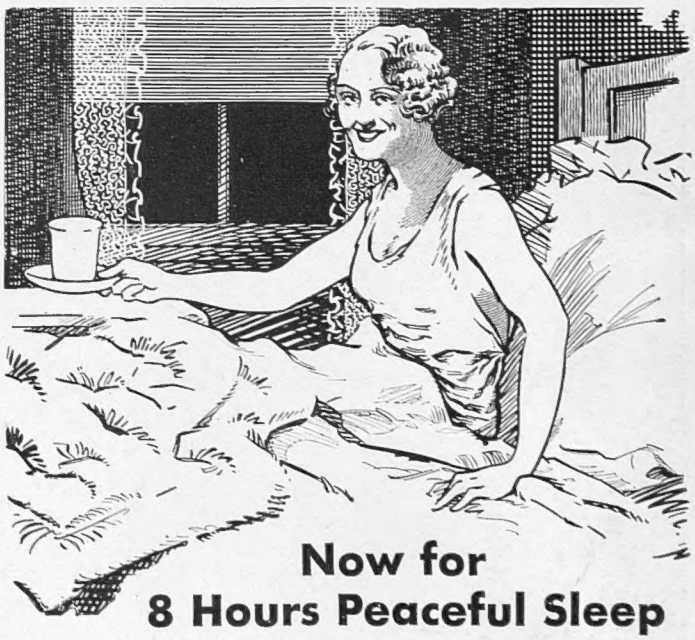
POUDRE SUPRA DU DR. DYS: combines with its hygienic qualities the property of giving to the face a youthful and refreshing bloom

The use of these preparations is described in a brochure sent post free by the London Agent:

R. SERVENTI, 23-25, MADDOX STREET, W.

ANTWERP. GRAND HOTEL DE LONDRES

Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers. Noted for its restaurant and wines.



Now for 8 Hours Peaceful Sleep

after my cup of 'Allenburys' Diet. The warm, easily digestible beverage attracts blood to the digestive organs, relieves the brain and soothes the nerves. It also gives comfort to the stomach by neutralising acidity.

'Allenburys' DIET

In tins at 2/1, 4/- and 7/6 of all chemists

Send for free ¼ lb. trial sample to

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., 37 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3

"Why do you always insist on that particular brand of Whisky?"
"Because I believe in getting the best, and the best is

DEWAR'S,,

THE FAMOUS "White Label" IS A MOST ZEST-GIVING BEVERAGE AT MEALS